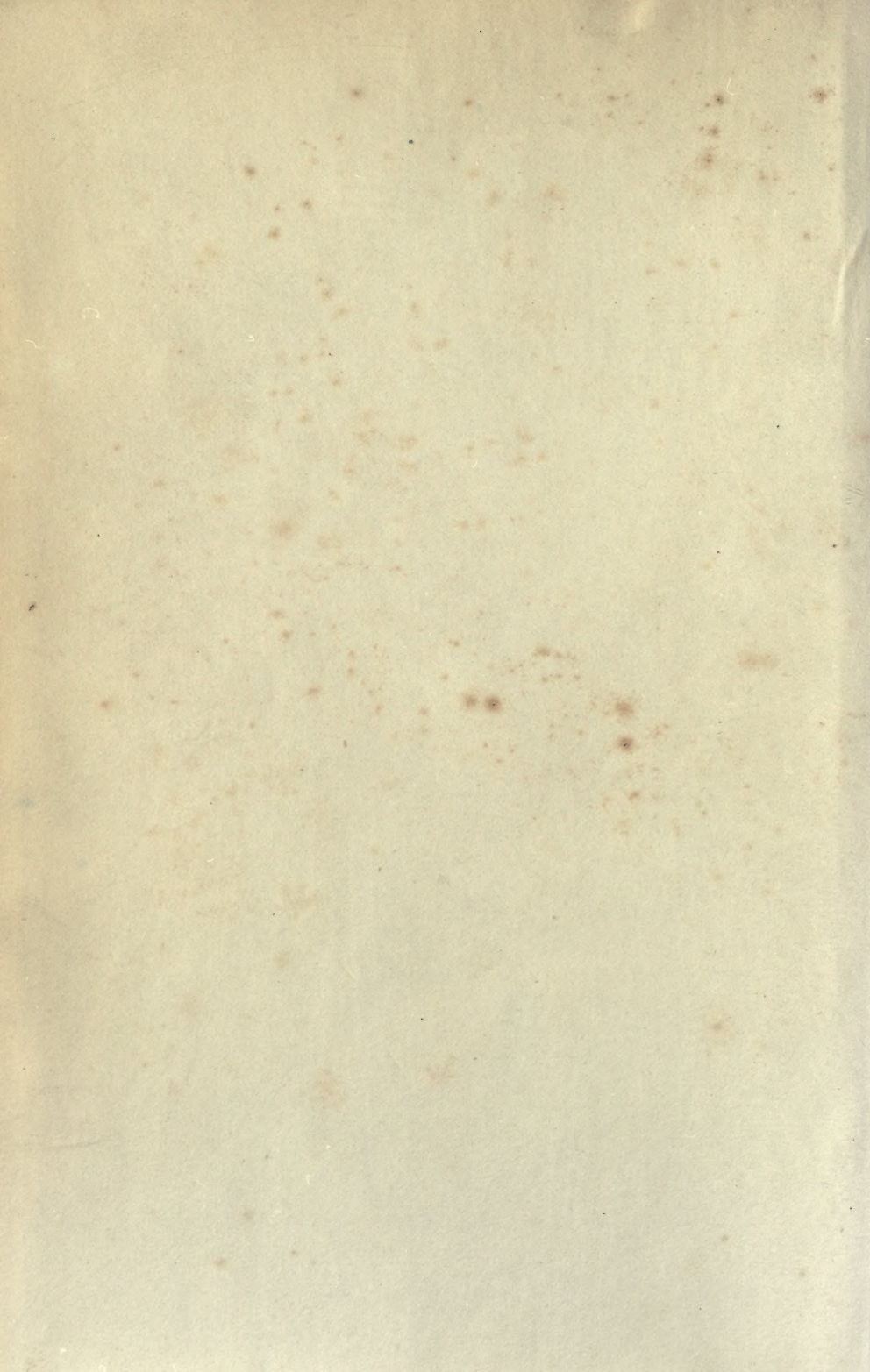
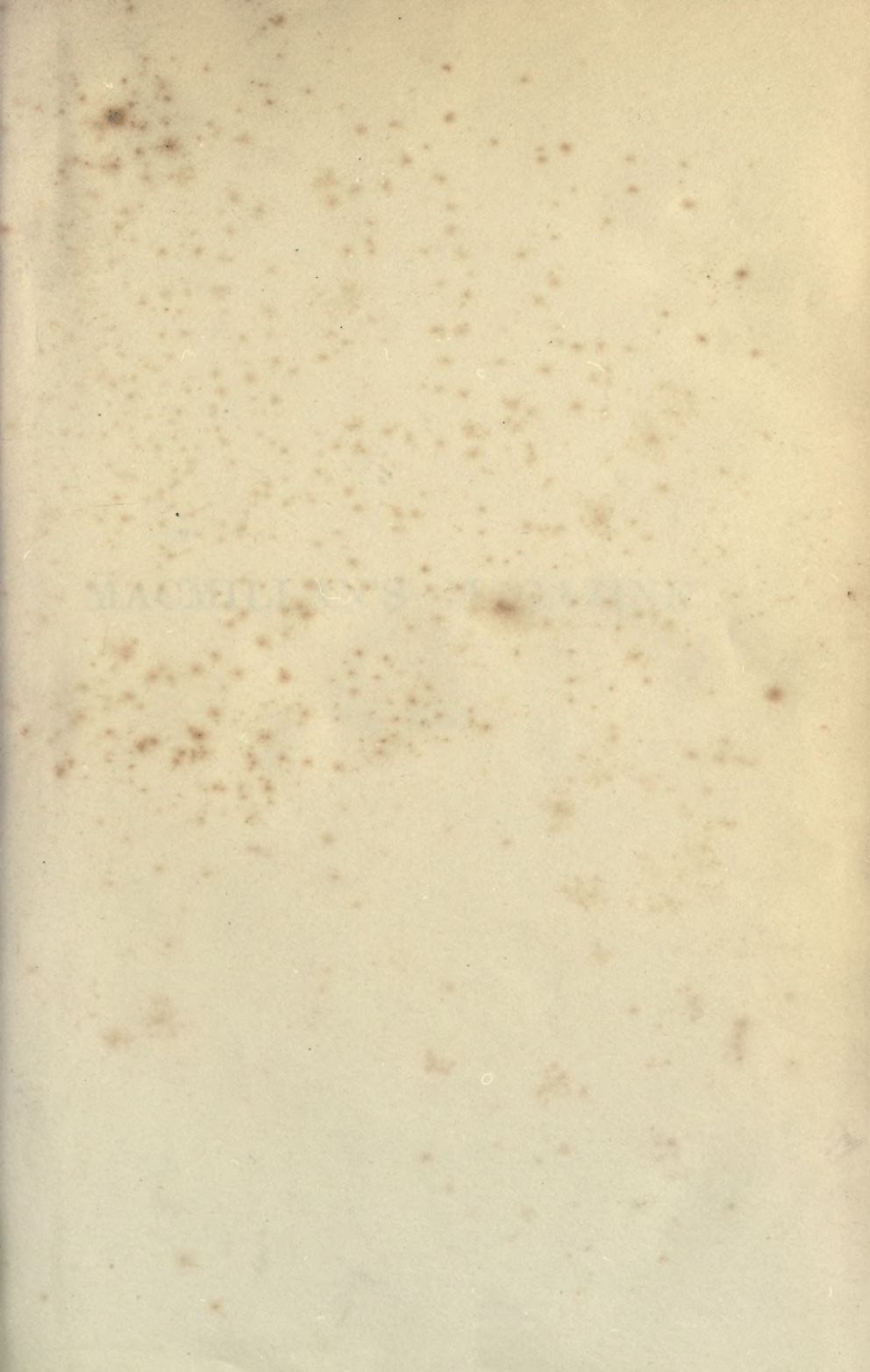
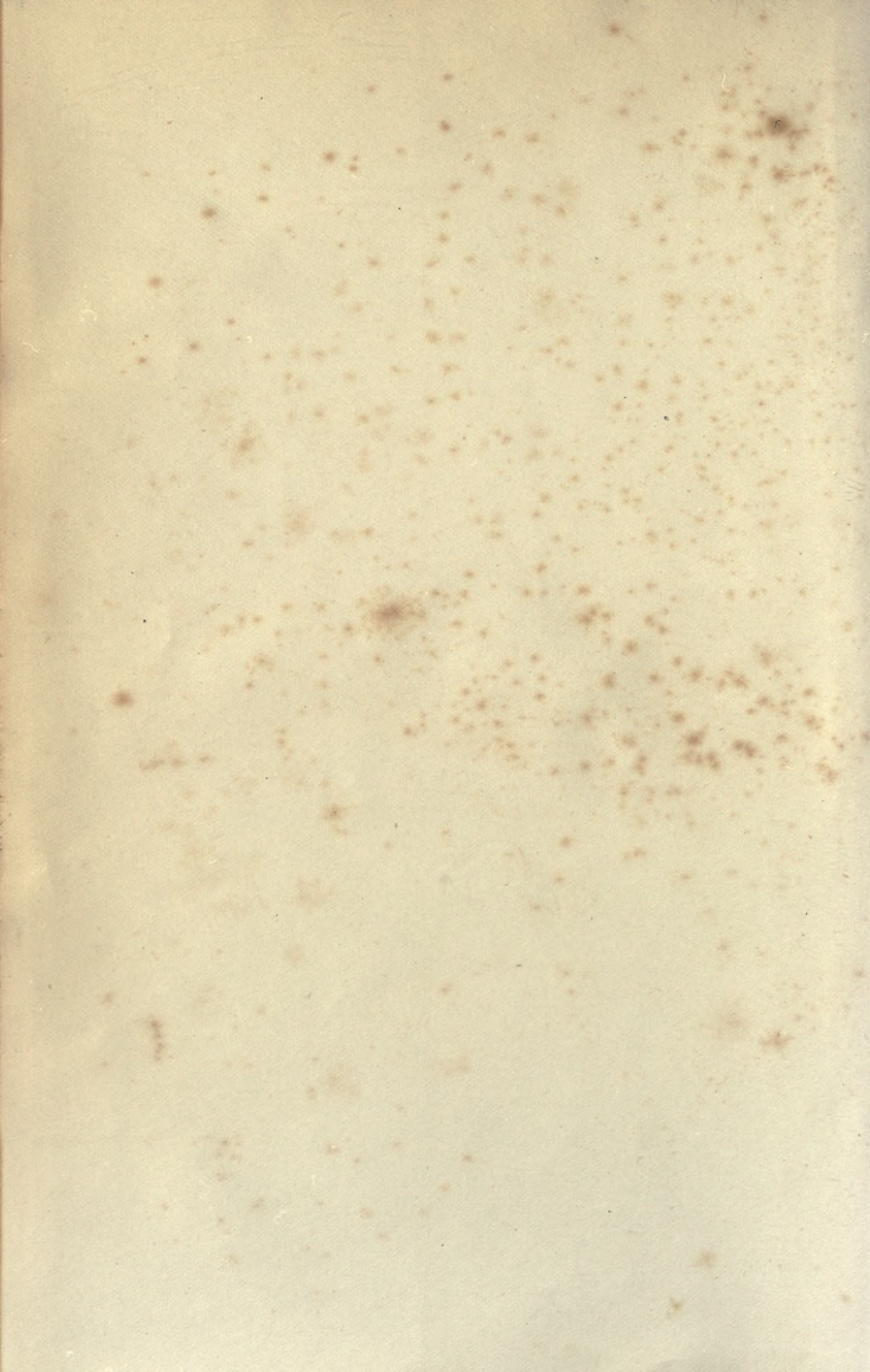










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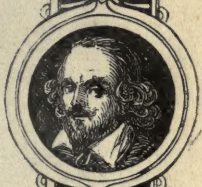




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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1879.

HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

CHAPTER I.

THE Easter holidays were drawing near an end, and the family at Markham Chase had fallen into a state of existence somewhat different from its usual dignified completeness of life. When I say that the head of the house was Sir William Markham, once Under-Secretary for the Colonies, once President of the Board of Trade, and still, though in opposition, a distinguished member of his party and important public personage, it is scarcely necessary to add that his house was one of the chief houses in the county, and that "the best people" were to be found there, especially at those times when fashionable gatherings take place in the country. At Easter the party was of the best kind, sprinkled with great personages, a party such as we should all have liked to be asked to meet. But these fine people had melted away; they had gone on to other great houses, they had got on the wing for town, where, indeed, the Markhams themselves were going early, like most Parliamentary people. Sir William too was away. He was visiting the head of his party in one of the midland counties, helping to settle the programme of enlightened and patriotic opposition for the rest of the session, some untoward events having deranged the system previously decided upon. To say that Sir William's absence was a relief would be untrue; for though he was somewhat punctilious and overwhelming in his

orderliness he was greatly admired by his family, and loved—as much as was respectful and proper. But when he went away, and when all the fine people went away, the house without any demonstration slid smoothly, as it were down an easy slope of transition, into a kind of nursery life, delightful to those who were left behind. The family consisted, to begin at the wrong end, of two schoolboys, and two little girls who were in the hands of a governess. But mademoiselle was away too. There was nobody left at home but mamma and Alice—imagine the rapture of the children thus permitted to be paramount! There was a general dinner for everybody at two o'clock, and in the afternoon as often as not, Lady Markham herself would be persuaded to go out to their picnic teas in the woods, and all kinds of juvenile dissipations. The nursery meals were superseded altogether. Old Nurse might groan, but she dared not say a word, for was not mamma the ringleader in everything? There was no authority but hers in the house, and all the servants looked on benignant. In the evening when it was impossible to stay out any longer, they would dance, Alice "pretending" to be the dancing mistress, which was far better fun than *real* dancing. There was no need to run away, or to keep quiet, for fear of disturbing papa. In short, a mild Carnival was going on in the house, only dashed by the terrible thought that in a week the

holidays would be over. In a week the boys would go back to school, the girls to their governess. The budding woods would become to the one and the other only a recollection, or a sight coldly seen during the course of an orderly walk. Then the boys would have the best of it. They would go away among all their friends, with the delights of boating and cricket, whereas the little girls would relapse into blue sashes and a correct appearance at dessert, followed, alas, in no small time, by complete loneliness when mamma went to London, and everybody was away.

"Don't let us think about it," said little Bell; "it will be bad enough when it comes. Oh, mamma, come and play the *Tempête*. Alice is going to teach us. Harry, you be my partner, you dance a great deal the best."

This produced a cry of indignant protestation from Mary, whom they all called Marie with a very decided emphasis on the last syllable. "I pulled Roland about all last night," she said, "when he was thinking of something else all the time; it is my turn to have Harry now."

"Don't you see," said Alice, "that Roland is much more your size? It doesn't do to have a little one and a big one in the *Tempête*. He mustn't think of anything else. Don't you know Rol, if you don't take a little trouble you will never learn to dance, and then no one will ask you out when you grow up. I should not like, for my part when all the others went out to be always left moping at home."

"Much I'd mind," said Roland with a precocious scorn of society. But just then the music struck up, and the lesson began. Roland was generally thinking of something else, but Harry threw himself into the dance with all the simple devotion of a predestined guardsman. That was to be a great part of his duty in life, and he gave himself up to it dutifully. The drawing-room was very large, partially divided by two pillars, which sup-

ported a roof painted with clouds and goddesses in the taste of the seventeenth century. The outer half was but partially lighted, while in the inner part all was bright. In the right-hand corner, behind Lady Markham, was a third room at right angles to this, like the transept crossing a long nave, divided from the drawing-room by curtains half-drawn, and faintly lighted too by a silver lamp. Thus the brilliant interior where the children were dancing was thrown up by two dimnesses; the girls in their light frocks, the bright faces and curls, the abundant light which showed the pictures on the walls, and all the details of the furniture, were thus doubly gay and bright in consequence. The children moving back and forward, Alice now here, now there, with one side and another as necessity demanded, flitting among them in all her softer grace of young womanhood, and the beautiful mother, the most beautiful of all, smiling on them from the piano, turning round to criticise and encourage, while her hands flashed over the keys, made the prettiest picture. There was an *abandon* of innocent gaiety in the scene, an absence of every harsh tone and suggestion which made it perfect. Was there really no evil and trouble in the place lighted up by the soft pleasure of the women, the mirth of the children? You would have said so—but that just then, though she did not stop smiling, Lady Markham sighed. Her children were in pairs, Harry and Bell, Roland and Marie—but where was Alice's brother? "Ah, my Paul!" she said within herself, but played on. Thus there was one note out of harmony—one, if no more.

Almost exactly coincident with this sigh the door of the drawing-room opened far down in the dim outer part, and two men came in. The house was so entirely given up to this innocent sway of youth, that there was no reason why they should particularly note the opening of the door. It could not be papa coming in, who was liable

to be disturbed by such a trifle as a dance, or any serious visitor, or even the elder brother, who would, when he was at home, occasionally frown down the revels. Accordingly, their ears being quickened by no alarm, no one heard the opening of the door, and the two strangers came in unobserved. One was quite young, not much more than a youth, slim, and, though not very tall, looking taller than he was; the other was of a short, thick-set figure, neither graceful nor handsome, who followed his companion with a mixture of reluctance and defiance, strange enough in such a scene. As they came towards the light this became still more noticeable. The second stranger did not seem to have any affinity with the place in which he found himself, and he had the air of being angry to find himself here. They had the full advantage of the pretty scene as they approached, for their steps were inaudible on the thick carpet, and the merry little company was absorbed in its own proceedings. All at once, however, the music ceased with a kind of shriek on a high note, the dancers, alarmed, stopped short, and Lady Markham left the piano and flew forward, holding out her hands. "Paul!" she cried, "Paul!"

"Paul!" cried Alice, following her mother, and "Paul!" in various tones echoed the little girls and boys. The strange man who had come in with Paul had time to remark them while the other was receiving the greeting of his mother and sister.

"I thought some one would be sure to come and spoil the fun," Roland said, taking the opportunity to get far from the little ring of performers.

"Now we shall get no more good of mamma," said his little partner with a disconsolate face; but what was this to the joy of the mother and elder sister, whose faces were lighted up with a sudden happiness, infinitely warmer than the innocent pleasure which the new-comers had disturbed?

"We thought you were not coming,"

said Lady Markham. "Oh, Paul, you have been hard upon us not to write! but no, my dear, I am not going to scold you. I am too happy to have you at last. Have you had any dinner? Alice, ring the bell, and order something for your brother."

"You do not see that I am not alone, mother," said Paul, with a tone so solemn that both the ladies were startled, not knowing what it could mean. "I have brought with me a very particular friend who I hope will stay for a little." It was then for the first time that Lady Markham perceived her son's companion.

"You know," she said, "how glad I always am to see your friends; but you must tell me his name," she added with a smile, holding out her hand, "this is a very imperfect introduction." The sweetness of her look as she turned to the stranger dazzled him. There was a moment's confusion on the part of both the men, as this beautiful, smiling lady put her delicate fingers into a rough hand brought forth with a certain reluctance and shamefacedness. She too changed colour a little, and a look of surprise came into her face on a closer view of her son's friend.

"I thank you for your kind reception of me, my lady," said the man; "but Markham, you had better explain to your mother who I am. I go nowhere under false pretences."

Now that the light was full upon him the difference showed all the more. His rough looks, his dress, not shabby, still less dirty, but uncared for, his coarse boots, the general aspect of his figure, which was neither disorderly nor disreputable, but unquestionably not that of a gentleman, seemed to communicate a sort of electric shock to the little company. The boys pressed forward with a simultaneous idea that Paul was in custody for something or other, and heroic intentions of pouncing upon the intruder and rescuing their brother. Alice gazed at him appalled, with some fancy of the same kind passing through her mind.

Only Lady Markham, though she had grown pale, preserved her composure.

"I cannot be anything but glad to see a friend of my boy's," she said, faltering slightly; but there passed through her mind a silent thanksgiving: Thank Heaven, his father was away!

"This is Spears," said Paul, curtly. "You needn't be so fastidious; my mother is not that sort. Mamma, this is a man to whom I owe more than all the dons put together. You ought to be proud to see him in your house. No, we haven't dined, and we've had a long journey. Let them get us something as soon as possible. Hallo, Brown, put this gentleman's things into the greenroom—I suppose we may have the greenroom?—and tell Mrs. Fry, as soon as she can manage it, to send us something to eat."

"I took the liberty to order something directly, as soon as I saw Mr. Markham, my lady," said Brown. There was a look of mingled benevolence and anxiety in this functionary's face. He was glad to see his young master come back, but he did not conceal his concern at the company in which he was. "The greenroom, my lady?"

"The greenroom is quite a small room," said Lady Markham, faltering. She looked at the stranger with a doubtful air. He was not a boy to be put into such a small place; but then, on the other hand—

"A small room is no matter to me," said Spears. "I'm not used to anything different. In such a career as mine we're glad to get shelter anywhere." He laughed as he spoke of his career; what was his career? He looked as if he expected her to know. Lady Markham concealed her perplexity by a little bow, and turned to Brown, who was waiting her orders with a half-ludicrous sentimental air of sympathy with his mistress.

"Put Mr. Spears into the chintz-room in the east wing; it is a better room," she said. Then she led the way into the brightness, on the verge

of which they had been standing. "It is almost too warm for fires," she said, "but you may like to come nearer to it after your journey. Where have you come from, Paul? Children, now that you have seen Paul, you had better go up stairs to bed."

"I knew how it would be," said Marie; "no one cares for us now Paul has come."

"No one will so much as see mamma as long as he is here," said Bell; while the boys, withdrawing reluctantly, stopping to whisper, and throw black looks back upon the stranger as they strolled away, wondered almost audibly what sort of fellow Paul had got with him. "A bailiff, I think," said Roland; "just the sort of fellow that comes after the men in *Harry Lorrequer*." "Or he's done something, and it's a turnkey," said Harry. Elder brothers were in the way of getting into trouble in the works with which these young heroes were familiar. Thus at Paul's appearance the pretty picture broke up and faded away like a phantasmagoria. Childhood and innocence disappeared, and care came back. The aspect of the very room changed where now there was the young man, peremptory and authoritative, and the two ladies tremulous with the happiness of his return, yet watching him with breathless anxiety, reading, or trying to read, every change in his face.

"Your last letter was from Yorkshire, Paul; what have you been doing? We tried to make out, but we could not. You are so unsatisfactory, you boys; you never will give details of anything. Did you go to see the Normantons? or were you——"

"I was nowhere—that you know of, at least," said Paul. "I was with Spears, holding meetings. We went from one end of the county to another. I can't tell you where we went; it would be harder to say where we didn't go."

Lady Markham looked at her son's companion with a bewildered smile.

"Mr. Spears, then, Paul—I suppose—knows a great many people in Yorkshire?" She had not a notion what was meant by holding meetings. He did not indeed look much like a man who would know many "people" in Yorkshire. "People" meant not the country folks, you may be sure, but the great county people, the Yorkshire gentry, the only class which to Lady Markham told in a county. This was no fault of hers, but only because the others were beyond her range of vision. No, he did not look like a man who would know many people in Yorkshire; but, short of that, what could Paul mean? Lady Markham did not know what significance there really was in what Paul said.

"We saw a great many Yorkshire people; but I go where I am called," said the stranger, "not only where there are people I know."

Seen in the full light, there was nothing repulsive or disagreeable about the man. He looked like one of the men who came now and then to the Chase to put something in order; some clock that had gone wrong, or something about the decorations. He sat a little uneasily upon the sofa where he had placed himself. His speech was unembarrassed, but nothing else about him. He was out of place. To see him there in the midst of this family it was as if he had dropped from another planet; he did not seem to belong to the same species. But his speech was easy enough, though nothing else; he had a fine melodious voice, and he seemed to like to use it.

"I hope we did good work there," he said; "not perhaps of a kind that you would admire, my lady: but from my point of view, excellent work; and Markham, though he is a young aristocrat, was of great use. An enthusiast is always a valuable auxiliary. I do not know when I have made a more successful round. It has taken us just a week."

Lady Markham bowed in bewildered assent, not knowing what to say. She smiled out of sheer politeness, attending to every word, though she could not form an idea of what he meant. She did not care, indeed, to know what Mr. Spears had been doing. It was her son she wanted to know about; but the laws of politeness were imperative. Meanwhile Paul walked about uneasily, placing himself for one moment in front of the expiring fire, then moving from spot to spot, looking intently at some picture or knick-knack he had seen a thousand times before. "You have been getting some new china," he burst forth, after various suppressed signs of impatience. Now that he had brought his friend here, he did not seem desirous that his mother should attend so closely to all he said.

"New china! my dear boy, you have known it all your life," said Lady Markham. "We have only shifted it from one cabinet to another. It is the same old *Sèvres*. Perhaps Mr. Spears takes an interest in china. Show it to him, Paul. It is a valuable cup; it is supposed to have been made for Madame du Barry."

"No," said the strange visitor, "I know nothing about it. What makes it valuable, I wonder? I don't understand putting such a price on things that if you were to let them drop would be smashed into a thousand pieces."

"But you must not let it drop," said Lady Markham, with a little alarm. "I daresay it is quite a fictitious kind of value. Still, I like my *Sèvres*. It is a very pretty ornament."

"Just so," said Spears, with a certain patronage in his tone. "In a luxurious house like this decoration is necessary—and I don't say that it has not a very good effect. But in the places I am used to, a common teacup would be far more useful. Still, I do not deny the grace of ornament," he added, with a smile. "Life can go on

very well without it, but it would be stupid to go against it here."

Lady Markham once more made him a little bow. He spoke as if he intended a compliment; but what did the man mean? And Paul set down the cup roughly as if he would have liked to bring the whole *étagère* to the ground. Altogether it was a confusion, almost a pain to have him here and yet not to have him. There were so many things she wanted to ask and to know. She gave her son a wistful look. But just then Brown came in to say that the hasty meal which had been prepared was ready. Lady Markham rose. She put out her hand to take her son's arm.

"Were you coming, mother? Don't take so much trouble; it would only be a bore to you," said Paul. "Spears and I will get on very well by ourselves without bothering you."

The tears started into Lady Markham's eyes. She turned a wondering look upon Alice as Paul and his companion went away down the dim length of the room, disappearing from them. Alice had been hovering about her brother trying to say a word to him now and then, but Paul was too much intent upon what was going on between his friend and his mother to pay any attention. The look of dismay and wonder and blank disappointment that passed between them could not be described. Had Paul been alone they would both have gone with him to the dining-room: they would have sent away Brown and waited on him—his mother carving for him, Alice flitting about to get anything he wanted. They would have asked a hundred questions, and given him a hundred details of home events, and made the whole atmosphere bright with tender happiness and soft laughter and love. Now they stood and looked at each other listening to the footsteps as they crossed the hall.

"It is all this man whom he has brought with him," Lady Markham said.

CHAPTER II.

THE children were all open-eyed and open-mouthed next morning to see Paul's friend. As for the boys, they did not feel at all sure what might have been going on during the night, or whether Paul's friend would be visible in the morning. "It is money those sort of fellows want," Roland said; and then the question arose whether papa being away mamma would have money enough to satisfy such a claimant. The little girls besieged Alice with questions. Who was that strange man? He looked exactly like the man that came to wind the clocks.

"He is a friend of Paul's; hush—hush!" said Alice; "you must all be very polite and not stare at him."

"But how can he be a friend?" demanded Bell.

"He is a bailiff," said Roland. "In *Harry Lorrequer* there is somebody exactly like that."

"Oh, hush children, for mamma's sake! he will come in directly. He is Paul's friend. Grown-up people do not go by appearances like children. Paul says he has done him more good than all the dons. Most likely he is a very learned man—or an author or something," Alice said.

"Oh an author! they're a queer lot," said Harry, with relief. At all events, an author was less objectionable than a bailiff.

Lady Markham came in before these questions were over. She was not at all so bright as usual. Though she smiled upon them as they all came round her, it was not her own natural smile; and she had a cap on, a thing which she only wore when she was out of sorts, a kind of signal of distress. The family were divided as to this cap. Some of them were in favour of it, some against it. The little girls thought it made their mother look old, whereas Alice was of opinion that it imparted dignity to her appearance.

"I don't want to have a mother just

as young and a great deal prettier than I am," she said. But Bell and Marie called out, "Oh, that odious cap!"

"Why should mamma, only because she is mamma, cover up all her pretty hair? It is such pretty hair! mine is just the same colour," said Bell, who was inclined to vanity.

Lady Markham smiled upon this charming nonsense, but it was not her own smile. "Has any one seen Paul this morning?" she said, with a sigh.

What a change there was in everything! Paul had not come into his mother's dressing-room last night to talk over all he had been doing and meant to do, as had always been his habit when he came home. And when Lady Markham went to her boy's room on her way down stairs, thinking of nothing but the little laughing lecture she was wont to administer on finding him not yet out of bed—which was the usual state of affairs—what was her surprise to find Paul out of his room, already dressed, and "gone for a walk." Brown meeting her in the hall told her this with a subdued voice and mingled wonder and sympathy in his face.

"Mr. Markham is turning over a new leaf, my lady," he said, with the license of an old servant, who had seen Paul born, so to speak.

"I am very glad to hear it—it is so much better for him," Lady Markham said. So it was, no doubt; but this change, even of the bad habit which was familiar to her, gave her a little shock. Therefore it was with a failure of her usual bright cheerfulness that she took her place at the breakfast-table.

"Has any one seen Paul?" she said.

"Oh, fancy seeing Paul already!" cried the little girls. "He will come in when we have all done breakfast, and Brown will bring him everything quite hot, after we have waited and waited. Brown makes dreadful favourites, don't you think so? He does not mind what he does for Paul."

"Paul has gone out for a walk,"

said Lady Markham, not without solemnity.

There was a cry of astonishment all round the table. Roland gave Harry a little nod of intelligence. ("He will have found it was no use, and he will have taken him away.") Alice had looked up into her mother's face with consternation; but as she was Paul's unhesitating partisan through everything, she recovered herself at once.

"He must be showing Mr. Spears the park," she said. "What a good thing if he will take to getting up early."

And nobody could say anything against that. Getting up early was a virtue in which Paul had been sadly deficient, as everybody was aware.

However, this was long enough to have been occupied about Paul, and the children, tired of the subject, had already plunged into their own affairs, when their elder brother suddenly appeared, ushering in Mr. Spears—who in the morning light looked more out of place than ever—through the great bow window which opened on the lawn. The stranger had his hat in his hand, and made an awkward sort of bow.

"I am afraid it is a liberty, my lady," he said, stepping in with shoes all wet from the dewy grass. He did not know what to do with his hat, and ended by putting it under his chair when he got to the table. But by that time his embarrassment had disappeared, and his face grew benignant as he looked round, before sitting down, upon the girls and boys. "The sight of children is a benediction," he said with that softening which mothers know by instinct. He was very like the man who wound up the clocks, who was a most respectable country tradesman; but this look reconciled Lady Markham to him more than anything else which had happened yet.

"You are fond of children?" she said.

"I ought to be. I have had six of my own; but they had hard times after my wife died, and there are but three left."

"Ah!" Lady Markham cried out of the depths of her heart. She looked round upon her own children, and the tears came to her eyes. "I am very, very sorry. There can be nothing in the world so dreadful."

"It is a pull," said her visitor. "Yes, it is a pull. A man does not know what it is till he has gone through it. Often you think, poor things, it is better for them; you would never have been able to rear them as you ought; but when it comes it is a pull; though you may have no bread to give them, it is hard to part with them."

He had begun to eat his breakfast very composedly, notwithstanding this. The way he held his fork was a wonder to Marie who had but recently acquired full mastery of her own, and Harry had watched with great gravity and interest the passage of the stranger's knife to his mouth. But Lady Markham no longer noticed these things. She forgot that he was like the man that wound up the clocks.

"I always feel," she said, "when I hear of losses like yours as if I ought to go down on my knees and beg your pardon for being so much better off—thank God!"

Spears looked up at her suddenly, putting down his knife and fork. Here was a strange thing; while all the rest were so conscious of the difference between them, the two chief persons had forgotten it. But he did not make any immediate reply. He looked at her wondering, grateful, understanding; and that piece of silent conversation was more effective than anything that could be said.

"There are not many people that feel like you," he said at length; "those that are better off than their neighbours are apt to look as if it sprang from some virtue of theirs. They are more likely to crow over us than to beg our pardon. And just as well too, Markham," he said with a laugh. "If they were all like your mother, they'd cut the ground from under our feet."

"I do not see that," said Paul. "The principle is unaltered, however well-intentioned those may be who are in the position of unjust superiority; that makes no difference so far as I can see."

All the Markham family were roused to attention when Paul spoke. The children looked at him, stopping their private chatter, and Lady Markham cast a wondering, reproachful look at her boy. Was she in a position of unjust superiority because all her children were living, and another parent had lost the half of his? She felt wounded by this strange speech.

"Ah," said Spears, with a twinkle in his eyes, "there is nothing like a recruit from the other side for going the whole— You have a beautiful family, and you have a beautiful park, my lady. You have got a great deal more than the most of your fellow-creatures have. I can do nothing but stand and wonder at it for my part. Everything you see, everything you touch, is beautiful. You ought to be very sorry for all the others, so many of them, who are not so well off as you."

"Indeed I am, Mr. Spears," said Lady Markham, simply; but then she added, after a pause, "for those who have not the things that give happiness; but there are a great many things that are of no importance to happiness. Everybody, of course, cannot have a beautiful park, as you say, and a nice house; but—"

"Why not?"

"Why not?" She looked up surprised. "Ah, I see! You are all for equality, like Paul."

"Like *Paul*! I taught him everything he knows. He had not an idea on the subject before I opened his eyes to the horrible injustice of the present state of affairs. He is my disciple, and I am his master. Now you know who I am. I cannot be in any house under false pretences," said Spears, pushing his chair a little away from the table.

The children all looked at him

aghast; and he had himself the air of having made a great and dangerous revelation, probably to be followed by his dismissal from the house as a dangerous person. "Now you know who I am." The climax was melodramatic in its form; but there was nothing theatrical in it so far as the revolutionary was concerned. He was perfectly sincere. He felt the importance of his own position; and feeling it, could entertain no doubt as to the knowledge of him as their fellest enemy, and the horror of him which must be felt in every house like this throughout the country. He had not wished to come; he had been disappointed to find that Sir William was not there, who (he felt sure), would have refused him admittance. And he would not take advantage of my lady who was certainly a woman to whom any man might submit himself. Had she rung the bell instantly for her menials to turn him out; had she expressed her horror at the contamination which her family had sustained by sitting down at the same table with him—he would not have been surprised. He pushed his chair gently from the table, and waited to see what she would order; though he was a revolutionary, he had unbounded respect for the mistress of this house.

Lady Markham looked at her strange visitor with bewildered eyes. She made a rapid telegraphic appeal to her son for explanation. "Now you know who I am," but she did not in the least know who he was. He was famous enough in his way, and he thought himself more famous than he was; but Lady Markham had never heard of him. When she saw that no assistance could be afforded her by her children in this dilemma, she collected her thoughts with a desperate effort. She was one of the women who would rather die than be rude to any one. To speak to a man at her own table, under her own roof, with less than the most perfect courtesy was impossible to her. Besides, she did not really understand what he meant. She was

annoyed and affronted that he should speak of her boy as Paul, but in the confusion of the moment that was all her mind took up, and as for openly resenting *that*, how was it possible? One time or another no doubt she would give the stranger a little return blow, a reminder of his over familiarity, when it could be done with perfect politeness, but not now. She was startled by his solemnity; and it was very clear that he was not a man of what she called "our own class," but Lady Markham's high-breeding was above all pettiness.

"Was it really you," she said, "who taught my son (she would not call him Paul again) all the nonsense he has been talking to us? Yes, indeed it is great nonsense, Mr. Spears—you must let me say so. We are doing no one injustice. My husband says all young men are Radicals one time or other; but I should have expected you, a man with children of your own, to know better. Oh no, I don't want to argue. I am not clever enough for that. Let me give you another cup of tea."

The demagogue stared at the beautiful lady as if he could not believe his ears. Partly he was humiliated, seeing that she was not in the least afraid of him, and even did not realise at all what was the terrible disclosure he had made. This gave him that sense of having made himself ridiculous, which is so intolerable to those who are unaccustomed to the world. He cast a jealous look round the table to see if he could detect any laughter.

Paul caught him by the arm at this critical moment.

"Eat your breakfast," he said, in a wrathful undertone. "Do you hear, Spears? Do you think *she* knows? Have some of this fish, for Heaven's sake, and shut up. What on earth do they care if you taught me or not? Do you think she goes into all that?"

Nobody heard this but Harry, who was listening both with ears and eyes. And Mr. Spears returned to his breakfast as commanded. He was abashed

and he was astonished, but still he made a very hearty meal when all was said. And by and by his spirit rose again; in the eyes of this lady, who had so completely got the better of him, far more than if she had turned him out, there was no way of redeeming himself, but by "bringing her over." That would be a triumph. He immediately addressed himself to it with every art at his command. He had an extremely prepossessing and melodious voice, and he spoke with what the ladies thought a kind of old-fashioned grace. The somewhat stiff, stilted phraseology of the self-educated has always more or less a whiff of the formality of an older age. And he made observations which interested them, in spite of themselves. Lady Markham was very polite to her son's friend.

When the children reminded her of her promise to go with them on a long-planned expedition into the woods, she put them off. "You know I cannot leave when I have visitors," she said.

"Perhaps Mr. Spears would come too?" said Alice. And before he knew what was going to happen, he found himself pushed into the front seat of the carriage, which was like a Noah's ark, with hampers and children. Never had this man of the people, this popular orator, occupied so strange a position. He had never known before what it was to roll luxuriously along the roads, to share in the ease and dignity of wealth. He took notes of it, like a man in a foreign country, and observed keenly all that took place—the manners of the people for whom the world was made: that was how they seemed to take it. The world was made for them. It was not a subject of arrogant satisfaction on their part, or pride in their universal dominion; they took it quite easily, gently, as a matter of course. My lady gave her orders with a gentle confidence in the obedience of everybody she addressed. It was all wonderful to the man who knew only the other side of the question. He asked about everything—the game (with an eye to the poachers);

the great extent of the park (as bearing upon one of his favourite points—the abstraction from the public of so many acres which might have cultivation); and was answered with a perfect absence of all sense of guilt, which was very strange to him. They did not know they were doing wrong, these rich people. They told him all about it, simply, smilingly, as if it was the most natural thing in the world. All this went against his preconceived notions, just as the manners of a foreign country so often go against the ideas you have formed of them. He had all his senses keenly about him, and yet everything was so novel and surprising, that he felt scarcely able to trust to his own impressions. It was the strangest position surely in which a popular agitator, a preacher of democracy and revolution, a special pleader against the rich, ever was.

"We have not many neighbours," Lady Markham said. "That is Lord Westland's property beyond the church. You can see Westland Towers from the turn of the road. And there are the Trevors on the other side of the parish."

"A whole parish," said Spears, "divided amongst three families."

"The Trevors have very little," said Lady Markham. "Sir William is the chief proprietor. But they are a very good family. Admiral Trevor—you must have heard of him—was once a popular hero. He did a great many daring things I have heard, but fame gets forgotten like other things. He lives very quietly now, an old man—"

"The oldest man that ever was," said Alice. "Fancy, it was in Napoleon's time he was so famous—the great Napoleon—before even *old* people were born."

"Before I was born," said Lady Markham, with her soft laugh; "that is something like saying before the Flood. Then there is the vicar, of course, and a few people of less importance. It is easy to go over a country neighbourhood."

"And what do you call the people in all these cottages, my lady? The world was not made for them as it is for you. These would be the neighbours I should think of. When I hear of your three families in the parish, I wonder what all these roofs mean. Are they not flesh and blood too? Don't they live and have things happen to them as well as you fine folks? If they were cleared away out of the place, what would become of your parish, my lady? Could you get on all the same without them that you make no account of them? These are the houses where I should feel at home, among the poor cottagers whom you don't even know about——"

"Mamma—not know about them!" cried Alice. "Why it is our own village! Do you think because it is a mile away that makes any difference? Why, it is our own village, Mr. Spears."

"I dare say," said the revolutionary—"your own village. Perhaps they pay you rent for suffering them to live there, and allowing them to do all the work of the world and keep everything going——"

"Hush, Alice," said Lady Markham. "Perhaps Mr. Spears does not understand a little country village. They are often not at all fond of doing the work, and they do not much like to pay their rent; but we know them very well for that matter. I could tell you all about them, every house. To be sure we have not the same kind of intercourse with them as with our equals."

"Ah, that is the whole question, Lady Markham. Pardon me; I am not your equal, and yet you let me sit in your fine carriage and talk to you. No, I am not a bit humble; I feel myself the equal of any man. There is nobody in the world whom I will acknowledge my superior—in my dignity as a man."

Lady Markham made him a little bow; it was her way when she did not know what to say. "One does not need to be told," she said, "that you

are a very superior man, Mr. Spears; quite equal to talk with anybody, were it the greatest philosopher." Here she stopped short in a little embarrassment. "But we are all very simple, ignorant country people," she added with a smile, "about here."

"Ah, you are very clever, my lady. You beg the question."

"Do I?" said Lady Markham. "I wonder what that means. But now we are just arriving at the place for the picnic. When my boy comes up I will make him take you to the most beautiful point of view. There is a waterfall which we are very proud of, and now when everything is in the first green of spring—Paul!" she cried, "come and get your directions. I want Mr. Spears to see the view."

"Your mother is something I don't understand, Markham," said the demagogue. "I never came across that kind of woman before."

"Didn't you?" said Paul. He was ready to be taught on other points, but not on this. "You see the bondage we live in," said the young man. "Luxury, people call it; to me it seems slavery. Oh, to be free of all this folly and finery—to feel one's self a man among men, earning one's bread, shaping one's own life——"

"Ah!——" said Spears, drawing a long breath. He could not be unaffected by what was an echo of his own eloquence. "But there's a deal to say, too, for the other side."

CHAPTER III.

THE Markhams of the Chase were one of the most important families in the county, as has been already intimated. They owned three parts at least of the parish (for my Lord Westland was a new man, who had bought, not inherited, that property, and all that the Trevors had was their house and park and a few fields that did not count), and a great deal more besides. It was generally said that they had risen into importance as a family only

at the time of the Commonwealth, but their pedigree extended far beyond that. In the former generation the family had not been fortunate. Sir William Markham himself had been born the third son, and in his youth he had been absent from England, and had "knocked about the world," as people say, in a way which had no doubt enlarged his experiences and made him perhaps more fit for the responsibilities of public life in which he had been so fortunate. He had succeeded, on the death of his second brother, when he was over thirty, and it was not till ten years later that he married.

It had occasioned some surprise in the neighbourhood when Isabel Fleetwood, who was a great beauty, and had made quite a sensation, it was said, in her first season, accepted the middle-aged and extremely sedate and serious little baronet. He was not handsome;—he had no sympathy with the gay life into which she had been plunged by her brother and aunt, who were her only guardians; and the world, always pleased to believe that interested motives are involved, and fond of prophesying badly of a marriage, concluded almost with one voice that it was the ambitious aunt and the extravagant brother who had made it up, and that the poor girl was sacrificed. But this was as great a mistake as the world ever made. Perhaps it would be wrong to assert that the marriage was a romantic one, and that the beautiful girl under twenty was passionately in love with her little statesman. Perhaps her modest, tranquil disposition, her dislike to the monotonous whirl of fashion, and her sense of the precarious tenure by which she held her position in her brother's house, her only home (he married immediately after she did, as everybody knows, and did not conceal the fact that it was necessary to get rid of his sister before venturing upon a wife), had something to do with her decision. But she had never shown any signs of regretting it through all these years. Sir William was neither

young nor handsome, but he was a man whose opinion was listened to wherever it was given, whose voice commanded the attention of the country, whose name was known over Europe. And this in some cases affects a young imagination as much as the finest moustache in the world, or the most distinguished stature. She was not clever, but she was a woman of that gracious nature, courteous, tolerant, and sympathetic, which is more perfect without the sharpness of intellect. Nothing that was unkind was possible to her. She had no particular imagination in the common sense of the word, but she had a higher gift, the moral imagination (so to speak) which gave her an exquisite understanding of other people's feelings, and made her incapable of any injury to them. This made Lady Markham the very ideal of a great lady. As for Sir William, he held his place more firmly than ever with such a partner by his side. They were the happiest couple in the county, as well as the most important. Not only did you meet the best of company at their house, but the sight of a husband and wife so devoted to each other was good for you, everybody said. They were proud of each other, as they had good reason to be: she listened to him as to an oracle, and his tender consideration for her was an example to all. Everything had gone well with the Markhams. They were rich, and naturally inheritances and legacies and successions of all kinds fell to them, which made them richer. Their children were the healthiest and most thriving children that had ever been seen. Alice promised to be almost as pretty as her mother, and Paul was *not* short like Sir William. Thus fortune had favoured them on every side.

About a year before the date of this history, a cloud—like that famous cloud no bigger than a man's hand—had floated up upon the clear sky, almost too clear in unshadowed well-being, over this prosperous house. It

was nothing—a thing which most people would have laughed at, a mere reminder that even the Markhams were not to have everything their own way. It was that Paul, a model boy at school, had suddenly become—wild? Oh no! not wild, that was not the word: indeed it was difficult to know what word to use. He had begun as soon as he went to Oxford by having opinions. He had not been six months there before he was known at the Union and had plunged into all the politico-philosophical questions afloat in that atmosphere of the absolute. This was nothing but what ought to have been in the son of a statesman; but unfortunately to everything his father believed and trusted, Paul took the opposite side. He took up the highest republican principles, the most absolute views as to the equality of the human race. That, though it somewhat horrified his mother and sister, produced at first very little effect upon Sir William, who laughed and informed his family that Johnny Shotover had held precisely the same views when he was an undergraduate, though now he was Lord Rightabout's secretary and as sound a politician as it was possible to desire. "It is the same as the measles," Sir William said. Paul, however, had a theoretical mind and an obstinate temper: he was too logical for life. As soon as he had come to the conviction that all men are equal he took the further step which costs a great deal more, and decided that there ought to be equality of property as well as of right. This made Sir William half angry, though it amused him. He bade his son not to be a fool.

"What would become of you," he cried, "you young idiot!" using language not at all parliamentary, "if there was a re-distribution of property? How much do you think would fall to your share?"

"As much as I have any right to, sir," the young revolutionary said.

And then Lady Markham interposed, and assured Paul that he was talking nonsense.

"Why should you take such foolish notions into your head? No one of your family ever did so before. And can you really imagine," she asked with gentle severity, "that you are a better judge of such matters than your papa?" but neither did this powerful argument convince the unreasonable boy.

There was one member of the family, however, who was affected by Paul's arguments, and this was his sister. Alice was dazzled at once by the magnanimity of his sentiments and by his eloquence. Altogether independent of this, she was, as a matter of course, his natural partisan and defender, always standing up for Paul, with a noble disregard for the right or the wrong in question, which is a characteristic of girls and sisters. (For, Alice justly argued, if he was wrong, he had all the more need for some one to stand up for him). But in this case her mind was, if not convinced, at least dazzled and imposed upon by the grandeur of this new way of thinking. She would not admit it to Paul, and indeed maintained with him a pretence of serious opposition, arguing very feebly for the most part, though sometimes dealing now and then, all unaware of its weight, a sudden blow under which the adversary staggered, and in the success of which Alice rejoiced without seeing very clearly how it was that one argument should tell so much more than another. But at heart she was profoundly touched by the generosity and nobleness of her brother's views. Such a sweeping revolution would not be pleasant. To be brought down from her own delightful place, to be no longer Miss Markham of the Chase, but only a little girl on the same level with her maid, was a thing she could not endure to think of and which brought the indignant blood to her cheek. "*That* you could never do," she cried; "you might take away our money, but you could never make gentlefolk into common people." This was one of the hits which found out a joint in Paul's armour, but unaware of that Alice went on still more

confidently. "You know good blood makes all the difference—you cannot take that from us. People who have ancestors as we have can never be made into nobodies." At which her brother scoffed and laughed, and bade her remember that old Brown had quite as many grandfathers as they, and was descended from Adam as certainly as the Queen was. "And Harry Fleetwood," said this defiler of his own nest, "do you call him an example of the excellence of blood?" Poor Alice was inclined to cry when her disreputable cousin was thus thrown in her teeth. She clung to her flag and fought for her caste like a little heroine. But when Paul was gone she owned to her mother that there was a great deal in what he said. It was very noble as Paul stated it. When he asked with lofty indignation, "What have I done to deserve all I have got? I have taken the trouble to be born,"—Alice felt in her heart that there was no answer to this plea.

"My dear," Lady Markham said, "think how foolish it all is; does he know better than your papa and all the men that have considered the subject before him?"

"It may be silly," said Alice, changing her argument, "but it is very different from other young men. They all seem to think the world was made for them; and if Paul is wrong it is finer than being right like *that*."

This was a fanciful plea which moved Lady Markham, and to which she could make no reply. She shook her head and repeated her remark about Paul's presumption in thinking himself wiser than papa; but she too was affected by the generosity and magnanimity which seemed the leading influences of the creed so warmly adopted by her boy.

This was the state of semi-warfare, not serious enough to have caused real pain, but yet a little disquieting in respect to Paul's future, when the event occurred which has been recorded in the two last chapters. The ladies saw more of the strange

companion whom Paul had brought with him than they generally saw of ordinary visitors. He had no letters to write, nor calls to make, nor private occupations of any kind; neither had he sufficient understanding of the rules of society to know that guests are expected to amuse themselves, and not to oppress with their perpetual presence the ladies of the house. What he wanted, being as it were a traveller in an undiscovered country, was to study the ways of the house, and the women of it, and the manner of their life. And as he was so original as not to know anybody they knew, Lady Markham in her politeness was led to invent all kinds of subjects of conversation, upon which, without exception, Mr. Spears found something to say. He assailed them on all points with the utmost frankness. He sat (on the edge of his chair) and watched Lady Markham at her worsted work, and found fault even with that.

"You spend a great deal of time over it," he said; "and what do you mean to do with it?"

This was the second evening, and they had become quite accustomed to Spears.

"I am not quite sure, to tell the truth. It is for a cushion—probably I shall put it on that sofa, or it will do for a window-seat somewhere, or——"

"There are three cushions on the sofa already, and all the window-seats are as soft as down-beds. You are doing something that will not be of any use when it is done, and that, excuse me, is not very pretty, and takes up a great deal of your time."

"Show Mr. Spears your work, Alice; he will like that better. Everybody is severe now upon these poor abandoned Berlin wools. Now, Mr. Spears, that pattern came from the School of Art Needlework. It was drawn by somebody very distinguished indeed. It is intended to elevate the mind as well as to occupy the fingers. You cannot but be pleased with that."

"What is it for?" said the critic.

"I—scarcely know; for a screen I think—part of a screen you know, Mr. Spears, to keep off the fire——"

"Ah!—no, I don't know. Among the people I belong to, Miss Alice, there is no need of expedients to keep off the fire. Sometimes there is no fire to have even a look at. I've known poor creatures wandering into the streets when the gas was lighted, because it was warm there. The gas in the shop-windows was all the fire they had a chance of. Did you ever see a little wretched room all black of a winter's night? Black—there's no blackness like that; it is blacker than the crape you all put on when your people die."

"No; she has never seen it," cried Lady Markham. "I did once in our village at home before I was married. Oh, Mr. Spears, I know! it made me cold for years after. No, thank God, Alice has never seen it. We take care there is nothing like that here——But," she added after a pause—"I don't like to say anything unkind; but, Mr. Spears, after all, it was their own fault."

"Ah, my lady! you that make screens to keep off the fire, do you never do what is wrong? you that are cushioned at every angle; and never know what a hard seat is, or a hard bed, or a harsh look, or a nip of frost, or a pinch of hunger—do you always do what is right? You ought to. You are like angels, with everything beautiful round you; and you look like angels, and you ought to be what they are said to be; but, if instead of all this pretty nonsense you had misery and toil around you, and ugliness, and discord, and quarrelling, would it be wonderful if you went astray sometimes, and gave the other people, the warm, wealthy, well-clothed people, reason to say it was your own fault? Great God!" cried the orator, jumping up. "Why should we be sitting here in this luxury, with everything that caprice can want, and waste our lives working impossible flowers upon linen rags, while they are starving, and perishing, and sinning for want, try-

ing for the hardest work, and not getting it? Why should there be such differences in life?"

"This is not a place to ask such a question, Spears," said Paul. "You forget that we are the very people who are taking the bread out of the mouths of our brothers. We, and such as we——"

"Hold your tongue, Markham," said the orator. "Do you think it is as easy as that? Don't take any notice of him, my lady. He's young, and he knows no better. He thinks that if he were able to give up all your estates to the people, justice would be done. That is all he knows. Stuff! we could do it all by a rising if it were as easy as that. You young ass," the man continued, filling the ladies with resentment more warm than when he had denounced them all, "don't you see it's a deal better in the hands of your father and mother, that take some thought of the people, than with a beast of a shoddy millionaire, who cares for nothing on this earth but money? I beg your pardon," he added, with a smile, "for introducing such a subject at all; but sometimes it gets too much for me. I remember the things I've seen. I would not treat lilies in that way, Miss Alice, if I were putting them on wood."

"Oh!" cried Alice with tears in her eyes; "how can you care about a pattern after what you have been saying?" His eloquence had moved her so much that she felt disposed to fling her pattern away. "What can one do? How can one help it?" she said, below her breath; appealing to him with her heart in her eyes.

"I don't like the pattern," said Spears. "If I were going to put it on wood, I'd treat it so—and so." To illustrate his meaning he made lines with his thumb nail upon her satin. "I'd turn the leaves this way, and the bud so. They should not be so stiff—or else they should be stiffer."

"They are conventionally treated, Mr. Spears," said Lady Markham, "and you don't treat anything

conventionally, neither our patterns, nor your friends."

She had not forgotten that he had called her son Paul, and "you young ass" was still tingling in her ears. Paul took it, however, with the greatest composure as a matter of course.

Spears burst into a great good-humoured laugh.

"I beg your pardon, my lady. We don't mind how we talk to young fellows. I'd have it as conventional, or more, Miss Alice. This falls between two stools. The lily's a glorious thing when you enter into it. Look at the ribs of it, as strong as steel, though they are all sheathed in something smoother than satin. And every curl of the petal is full of vigour and life. I used to think till you drew it or carved it, you never could understand what that means—'Consider the lilies of the field.' There they stand, nobody taking any trouble about them, and come out of the earth built like a tower, or a ship, anything that's strong and full of grand curves and sweeping lines. Now the fault I find with *that*, is, that you never would come to understand it a bit better if you worked a hundred of them. If I had a knife and a bit of wood——"

"Do you carve wood, Mr. Spears?"

"Do I carve wood?" he laughed as Lord Lytton might have laughed had he been asked whether he wrote novels. Did not all the world know it? The ignorance of this pretty little lady was not insulting but amusing, showing how far she was out of the world, and how little in this silent country house they knew what was going on. "Yes—a little," he said, with again a laugh. It tickled him. Her mother had not known who Spears was—Spears the orator—the reformer—the enemy of her order—and now here was this girl who asked with that inimitable innocence, "Do you carve wood?" He was amused beyond measure. "But I could not bring a lily like that out of the softest deal," he said; "it would break its back and lie flat—it has no anatomy. If I had a pencil——"

Alice, who was full of curiosity and

interest, here put the desired pencil into his hand, and he sat down at the nearest table, and with many contortions of his limbs and contractions of his lips, as if all his body was drawing, produced in bold black lines, a tall lily with a twist of bindweed hanging about its lovely powerful stalk, like strength and weakness combined. "That is as near nature as you can do it without seeing it," he said, pleased with the admiration his drawing called forth. "But if I were to treat it conventionally I'd split the lily, and lay it flat, without light and shadow at all. I should not make a thing which is neither one nor the other, like your pattern there."

This was the way in which the man talked, assailing them on every side, interesting them, making them angry, keeping them in commotion and amusement. Lady Markham said that it had never cost her so much to be civil to any one; but she was very civil to him, polite, and sometimes even gracious. He stayed three days, and though she uttered a heartfelt thanksgiving when the dog-cart in which Paul drove him to the railway disappeared down the avenue, "Thank heaven he is gone, and your papa only comes back to-morrow!" Lady Markham herself did not deny their strange visitor justice. "But," she said, "now he is gone let as little as possible be said about him. I do not want to conceal anything from your papa, but I am sure he will not be pleased when he hears of it. For Paul's sake, let as little as possible be said. I will mention it, of course, but I will not dwell upon it. It is much better that little should be said."

CHAPTER IV.

SIR WILLIAM did not come home for two days, but when he did return there was a line between his eyebrows which everybody knew did not come there for nothing. The first glimpse of him made the whole family certain *that he knew*: and that he was angry; but he

did not say anything until dinner was over and the children gone to bed. By that time the ladies began to hope with trembling, either that they had been mistaken, or that nothing was going to be said. "I will tell him this evening, but I will choose my time," Lady Markham whispered to Alice as Sir William stood up in front of the fireplace and took his coffee after dinner. He was not a man who sat long after dinner, and he liked to have his coffee in the drawing-room, when all the boys and girls had said good-night. He was a little man of very neat and precise appearance, always carefully dressed, always dignified and stately. Perhaps this had been put on at first as a necessary balance to his insignificant stature; but it was part of himself now. His family could not but look up to a man who so thoroughly respected himself. He had a fine head, with abundant hair, though it was growing white, and very penetrating, keen blue eyes; but to see him standing thus against the carved marble of the mantelpiece with the faint glimmer of an unnecessary fire throwing up now and then a feeble flash behind him, it was not difficult to understand that his family were afraid of his displeasure. The conversation they maintained was of the most feeble, disjointed description, while he stood there not saying a word. Paul stood about too, helplessly, as men do in a drawing-room, unoccupied, and prepared to resent anything that might be said to him. If only he could be got away Lady Markham felt that she would have courage to dare everything, and tell her husband, as was her wont, all that had occurred since he went away.

"The Westlands called on Tuesday. They were not more amusing than usual. He wanted to tell you of some great discovery he has made about the state of the law. Paul, will you go and fetch me that law-book I told you of, out of the library? I want to show something in it to papa."

"I don't know what you mean by a law-book," said Paul. He saw that it

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was intended as a pretext to send him away, and he would not budge.

"And I had a long talk with the vicar about the new cottages. He thinks only those should be allowed to get them who have been very well behaved in the old ones. Paul, by the way, that reminds me I promised to send down the Mudie books to the vicarage. Will you go and see after them, and tell Brown to send them away?"

"Presently," said Paul. He drank his coffee with the most elaborate tediousness. The more his mother tried to get rid of him, the more determined he was not to go.

"Except the vicar and the Westlands we have seen—scarcely anybody. But I want those books to go to-night, Paul."

"You are very anxious to get Paul out of the way," said Sir William. "What does 'scarcely anybody' mean? Is it true that a man called Spears, a trades-unionist, a paid agitator—"

"He is nothing of the sort," said Paul, with a sudden burst of passion. "If he is an agitator, it is for the right against the wrong, not for payment; anybody who knows him will tell you so."

"I have heard it from people who know him," said Sir William. "Is it possible that you took advantage of my absence, Paul, to bring such a man here—to lodge such a person in my house?"

"Such a person!" Paul, who had felt it coming ever since his father's arrival, stood to his arms at once. "He is the best man I know," he said, indignantly. "There is no house in the country that might not be proud to receive him; and as for taking advantage of your absence, sir——"

"Indeed," said Lady Markham, holding up her head, though she had grown pale, "you must not say so, William; he did not know you were away; and as for Mr. Spears, I was just about to tell you. He is not a man to be afraid of. It is true he is not—in society, perhaps—he has not

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quite the air of a person in society—has he, Alice?" This was said with scarcely a tremble. "But his manners were perfectly good, and his appearance, though it was quite simple—I think you must be making some mistake. I saw no harm in him."

Will it be believed that Paul, instead of showing gratitude, was indignant at this mild approval? "Saw no harm in him," he cried; "his manners, his appearance! Are you mad, mother? He is a man who is worthy to be a king, if merit made kings; or if any man worth the name would accept an office which has been soiled by such ignoble use!"

"Hold your tongue, sir," said Sir William. "It is you who are mad. A stump-orator, a fellow who does much mischief in England! My house is not to be made a shelter for such *canaille*. Your mother should have turned him to the door; and so she would have done, I don't doubt—her instincts are too fine not to have seen the kind of creature he was—but for her foolish devotion to you."

"Paul, Paul! Oh, don't speak—don't say anything," cried Alice in an agony, in her brother's ear.

"Let him say what he pleases," said Sir William. "This must be put a stop to. When the house is his he can dishonour it if he likes, but in the meantime the house is mine."

"Certainly the house is yours, sir," cried his son; "I make no claim on it. I feel no right to it. Let me alone, Alice! Do I want the house, or the land, or the money which we steal from the poor to make ourselves splendid, while our fellow-creatures are starving? I am ready to give it up at a moment's notice. It wounds my conscience, it restrains my action. I want nothing with your house, sir. If I may not bring one honest man into it, you may hand it over to any one you please; it is no home for me."

"Paul, Paul!" cried his mother in tones of alarm. Sir William only laughed that laugh of anger which frightens a household.

"Let him rave—let him rave," he cried, throwing himself into a chair. "A boy who speaks so of his home does not deserve one. He does not deserve the position Providence has given him—a good name, a good fortune, honourable ancestors, all thrown away."

"I acknowledge no honour in the ancestors that robbed the poor to make me rich," cried the hot-headed youth. And the end of all was that his mother and sister had much ado to keep him from leaving the house at once, late as it was, in the heat of passion. Never before had such a storm—or indeed any storm at all—arisen in the peaceful house. It marked the ending of that idyllic age in which the rulers of a family are supreme, and where no new-developed will confronts them within their sacred walls. Raised voices and faces aglow with anger are terrible things in such an inclosure. It seemed to Lady Markham that she would die with shame when she met the look of subdued wonder, curiosity, and sympathy in old Brown's eyes; when, after the storm was over, after a decent interval, he came in, taking great precautions to make himself audible as he approached. It was the first time since she entered the house that her servants had occasion to be sorry for Lady Markham, and this consciousness went to her heart. By the time Brown came in, however, all was very quiet. Sir William had gone away to his library, and Paul, breathing indignation at every pore, was walking about the room with his hands in his pockets, now and then launching an arrow at his mother or sister. A truce had been patched up. He had consented, as a great matter, not to plunge out of the house into the darkness, but to wait till tomorrow. This was a concession for which they were as grateful as if it had been the noblest gift; it was for their sake he did it; nothing else, he declared, would have made him remain an hour under the same roof.

"Oh hush, Paul—hush! I forbid you to say another word," cried his mother;

and then all was silent, as they heard Brown cough before he opened the door.

"Tell Lewis to have the dog-cart ready for Mr. Markham for the first train," she said, not raising her eyes. But all the same she saw the pity in the face of old Brown. He asked no question; he did not express his sorrow to hear of Mr. Markham's sudden departure, as on previous occasions he would have done, exercising the right of his old service; he said, "Certainly, my lady," in a tone which went to Lady Markham's heart. Even Brown perceived that there was no more to be said.

That was in other ways a notable year for the Markhams. For one thing Alice "came out." She was eighteen: she had not been prematurely introduced as an eldest daughter very often is. And in consequence Lady Markham stayed in London longer and went more into society. This moment, so exciting to the *débutante*, was clouded over to Alice and to her mother by the fact that Paul was in disgrace. They were still in London when the Oxford term ended, and it had been their hope that he would join them there. It is true that this prospect was not altogether an unmingled delight, for a certain alarm was involved in their joy. How would his father and he "get on" after this first quarrel? Would Paul be as submissive, would Sir William be as forgiving, as they ought? All the little triumphs of Alice, her *succès*, the admiration she had excited were made of no account by this doubt and fear about her brother. But when, just before the long vacation began, a letter arrived from Paul, announcing that he did not mean to join them at all, but was going to "stay up and read," with a party of other "men" who entertained that virtuous intention, the revulsion of feeling in the minds of the mother and sister was very painful. They forgot that they had ever entertained any fear about his coming, and cried over his letter with the bitterest pangs of disappointment.

"It is all papa's fault," Alice cried in mournful wrath; and though Lady Markham checked her daughter, saying, "Hush! surely your papa knows better than you do," yet there was a little rebellion in her heart too against the head of the house. Had he been less hard, Paul would have been more docile.

Sir William, however, as it happened, was rather mollified than offended by this intimation. The authorities of Paul's college had been finding fault. High hopes had been entertained of the young man at first. It had been believed that he would bring distinction to his college, which, who can doubt, is the first thing to be considered? But that hope had proved delusive; he had not "gone in for" half so much as he ought, and of all those things he had "gone in for" he had not been successful in one. This made him to be looked upon coldly by eyes which at first winked with benevolence at the blunders and idleness of a statesman's son. Now that they were aware that he was not likely to bring them any honour, the dons grew querulous with Paul. He was not a duke or a duke's son that he should ride roughshod over the habitudes of the university and its inviolable order. They had not of late shown that delight in him which parents love to see. He had not excited parental feelings in their academical bosoms. He was visionary, he was Radical; and it was whispered that he received visitors in his rooms who were not of a character to be received there. Fortunately this last accusation had not reached Lady Markham's ears. Had she known, how could she ever have borne that "staying up to read," which at present seemed a proof of Paul's innate virtue? But Sir William was of tougher fibre. He was not displeased to be free of personal contact with his son at this crisis. It is not expedient that there should be quarrels in a family. All that nonsense would blow over. Paul's intellectual measles might be severe, but they were only measles after all, a

malady of youth which a young man of marked character took more seriously than a frivolous boy, but which would pass away. "It will be all the better for his degree," his father said with that simplicity of confidence in the noble purpose of "staying up to read," which it is so touching to see. And what could the women say? If it was good for him was it their part to complain? They were cruelly disappointed, and yet perhaps they were relieved as well. They wrote letters full of the former feeling, but they did not say anything about the latter—not even to each other. How could they allow even to themselves that it was better for Paul to stay away?

However this disappointment seriously interfered with the glories of her first season to Alice. She did not wish to stay longer in town than Lady Markham's usual time. She longed for the country, when the summer reached its very crown of brightness, and the park looked baked and the streets scorching. They went home as they were in the habit of doing, in the end of June, leaving Sir William to toil through the end of the session by himself; and though it was still more melancholy to be without Paul in the quietness of home, yet there were compensations. They had their usual work to occupy them, and that routine of ordinary living which is the best prop and support of the anxious mind; and Alice was young enough, and her mother scarcely too old to forget, by times altogether, that there were troubles in the world. Nothing very dreadful had happened after all. If Paul did not write very often, were not all boys the same? Thus they kept their anxieties subdued, and were not unhappy—except perhaps for half an hour now and then.

Thus the summer went on. The holidays came once more. The boys came home, the girls were delivered from their governess, and the reign of innocence recommenced. Not to last long this time, for every body knew that in the second week in August papa was coming home. The children,

however, took the good of the fortnight they had all to themselves. The sunshine, the harvest, the woods, how delightful they are in August, with no lessons, no governess, and mamma all to themselves! From morning till night the house was full of laughter and commotion, except when it lay all open and silent with the whole family out of it, gone pic-nicking, gone upon excursions, making simple holiday.

"My lady is the biggest baby of them all," Mrs. Fry said with indulgent disapproval, shaking her head, "if she wasn't thinking all the time of Mr. Paul."

"Bless you there ain't a minute as that boy is out of her head," said Brown. Brown was too respectful to say anything but Mr. Markham in public, but he said Mr. Paul, or even Paul *tout court*, when he was in the housekeeper's room. While these pranks were going on, the house lay like an enchanted palace, all its doors and windows open to the sweet summer air, the rooms full of flowers and sweetness, but nobody there. There were too many servants about for any fear of robbers, but it is doubtful whether Sir William would have thought it decorous had he seen the openness and vacancy of this summer palace, waiting all garnished and bright for the return of the revelers, for the rush of light feet, the smiles, the voices, the chattering and laughter, the gaiety and glee that in a moment would flood it through and through. But to the spectator whose dignity was not involved, these changes were pretty and pleasant to see, and it was not to be wondered at perhaps if Brown and the army under his charge took holiday too.

One day very shortly before that on which Sir William was expected, a stranger walked slowly up the avenue and came to the great open door. Everything was open as usual. He saw into the great hall as he came gradually up, and saw that it was empty and still. It was a warm day, and he was weighted with a little valise which he carried, shifting it

from one hand to the other with some appearance of fatigue. He was a tall man, very thin and very brown, with the unmistakable look of an old soldier in his well-squared shoulders, even though his figure drooped a little with fatigue and heat, and slightly with age. When he reached the door he looked round him, and seeing nobody there went in and placed himself in a great chair which was near the open door. "He's come into my house without knocking many's the day," he said to himself. It was hot, and he was tired, and the coolness and shade inside completed what the glare without had done. He put his valise down by his side and leaned back, and felt himself very comfortable; then quite tranquilly and pleasantly closed his eyes and rested; had there been anything to drink all would have been perfect. But even without this it was very comfortable. The house was perfectly still, but outside a little breeze was getting up, making a murmuring cadence among the trees. There was a sound of bees in the air close at hand, and of birds further off among the branches—everything was sweet and summery and reposeful. The newcomer lay back in his chair in the mood which makes fatigue an accessory of enjoyment. Something of the vagabond was in his appearance which yet scarcely marred his air of gentleman. Poor he was without doubt, growing old, very tired, dusty, and travel-worn. He was not fastidious about his accommodation, and could have slept as well on a grassy bank had it been needful, but the chair was very comfortable and pleasant. He fell asleep, or rather went to sleep, quite voluntarily. It was afternoon, near the time when the party might be expected to return, but up to this moment nobody had made any preparation for them, and the newcomer took possession without challenge of all the comfort of the vacant place.

Roland had been allowed that day to drive the dog-cart, the carriage being full, and he and Marie had so urged the stout cob Primrose, which was the

steed specially given up to the uses of the schoolroom, that he flew like the wind and got home before the carriage. The little pair burst into the stable-yard like a flash of lightning, and tossed the reins to the first astonished groom they encountered.

"Let's rush in the back way and pretend we have been here for an hour," cried Marie.

They flew rather than walked round by the flower-garden, and through the open window of the drawing-room. There was the carriage turning in at the gate, a quarter of a mile off; there was plenty of time. But the fact that there was plenty of time did not make them move quietly. They proceeded into the hall, making themselves audible by the chatter of their childish voices and laughter.

"Won't mamma be surprised!" cried Marie.

But, on the contrary, it was herself that was surprised. She gave a lengthened "Oh!" of wonder, alarm, and consternation, as they came in sight of the stranger in the hall. She turned round and clutched at Roland, and like a little coward put him first. He was twelve, not an age to be frightened, and Marie was but eleven. Roland said "Oh!" too, but with a different tone, and, dropping back a little upon her, confronted and gazed at the sleeper in the easy chair. His looks were not of the kind that children fly. The heavy moustache drooping over his mouth seemed to add to the appearance of complete, yet pleasant weariness, in which the shabby figure was wrapped. Here was a thing to encounter when one got home: A man, a gentleman, whom one had never seen before, fast asleep in the great chair in the hall!

"Will he not wake?" whispered Marie. "Oh, Roland! are you frightened? Shall I run and tell Brown?"

"Frightened!—likely," said Roland; but he kept hold of her frock, not that she could have been of any real assistance to him, but "for company."

The two children stood transfixed

before this strange apparition, watching if he would move. At the first stir, Marie most likely would have run away with a shriek; but after all what was there to fear? Mamma had certainly turned into the avenue, and might arrive any moment, and Brown with his army of men and maids was somewhere in the background within call, so there was no real reason to fear. Nevertheless, when the arms that rested on the arms of the chair began to stretch themselves, and the intent gaze of the children drew the tired eyes open, Marie's best efforts to command herself could not restrain a tremulous cry, which quite completed the stranger's awakening.

"Bless me, I've been asleep!" he said, opening his eyes. Then when he saw the two little figures before him, his eyelids opened wider, and a smile came out from underneath them. "Little folks, who are you?"

"It's you to tell us," cried Roland with spirit. "This is our house, but it isn't yours."

"That's true, my little man. I've been asleep, more shame to me. It was hot, and I've had a long walk."

"If you are very tired, poor gentleman," said Marie, coming in now that there seemed nothing to be afraid of, "I—don't think mamma will mind. Oh, Rol, here she is! come and tell her," the little girl cried. They forgot their triumph of being first, in the excitement of this strange piece of news, and flew bursting with it to the door of the carriage which swept up at the moment, filling the stillness with echoes, and waking up the whole silent house. Brown and the footman on duty appeared as by magic, and the whole enchanted palace came to life. The stranger sat still and watched it all with a smile on his face. He saw pretty Alice and her beautiful mother descend from the carriage, and a curious light broke over his countenance.

"Lucky little beggar," he said.

He repeated this phrase two or three times to himself before he was altogether roused from the half-dream, half-languor, he was still in, by the sight of Lady Markham's eyes fixed upon him, and the alarmed, guilty, nervous inspection of old Brown.

"You must get out of here, sir—you must get out of here, sir—heaven knows how you got into it; this must have been your fault, Charles. I can't let you stay here, though I don't want to be uncivil. My lady's coming this way."

"It's your lady I want, my friend," said the intruder, rising languidly. He made Lady Markham a fine bow as she approached, with surprise in her face. "I must be my own godfather, and present myself to my old friend's family," he said. "I am Colonel Lenny of the 50th West India Regiment. St. John Lenny at your service, my dear madam, once Will Markham's closest friend."

Lady Markham made him a curtsy in return for his bow.

"Sir William is not at home," she said. If she had not already suffered for her hospitality, his reception would have been less cold; but she had never heard of Colonel Lenny, and what could she say?

"He must have talked to you about me and mine. I married a Gaveston—Katey. You must have heard him speak of her. No! That is very strange. Then perhaps you will think me an intruder, my Lady Markham. I beg your pardon. I thought I was sure of a welcome; and I was so done with the heat, though I used not to mind the heat, that I fell asleep in your nice, pleasant hall, in this big chair."

Lady Markham inclined her head in assent. What was she to do? who was Colonel Lenny? She cast a glance at Alice, seeking counsel; but how could Alice advise?

"Will you come in now and take a cup of tea with us?" she said.

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

IV.

I NOTED two hindrances by which our historical studies in England are cramped. The one was the party-spirit which lays waste the whole field of English history since the Reformation, closing the mouths of teachers, and perverting the minds of historians. In what way it might be possible to remove this hindrance, or at least diminish its obstructive power, I inquired in my last paper. I pass now to the second hindrance, the nature of which I have but slightly indicated. This is the indifference of the English public, and even of the cultivated class, to the more modern part of Continental history.

This is a subject of study which seems to have been unaccountably overlooked. Scarcely any provision has been made either by endowment or otherwise for a class of specialists who should devote themselves to it. To be at home in it is nobody's business. And no attempt having been made in this instance to counteract the natural tendency by which studies which have no immediate practical bearing fall into neglect, that tendency has been assisted by our English insularity and contempt for foreigners. For when the period in question is recent, feelings and prejudices of all kinds wake up, which are not aroused by remoter history. Modern France and modern Germany present themselves as rivals to ourselves. We have a reluctance to acknowledge their claim to be studied, which we never feel with respect to mediæval France or mediæval Germany. "What can Englishmen learn," we unconsciously reason, "from the despotic or revolutionary politics of the Continent?"

Thank Heaven! we have left despotism and revolution alike behind us." The assumption here implied, that no history is to be studied except what refers to states superior to ourselves, is only made in respect to recent history. It is not urged as a reason for neglecting mediæval history, though assuredly the ascendancy of the Popes and the policy of the Crusades belong to a system of politics from which Englishmen of the present day cannot well draw any direct political lessons.

The result is that no large subject lies in such total neglect and obscurity among us. There may be other subjects which are equally beyond the range of popular knowledge; but then they are safe in the care of the learned. They have their specialists, who are constantly storing up the results of their investigations in learned works intended only for the few. In this way, the knowledge which the public does not possess is at least easily accessible; a certain proportion of it is always filtering down into popular literature, while further knowledge is always at hand when it is wanted; and in the meanwhile, false knowledge, fable, and misconception are prevented by the care of the same specialists from springing up. It is the peculiar lot of this subject of recent Continental history to be neither known to the many nor to a class of specialists. Those who know it are not numerous nor organised enough to form a class; they are only a few scattered individuals whose special skill has received no public recognition. The class of specialists being in default, the learned literature fails too. There is no machinery at work to ensure the production of sound and trustworthy books of reference on this

subject. To write such books is no man's business, and it is also no man's interest. The books could not but be large, and as the demand for them is exceedingly small, there is an economical impossibility of producing them. The public, therefore, when it wants a sudden supply of information in this department, cannot get it. As it is not kept in the house, so it cannot be bought at the shop. Newspaper correspondents come forward with their hasty gleanings; accidental travellers tell all they know; but of authoritative, well-sifted, and precise information, there is in most cases nothing to be found in English; and those who cannot have recourse to foreign literatures are forced to put up with their ignorance. Meanwhile, there are no critics at hand to chastise the soaring imagination of journalists and literary men theorising *in vacuo*. On this subject we say and write almost absolutely what pleases us, for on this subject alone we have no fear of contradiction; and, indeed, since we never meet with persons clearly better informed, we do not easily become aware of our own ignorance.

From a practical point of view, it may seem strange that we should venture to treat this particular subject with such total contempt. For certainly France, Germany, and Russia are mighty powers with whom we must needs have frequent dealings, and who are capable of doing us infinite good or harm. It might seem our evident interest if not that we should understand them, at least that some of us should do so. If in any case it is advisable to provide for the creation of a learned class, it would seem to be advisable here. As to ancient Greece and Rome, they cannot now hurt us, nor even directly do us good; yet we have so arranged matters that three elaborate Greek histories, and two or three elaborate works on Roman history, all written on the largest scale, and with an infinite expense of learning and critical skill, have appeared in England, and have been eagerly read, within this century.

Meanwhile, we have produced no histories aiming at any completeness, of France, Germany, Italy, or Russia; what considerable historical works on those states we have produced, have not had the grave scientific character of the works of Thirlwall and Grote, but, on the contrary, have seemed to angle principally for popular applause; and for the most part we have depended upon mere slovenly compilations, which neither the learned nor yet the populace could be expected to applaud.

The truth is that the organisation of the higher literature is seldom looked at from a practical point of view. Other nations are as blind as we are in this respect, and therefore it need not cost us too much pain to confess it. The Englishman does not neglect to study the Continent more than the Frenchman neglects to study all countries but France. Our ignorance is not greater than that which we remarked in the French nine years ago. The French do not write elaborate histories of England and Germany more than we do of France and Germany. Evidently, in both countries alike, it has been simply overlooked that the knowledge of other contemporary states will not spring up of itself, and will not be created by a direct popular demand; that though the need of it is very real, it is one which no large number of people will ever feel, and that in this department, as in others, there will be neither thorough research nor serious criticism, and therefore there will be no trustworthy knowledge, without the machinery which has caused the study of ancient history or of physical science to prosper.

Where a subject has long lain in such total neglect it gets gradually overgrown with the strangest weeds of prejudice. The popular notions about the history of modern France and Germany seem to me to be such as could never have become prevalent among us if only a few specialists had been working on the subject. It seems almost to be supposed that the great

Continental countries had nothing which could be seriously called a history between the Middle Ages and the French Revolution. Since the Revolution we recognise that there has been an awakening; most countries now have a parliamentary existence like ourselves; they have begun to criticise governments and turn out ministries much as we do; and their affairs now might deserve attention well enough if we only had time for them. The Middle Ages, on the other hand, stand on a different footing. There we look for romantic incidents and grand splendid characters, and we find them quite as easily on the Continent as in England. But from about the time of the Reformation—with which event naturally our insularity begins to grow upon us—up to the Revolution, we are strangers to the Continent, and regard its history without the least sympathy. Something about the great wars, a few names of kings and generals cling to our memories, but on the whole we are possessed with the idea that all is unprofitable and scarcely serious, because there is no liberty. The catastrophe of the Revolution seems to us a decisive condemnation of the whole state of things which led to it, that is, of the whole despotic system of the seveneenth and eighteenth centuries.

I think I may say truly that all this large tract of history is neglected by us. Not, of course, that we should not feel much ashamed of falling into any monstrous blunder about its events or persons. We should not like to be caught confounding the Seven Years' War with the Thirty Years' War, or the great King Frederick II. with the great Emperor Frederick II. But our standard of historical knowledge is so low that I am obliged to say explicitly that I do not take any account of that boarding-school knowledge with which even here, I make no doubt, we are duly furnished. I do not forget that there is a view of history which is equally unlike the view of Macaulay and that of Buckle, and is far more popular than either. In this view, history

is neither a poetic celebration of famous deeds nor an inquiry into the laws which govern human societies; no, but something quite different. It is simply the art of understanding conversational allusions. It is the study which teaches us to hear famous names mentioned without surprise, to pronounce them correctly, and to talk about them without trampling chronology under foot. Now I dare say that in this sense we do not particularly neglect the modern history of the Continent. No! I am sure that a well-educated Englishman is in no serious danger of confounding William the Silent with his descendant, our own William III.; I should not be afraid of his mistaking Prince Eugene of Savoy for Prince Eugene Beauharnais. There are perhaps few leading events of this period which he has not heard mentioned, and he has in his head a rough chart of its chronology. And no doubt there are other large tracts of history of which he knows no more. If he could scarcely give a distinct account of the fall of Poland, neither could he narrate the dissolution of the Carolingian Empire; if he knows little of the Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns, he knows little also of the Hohenstauffen. But what strikes me forcibly is that, when I inquire, not into the boarding-school knowledge of history, but into the serious study of it, I find many men engaged in deep investigation of Greek and Roman history, a good many students of ecclesiastical history, a good many of English history, chiefly perhaps of the ancient and mediæval part of it, but still no small number also interested in the modern part; after this I find some students of mediæval Continental history, and lately quite a school of explorers of the Italian Republics and the Renaissance. But compared to these departments I find the modern period of Continental history almost deserted. It has no school of investigators; it is left to casual writers who bring no serious criticism to their task, and only profess to furnish amusement; and in consequence, as I said,

there is no large subject either within or outside of history upon which the public is so ill-informed as this subject, of which nevertheless no rational man can question the momentous importance. And this neglect we vaguely justify to ourselves by a kind of unconscious comparison of the Continent in modern times to England, a comparison which we find very unfavourable to the Continent. In the first place, the greater part of the Continent chose to remain Catholic when we accepted the Reformation. From this time, therefore, the religious history of the Continent becomes a blank to us. Except where a Protestant hero, a Gustavus, a William of Orange, or a Great Elector, maintains the cause of the Reformation, all seems dark. We have here an excellent excuse for indulging the insularity so dear to us. And to this is added another excuse equally plausible, namely the despotism which prevailed almost everywhere upon the Continent up to the French Revolution. This despotism strikes us as a kind of political death. We are quite sincerely at a loss when we take up the history of Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, or Russia in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to find anything worth studying or worth remembering. The court-atmosphere chokes us; for politicians we find only slothful, pampered princes, or characterless officials; for politics, only selfish aggression or dynastic war. The people everywhere lie in a sort of trance, partly brutal, partly idyllic.

This disagreeable impression, it is to be observed, tends to perpetuate itself. Our dislike of Continental history stops the supply of good books upon it; and then the meagre, shallow, and confused accounts of it which reach us increase our dislike of the subject.

But this dislike does not extend to France. No one pretends that modern French history is not amusing. There is indeed enough of despotism in it and little enough of liberty. But there is no want of vivacity; and we follow it

with a mixture of contempt and admiration. The old *régime*, in its splendour under Louis XIV., in its portentous decline under his successor, is in its way as striking as any constitutional *régime* could have been. And since the Revolution the only complaint we could make of French politics would be that they are too interesting, too exciting. Thus for us France comes to take the place of the whole Continent. Foreign affairs have been seen by us through a French medium. While Germany lies concealed under the mist formed by intricate institutions and a puzzling language, and the other countries of Europe are still further removed from our knowledge, an intense light has long shone on France; its history is known to us in outline at least as far back as the Revolution if not further, and our knowledge of the other countries is almost confined to the relations they have had with France. At the same time all this attention given to French affairs is given, as it were, under protest. Serious politics, we hold, are only to be found in England, and our highest praise of French statesmen is to say that their eyes are gradually opening to what we have long known. When we are most interested in their vivid excitements it is with a sense of superiority, as though we could still repeat the reflexion Goldsmith made on them a century ago—

“With sports like these are all their cares beguiled;
The sports of children satisfy the child.”

In short, it may be said that our maxim is, “No liberty, no politics, and therefore no history.” Where there is not free speech and earnest public debate, there, we think, is political death. And by this rule we seem on the whole to regulate our historical studies. This rule throws open to us the greater part of Greek and Roman history. It allows us also to take an interest, as we have lately done, in the Italian republics and in the United Netherlands. But it excludes the imperial period of Rome

and modern Continental history from the latter part of the Middle Ages to the French Revolution. It would very much exclude the Middle Ages themselves, only that there romance, art, and religion supply the interest that is elsewhere furnished by politics.

Now it would be absurd to say that in taking this view we in any degree overrate the value of political liberty; it would be absurd, I think, to deny that our country had in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the advantage over the Continent it supposes itself to have had. The Continent itself has confessed this by borrowing our liberty from us; it has been mainly occupied in this century in appropriating and assimilating our parliamentary system. The insufficiency of that old despotic system was proved by the collapse of it, first in France and afterwards in those countries which revolutionary France attacked. To question this would be to fly in the face of the principal lesson and experience of the age. And if political science, or, what to me is much the same thing, if history had nothing else to do but to give us hints immediately applicable to the conduct of our own domestic affairs, I do not know that we should be far wrong in passing over as barren that period of Continental history. But it has other and quite different functions, of which I will point out two, the one more immediately practical, the other educational.

First, these states whose history we hold in such little esteem are not, like Greece and Rome, to be met with nowhere else but in history. They are among the great powers of our own time. We have dealings with them in diplomacy; we may have to meet them in war. Witness our recent relation with Russia. How eager we have all been in these years to form a clear opinion about Russia! Was it a tyrannical, half-barbarous Power? or was it a youthful heir of the future—herald of civilisation and happiness to the whole East? Was its advance a menace to ourselves, or might we

safely allow and encourage it? Upon these questions it was urgent to decide, because war or peace depended on the decision. Now the questions are strictly historical. They involve the whole question of the course taken by Russia since Peter the Great, and of the character stamped by him upon the Russian Empire. Any answer to them not founded upon a right estimate of that character could not but be an answer given at haphazard. In like manner, when in 1864 we had to decide upon the Schleswig-Holstein question, we were in reality called upon to decide upon the nature of the new German Power then so eagerly consolidating itself, and upon the relations it was desirable to form with it for the future. Now in what condition does a great nation stand which is called upon not rarely to decide vast questions like these, and which, moreover, imperiously insists upon deciding them itself and will not trust the decision to any Government, when it refuses to furnish itself with the knowledge necessary for such decision? Yet the English not only do this, not only refuse to study Russian or German history out of dislike of despotism, but do not even take measures that there shall be a skilled class among them from whom they may at need ask instruction. There were no good English books on Germany in 1864, no good English books on Russia in 1877; and Mr. Mackenzie Wallace told me that though he had intended to give a complete historical view of the development of Russia he had been warned that such a scheme would never succeed with the English public, and so was driven to content himself with the personal narrative we have all read, the value of which may give us some notion of how much we have lost by our own fault. Unfortunately he had no choice between presenting his historical view to the general public, which turned up its nose at such a present, and suppressing it altogether. There was no select audience of specialists to which he could present it.

But it suits my present purpose better to point out that this maxim—where there is no liberty there can be no politics and no history—will not bear theoretical examination, and that besides the practical inconveniences it may cause it is wrong in political science. It might be true if political science were but a set of maxims intended to bear directly upon action, for a country that has prosperous liberty cannot learn directly from the precedents of despotism. But it is the nature of science to separate itself boldly from practice at the outset in order to influence practice all the more decisively in the end. If history and politics are to be united, according to our programme, in order to form a system which shall be in the highest degree both scientific and practical, such a system must be scientific first and practical afterwards. It must in the first instance lose sight entirely of practice, and occupy itself only with general laws. A first main consequence of this principle will be that it will not study only good or successful states in order to use them as models, and put the bad ones on one side, but that it will examine all states equally, for the purpose of classifying their varieties, and will put on one side only those which belong to a class already determined. What should we say of a botanist who rejected all species which he thought ugly, or of a zoologist who passed over the lower animal organisms as not worthy of his attention? And secondly, those states which are not only inferior to others but seem to have something in them radically vicious, which brings them to ruin, will not now seem uninteresting, but rather will have a special interest of their own, a pathological interest.

I can illustrate this readily from the period before us. If we took either the romantic or the merely empirical view of history we should pronounce the age of Louis XV. to be a dreary period, which it was desirable to hurry over as much as possible. In comparison with the glory of the

Grand Monarque, how humiliating this long decline of the monarchy! morally what more odious than the debauchery of the *Parc-aux-Cerfs*, politically what more insane and ruinous than the policy of France during the Seven Years' War? And what conceivable lesson can an age like the present—an age of democracy, publicity, and decency—learn from the last dotage of the old *régime*? But now change the point of view; look at history scientifically and the period acquires a peculiar, if not unique, interest. For it affords the largest, fullest, and best recorded specimen of the process of decay in a great state. Accordingly, writers on the French Revolution, who, perhaps, in the choice of a subject, would have passed over this period as ignoble, are obliged to go back upon it in their preliminary dissertation, to search it for the causes of the great events they are to relate; and De Tocqueville has made it the subject of one of the best investigations of which political science can as yet boast.

In a great many other historical periods the same result would follow from changing the point of view. Where you complain now that there is nothing to admire, nothing to take an interest in, you would cease to complain. You would look for an interest of another kind, and if there was nothing to admire you might find something to explain. Let me give some examples. A few years later than the French Revolution there was a German revolution not much less violent. It is concealed under the battle-smoke of Napoleon's campaigns. There fell the world-old Empire, there for a time fell the new fabric of the Prussian monarchy. All this requires explaining as much as the fall of Louis XVI. And to find the explanation you must examine the course of affairs in Germany through the last years of the last century. This period, as a period of decay, is in itself, like the reign of Louis XV. in France, uninteresting or repulsive. But you will find it now, with your new purpose, interesting enough; for you have acquired the eye

of the physiologist, who talks with satisfaction of a "beautiful ulcer!"

On the whole we might say that the interest of Continental history through the eighteenth century is mainly of this pathological kind. There is decay in most states of Europe. The century begins with the fall of Sweden, and the decisive decline of the Papal power; it witnesses also the fall of Poland, and after the downfall of the French Monarchy it ends in that general collapse on which Napoleon's Empire was built. During the century we find only two powers in vigorous growth, Prussia and Russia. But the interest is none the less great because it is pathological. England was in a more healthy and prosperous condition than most of these powers during that period; but can we say that its history is more instructive? I scarcely think so, for we ought not to forget that the unexampled fortune of England is purchased at some expense. Prosperity is not generally so interesting to read of as misfortune, and the decay and transition of the Continental states in the eighteenth century are perhaps more pregnant with instruction than England's domestic prosperity and colonial expansion.

But let us remark next, that states which are under a despotic rule are not always in a condition of decay, and that they may excite an interest which is not pathological. Compared indeed with states in which liberty is securely established, they cannot but seem wanting; but they may easily be full of health and vigour, may surpass in many ways the states which have this particular advantage over them, and may be deprived of it themselves only by some irreparable peculiarity of position. At any rate there may be much to study, and abundant matter for political instruction in states which have no liberty.

Can *any* state be uninteresting to one who makes it his occupation to observe and classify states, who is, so to speak, a collector of states? Yes, indeed, there are large fields of history from which at present at least it is

hard to cull anything. There are states under which human nature sinks into such lethargy that it records nothing, exhausted states, in which life stands still. There are others, especially in newly-settled countries, where by the side of much prosperity and civilisation, there is a kind of political nonage or nullity arising from the absence of that external pressure which commonly calls the state into life. But can it be that any of the great states of Europe have so uninteresting a history through any long period?

There is something to my mind rather presumptuous in our habit of looking down upon the Continental nations as if they were afflicted with political incapacity. There are perhaps races in Asia and Africa which might justly be so regarded. But the European nations are with ourselves the most advanced, the most successful nations in the world. Modern civilisation is a treasure committed to our joint keeping. It is not England taken alone, but the Commonwealth of European states that constitutes the striking phenomenon of the modern world. In a sense we are all ready to admit this as soon as it is stated. We do not pretend to any but a purely political superiority over France and Germany. In arts and civilisation we claim to hold our own with them in the main, but not to be superior, and in many arts we acknowledge ourselves to be inferior. But in politics we do not admit any comparison between them and us. We do not merely think of them as less advanced than ourselves, but as positively at a low level. We regard them as living in the darkness of a kind of political heathenism. We contemplate the history of the Continent in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries with the same sense of strangeness, the same instinctive dislike and repulsion with which we read the history of barbarous countries. We expect to find in it horrors, misery, remorseless cruelty. In short, we seem to have settled it that the European Continent has been in modern times the seat of civilisation, of letters,

learning and science, but at the same time politically barbarous.

And, of course, if it be admitted that there can be no decent or endurable politics without liberty, then this estimate must be just. But then, also, we must hold that the politics of a country are not so all-important to it as we commonly suppose. For if France and Germany were able, though their politics were barbarous, to keep in the front rank of civilisation and science, to give birth to new and pregnant ideas, to open new paths of progress to the human race, then it is evident that bad politics are an evil which may be endured. And yet it is difficult to understand how this can be so, and we ourselves commonly assert the contrary. Bad governments have the greatest power to check improvements in civilisation, to dwarf and crush human nature—as can be proved by many instances. It seems therefore difficult to understand how those French and German governments can really have been so thoroughly bad, when we consider how active and fruitful the human mind was able to show itself under them.

How strongly we ourselves feel the close connexion between good government and high civilisation appears from a theory which has been very popular among us, that the great literatures of the world have always been produced under a *régime* of liberty. In maintaining this theory, our writers have remarked that it is confirmed by more than one instance which at first sight seems to run counter to it. Thus, the Augustan literature was not produced under liberty; but then Virgil, Horace, and Livy had grown up under the republic, and had been formed by it. In like manner, Corneille and Pascal, whom we reckon among the glories of the age of Louis XIV., belong to that earlier part of the age when the impulse of the Fronde still continued, and the Court had not yet swallowed up everything. Now let me ask you to consider the great intellectual movement of modern Germany. Be-

ginning about the year 1768, it continued at its height into the present century. For depth and originality we may safely say that the movement of the Augustan age was a trifle to it. It not only created German literature, German philosophy, and the characteristic German school of history,—not only excited the mind of the nation as perhaps no nation was ever excited before by mere ideas,—but its influence went forth into other lands, and has not yet ceased to move and shake the schools of Europe. Did this movement take place under a *régime* of liberty? Nay, it began in the very depths of the decay of the old German Empire; in that period the history of which seems so intolerable to us, in that chaos of small courts, that nation of courtiers and officials. The breath of liberty did not move over Germany till the movement was drawing near its end, and when it came it was disagreeable to Goethe, who more than any other man represented the movement.

We are wrong, then, in supposing that literature cannot flourish except under a *régime* of political liberty. But it may still be true that it cannot flourish except under a government which is in substantial respects good. Only then it follows that the system of government which prevailed in Germany in the last century, and which we regard with so much contempt, must have been better than we think. It may therefore deserve to be studied better than we think. Certainly we must not look there for a stirring tale of great men and great deeds; nor yet for lessons to guide us in the politics of this age. But from the scientific point of view it is certainly interesting to inquire what sort of institutions admitted or encouraged an intellectual excitement so extraordinary and unique.

Something similar might be said of the sociability which was developed in France under the old *régime*. Thoroughly bad government destroys sociability. There must therefore have been something worth studying in that French system which created a higher

ideal of society than had been known before, which allowed the French language to be formed into so perfect an instrument of conversation, and conversation itself to become such a ready method of diffusing ideas.

In sum, what I would say is, that with respect to liberty our view as historical students must be wholly different from our view as practical politicians. In practice we cannot overrate its value nor guard it too jealously; but in historical study we must learn to dispense with it easily. We must be ready to take an interest in despotic states as well as in constitutional ones—to think of them as possibly civilised and advanced. Nor must we study them merely in order to detect the weaknesses of a despotic system, or to mark the first symptoms of the advent of liberty. We must be prepared to find authority growing sterner from age to age, as in the time of our own Tudors, and yet not to suppose that we are watching a course of decline. For we must understand that before the yoke of government can safely be relaxed, a process of national consolidation must have been accomplished. The people who are to form the nation must have been drawn together and separated from those who are to be foreigners to them, a frontier must be formed and guarded, clannish anarchy must be curbed within, and the supremacy of law finally established; all this is rough work, and requires a hard hand; and we are particularly to note that nothing but the accident of our insular and impregnable position, and not some superior natural genius for politics, gave us in these matters an advantage over Continental peoples.

Reflexions like these may, I think, help us to overcome the second prejudice which I find closing our eyes to historical truth. As party-spirit cools, when you discover the pettiness of party-conflict, and how deceptive is that appearance of grandeur which is commonly thrown over it, so does that English prudishness which shrinks from modern Continental history and politics

as if they had something heterodox or scarcely respectable about them, pass away when you take a larger view of historical development. The differences between English and Continental politics appear somewhat smaller, though still no doubt great; and it appears in a great measure explained by necessary causes. On the other hand, the large resemblances between England and the Continent come out more clearly; the great European unity founded in religion and ancient culture, under which England is part of Europe, appears more fundamental than the distinctness which arises from its insularity.

But it is time to bring these papers to a close. To what conclusion do they point? I have dealt in succession with a number of popular misconceptions on the subject of history. There was the misconception which classes history as a branch of *belles lettres*, and expects from the historian romantic, dramatic, and pictorial effects. There was the illusion which sees in all past history a reflection of the party conflicts of the present day, which finds Liberals and Conservatives, Whigs and Tories, wherever there have been political disputes. And now I have spoken of the capricious antipathies of the public taste to certain historical periods, in particular its repugnance to the greater part of recent Continental history. These matters may seem to have little mutual connexion, but they are connected in the experience of the historical teacher, who finds them the principal hindrances against which he has to contend. They are connected too as being all alike symptoms of the crudeness of the public mind on the subject of history. But for what practical object do I call attention to these popular mistakes? Is it in the hope that the public, being admonished, may grow wiser? Hardly, for as I look upon history as a scientific subject, I do not hope that the general public can ever conceive it rightly. All direct attempts to popularise historical knowledge seem to me likely

to fail, for history only becomes interesting to the general public by being corrupted, by being adulterated with sweet, unwholesome stuff to please the popular palate. My object is to show the necessity of organising the study of history as every other serious study is organised, and as the study of ancient history is already organised. History must have its specialists, its endowed corporation of skilled judges, who may interpret between the original investigator and the public. It is from the want of such organisation that all the misconceptions I have pointed out arise. In this subject alone the original investigator is in immediate contact with the general public, who are incompetent to judge of his work, and who spoil and corrupt it by their imperious dictation. He lives in dread, in the first place, of their petulant laziness, and in order to keep their attention awake is driven to those tasteless tricks of style which the public accept as flashes of poetic genius. He is in dread too of their violent party passions, or else, being himself more than half an *amateur*, he shares them, and so we see the political squabbles of the day reflected and idealised in the history of two thousand years, just as Homer saw all Olympus divided between the partisans of Greece and Troy. Then again he is constrained to inquire anxiously what historical subjects interest the public and what do not. For the public has the most rooted preferences and aversions, and from its caprice the historian has often no appeal. He may indeed be fortunate enough to light on a period the study of which has been already organised. If he has views on the age of Pericles or the character of Julius Cæsar he may be easy, for he will be listened to by a university audience. But if he tries to break new ground, if he is attracted by recent Continental history, as he may well be, considering both how little has yet been done in this field and how fertile it might prove, especially if he tries to treat this subject in a serious scientific spirit, then, so to speak, "the seed falls by

the wayside." He finds no audience but the general public itself, who ask with indignant surprise what he can mean by writing a dull book and on an uninteresting subject. Or perhaps, on better advice, he shuns the ordeal, and, like Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, suppresses his researches altogether.

What is wanted is the intermediate class of specialists. The public indeed wants it as much as the original investigator. For it would perform a double function. While, on the one hand, it would protect the investigator from the injustice of incompetent judges, on the other hand it would itself popularise history as far as a scientific subject can be popularised, in the same way as we have seen physical science popularised to a certain extent without losing its scientific character. In ancient history this is already done. Mommsen, after writing for the learned a long series of abstruse dissertations, condescends himself to give the general public the results of his research in a popular history of Rome, from the pages of which any one may now easily learn what the organised study of ancient Rome has ascertained in the course of a long time. But in modern Continental history, and to some extent even in modern English history, the intelligent popular narrative is wanting as much as the original research. The whole subject falls into the hands of nameless compilers, or of politicians retired from business. There are no specialists to pass laborious years over it, to apply to it the best criticism and the best philosophy, and then to present to the lay world, in clear and trustworthy outlines, the essence of countless volumes. Hence the result we see. Hence it is that the very best education given in England does not impart a living knowledge even of English history, while it conveys no conception whatever of the grand course of Providence in creating the modern brotherhood of European nations, the vast whole of civilisation.

THE INDO-MEDITERRANEAN RAILWAY.

II.—ITS POLITICAL ASPECT.

"A DESPOTISM without authority and an anarchy without liberty" was the pithy summing-up of the state of Asiatic Turkey by one well qualified to judge. A day or two before I heard this, I had written in my journal, "This road is something like the government of the country: occasionally fair, sometimes indifferent, generally vile, and often wanting altogether."

From my own personal experience I am still of the opinion that these two sayings fairly describe the state of the Government in Asiatic Turkey. One party may blame the Turks, another the Russians—but the question of the present state and future condition of Asiatic Turkey involves so many different and conflicting interests, that to argue simply from the standpoint of Russophile or Turkophile, Christian or Mohammedan, "perish India" or preserve India, spirited Imperial policy or policy of non-intervention, extending our liabilities or reducing our liabilities, would be to stultify the whole argument. India is ours, and even if the idea that it is for our own benefit that we hold it is selfish, we must not forget our duties towards the subject millions who, if the British Raj were overthrown, would be the prey of internecine conflicts more dreadful than anything the world has yet seen. No! our duties both towards ourselves and also towards the subject races in India compel us to maintain our dominion in the East.

Ever since Russia has become a factor in the Eastern question, she has slowly, stealthily, and steadily, both by diplomacy and strategy, been ever working towards the two prizes on which the desires of her Czars and statesmen have been set—the possession of Constan-

tinople and the Empire of Hindostan. The moment her siege is repulsed in one direction, the trenches are opened in another; and sooner or later the battle of civilisation and barbarism will have to be fought out on the same ground where oft in olden time the destinies of dynasties and their heads, of empires and their possessors, have been decided. Here, the traditional cradle of the human race, Antony, Cyrus, Alexander, Artaxerxes, Xerxes, Chosroes, Julian, and many another of mighty power and fame, have either attained the position which enabled them to dispose of the destinies of the known world, or had the cup, when well-nigh full, dashed from their lips. Scarce a spot of these ancient countries but has resounded to the tramp of the Roman legions, the phalanx of the Macedonians, the famed Parthian cavalry, and the elephants of India, or the countless hosts of varying nations which followed the banners of the "great king."

The seats of the Persian, Assyrian, Chaldean, Parthian, Sassanian, and Abbaside monarchies and their most prized and valuable provinces are now well-nigh a waste, the cities in ruins, or replaced by miserable buildings almost as ephemeral as an Arab's camp. Canals, roads, temples, castles, and palaces have all been involved in a common ruin; but surely this cannot continue! Sooner or later Mesopotamia and the surrounding districts will awaken from their trance to become again a centre of civilisation, and the great highway between the East and the West. To these countries we owe the origin of the sciences of astronomy, medicine, and mathematics; and it is to be hoped that the depth of desolation in which they are steeped is only the dense darkness which

precedes the first rays of morning twilight; the chill misery with which they are overlaid only the bitter cold which heralds the rising of the sun.

Ere the Cape of Good Hope had been discovered by Bartolomé Diaz—ay, even before the Phœnicians had circumnavigated Libya—before Rameses had connected the Red and Mediterranean Seas by the canal from Coseir to the Nile, products of the far East were known to the inhabitants of these regions; and it has only been since their possession by the Turk that they have ceased to occupy that place in the world's regard to which their geographical position entitles them.

Good means of communication are of the first importance in the civilisation and reform of any nation or region. The old Romans well knew this, and the roads which they made, both by their number and the solidity of their construction, attest even to the present day the importance they attached to easy and rapid communication, in order to maintain their authority over the widespreading regions which owned the sway of Republican and Imperial Rome. All great generals and conquerors have been road-makers. Xerxes, Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Napoleon, Wellington, Napier, and Wolseley have all excelled in this art; and wherever the necessary precaution of maintaining good roads has been neglected, disaster and ruin have been the unvarying result. We English in India have shown ourselves not unworthy imitators of the ancient Romans in this most indispensable art; but we still hesitate at utilising the route between the Mediterranean and India, by which the most mighty and numerous armies ever heard of in history advanced to conquest, whether the genius that set them in motion had its origin in the East or the West. The June Convention of 1878 morally imposes on us the task of alleviating the miseries under which the subjects of the Sultan in Asiatic Turkey groan. Whilst these regions are accessible to few, and to them only at a cost of time, which in this busy

nineteenth century is a matter of serious importance, so long will oppression, misrule, and the jealousy of rival races and sects continue.

To us, as a nation, the command of an alternative route to our Eastern possessions is a question of vital importance. Though Great Britain still occupies—and long may she do so—the proud position of mistress of the seas, we must bear in mind that at any moment the Suez Canal, either by misfortune or treachery, may be blocked for a time sufficient to render the most able plans abortive, and that the shortest time in which India can be reached by the Cape route is at least sixty days, and that necessary troops in consequence may be delayed for a period far exceeding that in which some of the most decisive of modern campaigns have been completed. Commercially also the increased facilities, both in the number and rapidity of the mail services, which a line from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf would confer upon this country, cannot be over-estimated.

Our rivals—for it is no use disguising from ourselves the fact that they are our rivals—the Russians, lose no opportunity of extending their communications towards India. By land and by water, by railway and steamer, they are ever pressing forward, and whatever may be said in their official and semi-official prints, the dreams and aspirations of Kaufmann and his officers all tend towards planting the standard of the Czar in the capital of the Moguls. Repulsed in one direction, they set forward in another. The campaign in Afghanistan having dealt a heavy blow against their prestige and moral ascendancy in Central Asia, they immediately endeavour to counteract its effect by an expedition against the Tekke Turcomans, having for its object the acquisition of Merv.

Khiva, we well remember, was only to be punished, but it was denied that its absorption by the Kraken of the North was part of its punishment. Similarly, the Tekke Turcomans, who according to Baker and Butler are

singularly well affected towards the English, are to be punished, but their territory is to be respected. Once involved in the deadly embrace of the huge mollusc, escape will become impossible, and the process of assimilation will be at once commenced.

Everywhere the policy of aggression and subjugation is veiled under the flimsy mask of philanthropy; even those Russian papers which are not avowedly government organs speak of her ancient mission. Sometimes they appear to run counter to the official prints, but only with the permission of the censor of the press, and in order to prepare public opinion for acquiescence in *faits accomplis*. The following, from the *Standard* of July 29th, quotes one of the utterances of the unofficial press, which, according to the invariable rule of Russian diplomacy, would be immediately contradicted if made the subject of a question by our Foreign or India Office:—

“Discussing the anticipated occupation of Merv by General Lazareff, the *Odessa Vestnik*, one of the most important Russian journals, has the following:—

“To Merv, once a fertile and populous, now a barren and most unhealthy, country, our troops are marching in the fulfilment of that ancient mission of the Russian race—to pacify Asia, to put a stop to native savagery, and to exterminate pillage. Step by step Russia has been acquitting herself of the onerous task imposed upon her by the unavoidable necessities of her geographical position. One after the other the various tribes have succumbed to our arms. The steps we are taking this summer nearly finish our task. It is the beginning of the end. The subjugation of the Tekke Turcomans advances the Russian sentinels to the Afghan frontier. Afghanistan having lately been reduced to the position of an English vassal State, the coercion of her unruly and rapacious tribes clearly devolves on Great Britain. If Great Britain will only protect our frontier from Afghan inroads and our commerce from Afghan pillage we, having extended our way to the Hindoo Kush, shall have no occasion to go beyond the natural boundary attained. General Lazareff’s expedition thus forms a necessary limit in the long chain of our Asiatic conquests, and is a remarkable episode in the fulfilment of our historical mission in Asia.”

“The article is remarkable for laying down the condition on which the Afghan frontier will be respected. The condition is the same, the alleged non-observance of which by the natives led to the conquest of Central Asia

after Nicholas had determined upon the subjugation of Bokhara, Khiva, and Khokand. Nicholas’s determination was expressed in his approval of the report submitted to the Central Asiatic Special Commission in 1854.”

Persia is almost completely under the influence of Russia, and no wonder can be expressed that such is the case. A despotism with unlimited command of means and unscrupulous agents can everywhere combat, with a prospect of success, a constitutional country, the minister of which is liable to have every word he may utter published, and his every expense, down to the cost of his telegrams, debated in an open assembly, where many of the members put patriotism on one side in order to favour party tactics, and local or personal considerations.

Russia’s physical as well as moral force is everywhere apparent to the Persian. Steamers on the Caspian, troops in motion on his frontiers, railways in process of construction, all tend to impress the Shah and his advisers with the might of the Czar. This impression was strengthened by the ill-timed cession of Turkish territory to Persia, an act for which the Muscovites claim all the credit.

The trade of Persia now chiefly goes to Poti and Batoum, and in order to reach the Mediterranean the stormy Euxine, destitute of harbours, has to be traversed, and the intricate navigation of the Bosphorus, Dardanelles, and Grecian Archipelago encountered. A route which would practically give to Persia a port on the Mediterranean, would place her in direct communication with Western civilisation, and deal a heavy blow to the Russian domination of which she is the victim.

Returning to the dominions of the Sultan of Turkey, we find a state of things which it is difficult to believe can exist in the present day. The country, not possessing a homogeneous population, or a single province which can boast of being inhabited by any one nationality, is a prey to disputes and jealousies, to discord and strife, to intrigue and calumny, to corruption and

injustice. All the evils arising from this deplorable condition of affairs are carefully fomented by the emissaries of Russian ambition, and, alas! also by others whose patriotism and education should lead them to pursue a wiser and more noble course.

Armenians, Kurds, Turks, Greeks, Arabs, Jews, Druses, Ttetchen, and Tcherkess, are among the varying races. The religions are even more involved and confused: Maronite and Druse, Chaldeans (wet and dry), Jacobites, Nestorians, Armenian Catholics and old Armenians, Greek Orthodox and Greek Catholic, Mohammedans, Devil-worshippers, Jews, heretics and infidels of every creed and absence of creed—all have their place in the motley number. The jealousies between the different sects of Christians are often more bitter than those between Christian and Mohammedan, and the appearance of Mohammedan soldiery in Christian churches, to restrain the rivalry of Christian priests and bishops and their flocks, is a matter of common occurrence. The Turk, in his contempt for all religions except his own, has permitted a very fair amount of religious liberty; but if the divine mission of the would-be civiliser from the North is to be accomplished, we may expect even greater persecution than signalised the conquest of these once Christian countries by Mohammedan hordes. Poland and the Caucasus alike bear witness to the fate of races subjected by the generals of the White Czar. Of regeneration by action from within, the prospect is well-nigh hopeless; as to such a varied and bigoted mass the gift of a constitution, which seems to be considered by sentimental Radicals and idealistic Conservatives a panacea for all evils, would be most fatal. The true government for these countries, until they have sufficiently progressed in civilisation and self-control to be able to govern themselves, is an enlightened despotism, under which each and all should be free to exercise their own religion and calling without the power of hindering or molesting others.

At present this seems almost impossible to expect, as the Pashas and their assistants are often venal and corrupt, and commonly destitute of any of the attributes which belong to the successful rulers of men. The history of the various ministerial crises at Constantinople show plainly that any reforms which may be originated by the influence of one great power will be jealously combated by another, for fear that the success attending them may raise the authority of the originator to an undue elevation at Constantinople. Khaireddin Pasha, who has been dismissed, has enjoyed the reputation of a would-be reformer, partly because he wrote (or caused to be written) a book which was intended to prove that the Koran and advanced Liberal ideas were compatible, partly because he, under the cry of ministerial responsibility, had endeavoured to take all authority out of the hands of the Sultan, in order to wield it himself. Aarifi Pasha, who succeeded him, is a mere shadow; and Mahmoud Nedim Pasha, who no doubt will soon come into power, is a passive instrument in the hands of Russia.

A country unfit for constitutional government, with a sovereign who may be in name and will despotic, ignorant, and feeble, even if he is well meaning; a powerful clique, inside the palace, of female favourites, eunuchs, Circassian relatives of the members of the seraglio, slaves, pipe-bearers, and all the motley multitude that form the *entourage* of a Turkish sultan, clamouring for bribes, and disposing of the patronage of the crown; Pashas and their followers, buying their appointments in the hope of recouping themselves by extortion when in power; an ill-paid and illiterate magistracy; an undisciplined and unruly police—corruption and misgovernment rampant from the apex to the base of the Turkish system—What can be done to remedy this? If the people generally were not among the most docile and amenable to authority of any on the face of the earth, revolt and rebel-

lion would long ago have obliterated every trace of authority and order. The reforms proposed by the English government after the June Convention were the most fair and feasible it is possible to conceive, and the Turkish answer and excuse, that they had not funds sufficient to put them in execution, a flimsy evasion. Similarly, the pretext that we could not find persons who had any knowledge of their language or jurisprudence, was only preferred in order to prevent their being looked for and found. The seraglio clique well know that the day on which bribery and corruption are put an end to in the provinces, that same day their fate is sealed, as their creatures will no longer be able to share with them their ill-gotten gains. An honest system of collection of dues, imposts, and taxes would more than double the available revenue of the Porte, and at the same time lessen the burden on the overtasked peasantry.

Christian and Mohammedan have alike grievous burdens to bear; those of the former are more known to the Western states, as they have their ecclesiastics to speak for them, and are always more or less regarded as being under the protection of the foreign consuls. The latter have to supply all the recruits for the army, a far heavier drain on their resources than the tax for exemption from military service paid by the Christians, whilst they have no one to make known their grievances, or sue for their redress. The Mohammedan peasantry—with the exception of the Kurds and Circassians, who are ill-conditioned, cowardly, and thieving races—are honest, sober, hard-working, patient, and until very lately, loyal. The infatuated Sultan and his advisers having refused to adopt the reforms proposed, our Foreign Office has wisely increased the number of consular officers, a measure which, if carried out more completely than at present, will prove of the utmost importance. The Turkish official, of whatever rank, class, or degree of honesty, however, when he finds that his every action is known and reported

on by an independent and impartial judge, will either redouble his zeal for proper government, or resist the inclination to speculation and oppression. The honest Turkish official will find in the support of the English consular service his best ally; and their moral influence will go far to help him to escape from the web of chicanery and deceit which has been woven by dishonest rascals of every race and creed at every Vilayet, Eyalet, and Kaimacanlik. I have heard it said seriously that an honest Turkish official is a great hindrance to the work of the Government, because, neither receiving bribes himself nor allowing those beneath him to receive them, the latter obstruct the whole machine of government in every possible manner, and even the necessary routine work comes to a standstill. The honest official thus finds himself unable to transmit a para of revenue to the central government; the country under his orders is overrun with robbers and ruffians, and very probably he himself is selected—by Europeans who do not understand the true state of the case—for opprobrium as the cause of this disastrous state of affairs. The honest Turkish official must not be confounded with the plausible Turkish official. Of the latter there are unfortunately too many, who would deceive the very elect themselves. They will talk of reforms, lament disorders, promise amendment, urge that it is only because their hands are tied that they do not do more for the benefit of their government, and then the moment the European, whom they have been endeavouring to blind, has left them, they will commit ten times worse actions than the rough old Ottoman who professes no admiration for reform at all, and equally despises a Giaour, be he a Russian, a Frenchman, a Greek, a Briton, a German, or a member of any other Christian nation his education may have made him acquainted with. The plausible Turk has often visited the West, and has brought back with him what he dignifies by the name of civilised ideas. A tramway

two miles long, a carriage road from nowhere to nowhere, a useless garden illuminated with lamps, the pieces of some machinery never destined to be erected, a fountain, or some such wasteful piece of expenditure, usually signalises the presence of one of these gentry.

The Turkish government at Constantinople has a small, and probably decreasing, revenue of some twelve millions a-year; if fiscal reforms could be introduced, the farming of taxes abolished, the payment of tithes, fifths, and other charges on land commuted for a fixed sum, if honest officials could be obtained to take charge of the revenue, if, in short, the whole system of the Turkish exchequer could be reformed and purified, the central government would be able to dispose of a revenue of certainly twenty-five millions, more probably of thirty millions, and this even when the more strictly local taxation was spent in the districts where it is levied, instead of being swept into the maw of the harpies at Constantinople.

None of these reforms can take place until the means of communication in Asiatic Turkey are improved. Nearly every consular report for the last thirty years, certainly every one of any length, reiterates the cry for roads; stories are common of wheat selling in one vilayet for five shillings a quarter, whilst people in another, a hundred and fifty miles away, were dying of starvation, simply because there was neither a road nor a railroad to convey the surplus wheat of the first, which was rotting away, to the starving population of the second.

The benefit to the Turkish government in the increase of revenue by the formation of good means of communication would also be enormous. Now in many cases, even after the tithes have been collected, the government are unable to transport them to a market, and the revenue of the year is entirely lost. When the government is unable to find transport, the peasants too are unable to send their grain away, as the animals em-

ployed by them would be seized by the government for their own use, and so in some years of exceptional abundance it often happens that the loss to the government and the hardships of the cultivator are greater and more severe than in ordinary years.

The system of forced transport, which I have just mentioned, is one of the "things Turkish" which according to the law, and in the manner they are described by officials, seem although arbitrary, not unjust, and yet in the working cause enormous hardship. The law is that the government can impress all animals not actually engaged in the transport of their goods, and make use of them in the government service. The rate of pay which is fixed by law is extremely liberal, and in many places double the market price. Notwithstanding, no man likes to see his animals impressed, and would sooner make a return journey without any loads than carry anything belonging to government. Their reasons for this are many and varying; the principal ones are—that the muleteers and camel-drivers strongly object to be under the control of soldiers or *zaptieh*, and often desert, leaving their animals to take their chance; much of the payment is absorbed by the official hands through which it passes, and the small residue which does arrive at its proper destination is usually paid in *caimé* or paper, instead of in *beshtlik* or silver coin; when the animals are once in government hands they are often retained, owing to those whose duty it is to impress animals being too lazy to collect others; and animals which have come off long journeys are, without any due rest, again employed, causing a great degree of mortality, for which the government does not hold itself responsible, so that the loss falls on the proprietors. It is very easy to understand that, owing to the universal system of bribery, the animals of rich men are rarely impressed, so that these losses fall almost exclusively on those least able to afford them.

To show how badly this system

works for the government the following instance may be quoted :—

During the Armenian campaign the government were desirous of forwarding supplies of grain and other provisions from the vilayet of Diarbekir to the armies in and round Erzeroum. The proprietors of beasts of burden fearing that if once their animals were impressed they would never see them again, took them away into the mountains and hills, and although government promised to pay two and three times the rate given under ordinary conditions, none were obtainable. Jabbour Effendi, a Christian merchant of Diarbekir, offered to contract for the transport. He was well known to, and trusted by, the peasantry, and not only found no difficulty in providing the animals necessary, at a less cost to himself than the ordinary government rate, but actually performed the work in two-thirds of the time allowed.

It has been argued from the present state of the Turkish empire, which is almost as bad as mind can conceive or pen describe, that it would be dangerous for foreigners to invest capital in the construction of roads and railroads in the dominions of the Sultan. This, however, is scarcely the case, as the very weakness and impotence of the Sultan and his ministers, and their eager longing for anything which may bring money into their exhausted territories, would enable the promoters and constructors of the lines to impose such terms as would render their investment absolutely secure so long as the Turk remains in power. When his dominion comes to an end, which, though long foretold, may still be far distant, the possession of these lines of communication would still be so valuable that their owners would always be able to dictate their own terms to any new power that might be formed on the ruins of the old. The only risk they would run would be in the case of the acquisition of the territory by the Russians, who might then feel themselves strong enough to follow out their natural instinct of spoliation.

Early in the last century the pre-

valent idea amongst politicians and soldiers was that the Turks would soon be driven out of Europe, and their dominions divided; but the clear-sighted Montesquieu thought differently, and wrote as follows :—

“L’empire des Turcs est à présent à peu près dans le même degré de faiblesse où était autrement celui des Grecs ; mais il subsistera longtemps. Car si quelque prince que fût mettoit cet empire en péril en poursuivant ses conquêtes, les trois puissances commerçantes de l’Europe connoissent trop leurs affaires pour n’en pas prendre la défense sur le champ.”

Pitt, almost the greatest statesman that has ever occupied the post of Prime Minister, pursued in 1790–1792 nearly the same policy as Lord Beaconsfield, but was thwarted and hindered by the unscrupulous and violent tactics of a factious opposition, which did not fear to speak of the ambitious designs of Russia as being for the benefit of humanity and civilisation. The term “Divine figure of the North” had not then been invented, or it would almost certainly have been adopted by Charles Fox and his supporters. The history of the discussions about Russia and Turkey in the time of which we are speaking might form an advantageous study for some of those who are now debating the same question, since, notwithstanding the assertion of one who should know better, the Eastern Question is not invented by the Conservatives in order to obstruct the progress of home legislation. For Beaconsfield and Salisbury write Pitt and Jenkinson, and the reports of the policy of to-day might answer for those of last century.

Enough has been said of the state of Turkey; about Persia it is only necessary to add that the best portions of the Shah’s dominions are a burlesque or travesty on the worst parts of the Sultan’s. In Turkey the cultivator retains from half to a quarter of his crops for his own use, the villages are rarely destroyed, and the cattle seldom driven away; in Persia, when the Prince Governor of a province collects the revenue, he simply makes a clean sweep of everything, and the

wretched peasantry esteem themselves fortunate if they escape torture and death.

In the previous article I sketched out the route which, in my opinion, would be the best for the railway; since then I have been advocating the cause at the meeting of the British Association at Sheffield. Sir Charles Nicholson spoke of my imagination carrying me away. I only say what I have seen and what I know, and give the inferences I draw therefrom. He spoke of the passage made by one of the steamers of Messrs. Lynch up the Euphrates from Baghdad to Meskinah as proving that communication did exist so far, and that therefore the only link needed was from the latter place to the Mediterranean coast. Light-draught steamers in America have done wonders, but railways have done still more. At any moment the canal by which the steamer passed from the Tigris to the Euphrates might be rendered impassable either by flood or drought, and the Euphrates below that canal often bursts its banks and gets lost for a time in marshes, so that it is impossible to reach the Tigris at Kurnah. The up-cargo of the steamer consisted of twenty tons of merchandise, besides which she carried a hundred and twenty passengers. On arriving at Meskinah two hundred passengers were found awaiting her arrival, all anxious to go to Baghdad. That so many passengers should have been found to avail themselves of such dilatory and uncertain means of communication—the up-passage consumed sixteen days—amply proves the urgent necessity for the more ready and rapid means which would be afforded by a railway. Of course, as Sir Charles Nicholson calls me imaginative, he must himself be a matter-of-fact person, but when he spoke of “the large and important towns on the Euphrates,” he was giving to “airy nothings a local habitation and a name.” Deir, the seat of the Pashalik, has not four thousand inhabitants, and no other place on the Euphrates between Biredjik and Hillah is more

than a village. Canon Rawlinson, whilst condemning the river navigation, upheld the Euphrates valley as the proper line for the railway as being the shortest. His authority and that of his brother are no light ones on all questions concerning Mesopotamia, but, nevertheless, I think the Euphrates valley, not being able to supply local traffic, will not be able to compete with the line by Mosul and the Tigris. Canon Rawlinson wished, if the railway were taken to Mosul, to cross the Tigris there and pass by Kerkuk and Erbil, as the present caravan route passes through those places. Now all the trade towards Baghdad is conveyed by water on *Kelluks*, or rafts of inflated skins, and poplar rafters; the trade upwards passes by Erbil and Kerkuk in order to avoid the Bedouins of Mesopotamia. Once a safe line of communication is established on the right bank of the Tigris, all traffic will pass by it, and agriculture will again render the country productive. Crossing the Tigris at Mosul would not only increase the distance very much, but would also enormously increase the engineering difficulties, since both the lesser and greater Zabs would have to be crossed, and, according to the natives, they are emphatically “wicked streams.”

My friend, Mr. Blunt, was *in toto* averse to all ideas of railways, being sure that no local traffic would arise; he has as far as possible in all his journeyings kept away from the habitations of town-bred men, and I am sure would regard the presence of the iron road and locomotive in Mesopotamia as bringing the doom of his much and justly-loved Bedouin. Nevertheless, notwithstanding all that has been said against it, I am a firm believer in the political, commercial, and strategical necessity of railway communication between the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf, and ultimately India.

This is the main point; the precise route is a secondary consideration. I have my opinion as to the best, and others have theirs; let them be care-

fully investigated, and the best selected without any undue influence from previous bias, and I am sure the shareholders in the Indo-Mediterranean railway will never have cause to regret their investment.

P.S.—Since the above was written the sad news of the murder of Sir Louis Cavagnari and his escort has been announced. Even if Russia is innocent of causing the massacre, the triumphant tone of her press abundantly proves that she looks upon it as one of the best things that could have happened for her Central Asiatic policy. The indecent exultation over the death of brave men, who, even if they were thwarting Russian ambition, were doing their duty, is a disgrace to the Russian nation, and to the censorship which allows such writings to appear. The threat of sending twenty thousand men to operate against us in Afghanistan is mere raving, but Persia is to be Russianised at all hazards. Why should the command of Persia be so important to the Muscovites? As threatening the flank of our communication with India by land is the only answer which can be returned. Professor Martens laments the expense of the Central Asiatic campaigns; is the cost to be repaid by the monopoly of trade with China, or by the annexation of India in some future day?

I am not afraid of Russia seriously injuring us in India for many a long year, but the plodding, patient, and persevering manner in which she pursues her ends, may well justify one in considering that the steps she takes to-day may be part of a long-planned and crafty design, intended to culminate some fifty years hence, and that, therefore, in justice to our successors if not to ourselves, it behoves us to watch carefully every move she makes, and to bear in mind

that the skilful use of a pawn may often decide the fate of the game.

Vambéry, who has always kept the Central Asian question well in view since his travels there, writes fully and clearly on this subject, and he attributes the outbreak to the plots of the Russians, and clearly distinguishes between the death of Sir Louis Cavagnari and Sir Alexander Burnes. The latter had to support a puppet imposed upon the Afghans against their will by the Indian government, whilst Sir Louis was envoy to a Sovereign, who, even if not acknowledged by all the Afghans, possessed the goodwill and affection of a very large portion of the nation. The Heratees, who commenced the attack, were really the soldiers of Ayooob Khan, who is in rebellion against his brother, and in constant communication with the Russians. Yakooob Khan seems to have been more wanting in firmness than in fidelity.

Vambéry, as a foreigner, cannot be supposed to be either a Tory or a Whig, yet he says, "The Cabinet of Lord Beaconsfield cannot be made so much responsible for it as the opposition, who, in always forcing the Tories to economy, have brought the government to the present awkward position." The blame attaching to the government is that they do not do what they know to be right for fear of being attacked by the opposition.

Russia, if we possessed a railway connecting the Mediterranean with the East and with Persia, would never dare to commit herself in the flagrant way she has at present. Lord Beaconsfield, in *Tancred*, speaks of governing Afghanistan through Persia and Arabia: the great step towards the realisation of this idea, which is sound policy, is the construction of the Indo-Mediterranean Railway.

V. LOVETT CAMERON,
Commander R.N.

THE RUSSIAN GIPSIES.

It is, I believe, seldom observed that the world is so far from having quitted the romantic or sentimental, for the purely scientific, that even in science itself, whatever is best set forth, owes half its charm to something delicately and distantly reflected from the forbidden land of fancy. The greatest reasoners and writers on the driest topics are still "genial," because no man ever yet had true genius who did not feel the inspiration of poetry, or mystery, or at least of the unusual. We are not rid of the marvellous or curious, and if we have not yet a science of curiosities, it is apparently because it lies for the present distributed about among the other sciences, just as in small museums illuminated manuscripts are to be found in happy family union with stuffed birds or minerals, and with watches and snuff-boxes, once the property of their late majesties, the Georges. Until such a science is formed, the new one of ethnology may appropriately serve for it, since it of all presents most attraction to him who is politely called the general reader, but who should in truth be called, the man who reads the most for mere amusement. For ethnology deals with such delightful material as primæval kumbo-cephalic skulls, and appears to her votaries arrayed, not in silk attire, but in strange fragments of leather from ancient Irish graves, or in cloth from lacustrine villages. She glitters with the quaint jewellery of the first Italian race, whose ghosts, if they wail over the "find," "speak in a language man knows no more." She charms us with etchings or scratchings of mammoths on mammoth bone, and invites us to explore mysterious caves, to pic-nic among megalithic monuments, and speculate on pictured Scottish stones.

In short, she engages man to investigate his ancestry, a pursuit which presents charms even to the illiterate, and asks us to find out facts concerning works of art which have interested everybody in every age.

Ad interim, before the science of curiosities is segregated from that of ethnology, I may observe that one of the marvels in the latter is that, among all the subdivisions of the human race, there are only two which have been, apparently from their beginning, set apart, marked and cosmopolite, ever living among others and yet reserved unto themselves. These are the Jew and the Gipsy. From time whereof history hath naught to the contrary, the Jew was, as he himself holds in simple faith, the first man. Red Earth, Adam, was a Jew, and the old claim to be the Chosen People, has been apparently confirmed by the extraordinary genius and influence of the race, and by their boundless wanderings. Go where we may, we find the Jew—has any other wandered so far?

Yes, one. For wherever Jew has gone, there, too, is the gipsy. The Jew may be more ancient, but even the authentic origin of the Rommany is lost in ancient Aryan record, and strictly speaking, his is a pre-historic caste. Among the hundred and fifty wandering tribes of India and Persia, some of them Turanian, some Aryan, and others mixed, it is of course impossible to identify the exact origin of the European gipsy. One thing we know, that from the tenth to the twelfth century, and probably much later on, India threw out from her northern half a vast multitude of very troublesome indwellers. What with Buddhist, Brahmin, and Mahometan wars—invaders outlawing invaded—the number of out-castes became alarm-

ingly great. To these the Jats, who, according to Captain Burton, constituted the main stock of our gipsies, contributed perhaps half their entire nation. Excommunication among the Indian professors of transcendental benevolence meant social death, and inconceivable cruelty. Now there are many historical indications that these outcasts, before leaving India, became gipsies, which was the most natural thing in a country where such classes had already existed in very great numbers from early times. And from one of the lowest castes, which still exists in India, and is known as the Dom,¹ the emigrants to the West probably derived their name and several characteristics. The Dom burns the dead, handles corpses, skins beasts, and performs other functions, all of which were appropriated by, and became peculiar to, gipsies in several countries in Europe, notably in Denmark and Holland, for several centuries after their arrival there. The Dom of the present day, also, sells baskets, and wanders with a tent; he is altogether gipsy. It is remarkable that he, living in a hot climate, drinks ardent spirits to excess, being by no means a "temperate Hindu," and that even in extreme old age his hair seldom turns white, which is a noted peculiarity among our own gipsies of pure blood. I know and have lately seen a gipsy woman, nearly a hundred years old, whose curling hair is black, or hardly perceptibly changed. It is extremely probable that the Dom, mentioned as a caste even in the Vedas, gave the name to the Rom. The Dom calls his wife a Domni, and being a Dom is "Domnipana." In English gipsy, the

same words are expressed by *Rom*, *romni* and *romnipen*. D, be it observed, very often changes to r in its transfer from Hindu to Rommany. Thus *doi*, "a wooden spoon," becomes in gipsy, *roi*—a term known to every tinker in London. But while this was probably the origin of the word Rom, there were subsequent reasons for its continuance. Among the Cophts, who were more abundant in Egypt when the first gipsies went there, the word for man is *romi*, and after leaving Greece and the Levant, or *Rum*, it would be natural for the wanderers to be called *Rumi*. But the Dom was in all probability the parent stock of the gipsy race, though the latter received vast accessions from many other sources. I call attention to this, since it has always been held, and sensibly enough, that the mere fact of the gipsies speaking Hindi-Persian, or the oldest type of Urdu, including many Sanskrit terms, does not prove an Indian or Aryan origin, any more than the English spoken by American negroes, proves a Saxon descent. But if the Rom can be identified with the Dom—and the circumstantial evidence, it must be admitted, is very strong—but little remains to seek, since, according to the Vedas, the Doms are Hindu.²

Among the tribes whose union formed the European gipsy was, in all probability, that of the *Nats*, consisting of singing and dancing girls, and male musicians and acrobats. Of these, we are told that not less than ten thousand lute-players and minstrels, under the name of *Luri*, were once sent to Persia as a present to a king, whose land was then without music or song. This word *Luri* is still preserved. The saddle-makers and leather-workers of Persia are called *Tsingani*; they are, in their way, low-caste, and a kind of gipsy,

¹ From the observations of Frederic Drew (*The Northern Barrier of India*. London, 1877) there can be little doubt that the Dom, or Dām, belong to the pre-Aryan race, or races of India. "They are described in the Vedas as Sopukh, or Dog-Eaters" (*Types of India*). I have somewhere met with the statement that the Dom was pre-Aryan, but allowed to rank as Hindu on account of services rendered to the early conquerors.

² Since writing this passage, I have met with a Mahometan Hindu who had lived with Indian gipsies. He confirmed in many ways his assertion that the real gipsies of India call themselves and their language "Rom."

and it is supposed that from them are possibly derived the names—Zingan, Zigeuner, Zingaro, &c.—by which gipsies are known in so many lands. From Mr. Arnold's late work on *Persia*, the reader may learn that the *Eli*, who constitute the majority of the inhabitants of the southern portion of that country, are Aryan nomads, and apparently gipsies. There are, also, in India, the Banjari, or wandering merchants, and many other tribes, all spoken of as gipsies by those who know them.

As regards the great admixture of Persian with Hindi in good Rommany, it is quite unmistakable, though I can recall no writer who has attached sufficient importance to a fact which identifies gipsies with what is almost pre-eminently the land of gipsies. I once had the pleasure of taking a Nile journey in company with Prince S——, a Persian, and in most cases when I asked my friend what this or that gipsy word meant, he gave me its correct meaning, after a little thought, and then added, in his imperfect English, "What for you want to know such word?—that *old* word—that no more used. Only common people—old peasant woman use that word—*gentleman* no want to know him." But I did want to know "him" very much. I can remember that one night when our *bon prince* had thus held forth, we had dancing girls, or Almeh, on board, and one was very young and pretty. I was told that she was gipsy, but she spoke no Rommany. Yet her panther eyes, and serpent smile, and *beauté du diable*, were not Egyptian, but of the Indian, *kalo-ratt*—the dark blood, which once known is known for ever. I forgot her however for a long time—until the other night in Moscow, when she was recalled by dancing and smiles, of which I will speak anon.

I was sitting one day by the Thames, in a gipsy hut, when its master, Joshua Cooper, now dead, pointing to a swan, asked me for its name in gipsy. I replied, "*Boro pappin*."

"No, *rya*. *Boro pappin* is 'a big

goose.' *Sákkú* is the real gipsy word. It is very old, and very few Rommany know it."

A few days after, when my Persian friend was dining with me at the Langham Hotel, I asked him if he knew what *Sákkú* meant? By way of reply, he, not being able to recall the English word, waved his arms in wonderful pantomime indicating some enormous winged creature, and then looking into the distance, and pointing as if to some far-vanishing object, as boys do when they declaim Bryant's address to a waterfowl, replied—

"*Sákkú*—one ver' big bird, like one *swen*—but he *not* swen. He like the man who carry too much water up stairs¹ his head in Constantinople. That bird all same that man. He *sakkia* all same wheel that you see get water up stairs in Egypt."

This was explanatory but far from satisfactory. The prince, however, was mindful of me, and the next day I received from the Persian embassy, the word elegantly written in Persian, with the translation—"a *pelican*." Then it was all clear enough, for the pelican bears water in the bag under its bill. When the gipsies came to Europe, they named animals after those which resembled them in Asia. A dog they call *juckal* from a jackal, and a swan *sákkú*, or pelican, because it so greatly resembles it. The Hindu *bandarus* or monkey they have changed to *bombaros*, but why Tom Cooper should declare that it is *pugasah* or *pukkus-asa*, I do not know. Perhaps some pundit may enlighten me. As little can I conjecture the meaning of the prefix *mod* or *mode*, which I learned on the road near Weymouth from a very ancient tinker; a man so battered, tattered, seamed, riven, and wrinkled, that he looked like a petrification. He had so bad a barrow, or wheel, that I wondered what he could do with it, and regarded him as the very poorest man

¹ Up stairs in this gentleman's dialect signified up or upon, like *top-side* in Pidgin-English.

I had ever seen in England, until his mate came up, an *alter ego*, so excellent in antiquity, wrinkles, knob-biness, and rags, that he surpassed the vagabond pictures, not only of Callot, Doré and Goya, but even the unknown Spanish maker of a picture, which I met with but yesterday for sale, and which for infinite poverty defied anything I ever saw encanvased. These poor men, who seemed at first amazed that I should speak to them at all, when I spoke Rommany at once called me "brother." When I asked the younger his name, he sank his voice to a whisper, and with a furtive air, said—

"*Kámlo*—Lovel, you know."

"What do you call yourself in the way of business?" I asked. "*Katsamengro*, I suppose."

Now Katsamengro means scissors-master.

"That's a very good word. But *chivó* is deeper."

"*Chivó* means a knife-man?"

"Yes. But the deepest of all, master, is *Mod-angarêngro*. For you see that the right word for coals isn't *wongur*, as Rommanis generally say, but *Angára*."

Now *angára*, as Pott and Benfey indicate, is pure Sanskrit for coals, and *angarêngro* is a worker in coals, but what *mod* means I know not, and should be glad to be told.

I think it will be found difficult to identify the European gipsy with any one stock of the wandering races of India. Among those who left that country were men of different castes and different colour, varying from the pure northern invader to the negro-like southern Indian. In the Danubian principalities, there are at the present day three kinds of gipsies, one very dark and barbarous, another light brown and more intelligent, and the third, or *élite*, of yellow pine complexion, as American boys characterise the hue of quadroons. Even in England there are straight-haired and curly-haired Rommanis, the two indicating not a difference resulting from white

admixture, but entirely different original stocks.

It will, I trust, be admitted even from these remarks that Rommanology, or that subdivision of ethnology which treats of gipsies, is both practical and curious. It deals with the only race save one which has long penetrated into every village which European civilisation has ever touched. He who speaks Rommany need be a stranger in few lands, for on every road in Europe and America, in most of Asia, and even in Northern Africa, he will meet those with whom a very few words may at once establish a peculiar understanding. For of all things understood by this widely-spread brotherhood, the chief is this—that he who knows the *jib* or language, knows the ways, and that no one ever attained these without treading strange paths, and threading mysteries unknown to the Gorgios, or Philistines. And if he who speaks wears a good coat, and appears a gentleman, let him rest assured that he will receive the greeting which all poor relations in all lands extend to those of their kin who have risen in life. Some of them, it is true, manifest the winsome affection which is based on great expectations, a sentiment largely developed among British gipsies; but others are honestly proud that a gentleman is not ashamed of them. Of this latter class were the musical gipsies, whom I met in Russia during the winter of 1876–1877, and some of them again in Paris during the Exposition of 1878.

ST. PETERSBURG.

There are gipsies and gipsies in the world, for there are the wanderers on the roads, and the secret dwellers in towns; but even among the *aficionados*, or Rommany ryes, by whom I mean those scholars who are fond of studying life and language from the people themselves, very few have dreamed that there exist communities of gentlemanly and ladylike gipsies of

art, like the Bohemians of Murger and George Sand, but differing from them in being real "Bohemians" by race. I confess that it had never occurred to me that there was anywhere in Europe at the present day, least of all in the heart of great and wealthy cities, a class or caste devoted entirely to art, well-to-do or even rich, refined in manners, living in comfortable homes, the women dressing elegantly; and yet with all this obliged to live by law as did the Jews once, in Ghettos or in a certain street, and regarded as outcasts and cagôts. I had heard there were gipsies in Russian cities, and expected to find them like the *kérengrî* of England or Germany—house-dwellers somewhat reformed from the roads, but still reckless semi-outlaws, full of tricks and lies; in a word, *gipsies*, as the world understands the term. And I certainly anticipated in Russia something *queer*—the gentleman who speaks Rommany seldom fails to achieve at least that, whenever he gets into an unbroken haunt, an unhunted forest, where the Rommany Rye is unknown—but nothing like what I really found. A recent writer on Russia¹ speaks with great contempt of these musical Rommanis, with their girls attired in dresses by Worth, as compared to the free wild outlaws of the steppes who, with dark ineffable glances, meaning nothing more than a wild cat's, steal poultry, and who, wrapped in dirty sheepskins, proudly call themselves *Mi dvorane Polavii*, Lords of the Waste. The gipsies of Moscow who appeared to me the most interesting I have ever met, because most remote from the Surrey ideal, seemed to Mr. Johnstone to be a kind of second-rate Rommanis or gipsies, gipsified for exhibition, like Mr. Barnum's negro minstrel, who, though black as a coal by nature, was requested to put on burnt cork and a wig, that the audience might realise

that they were getting a thoroughly good imitation. Mr. Johnstone's own words are that a gipsy maiden in a long *queue*, "which perhaps came from Worth" is "horrible;" "*corruptio optimi pessima est*;" and he further compares such a damsel to a negro with a cocked hat and spurs. As the only negro thus arrayed who presents himself to my memory was one who lay dead on the battle field in Tennessee, after one of the bravest resistances in history, and in which he and his men, not having moved, were extended "stark serried lines" ("ten cart-loads of dead niggers," said to me a man who helped to bury them)—I may be excused for not seeing the wit of the comparison. As for the gipsies of Moscow, I can only say that after meeting them in public, and penetrating to their homes, where I was received as one of themselves, even as a Rommany, I found that this opinion of them was erroneous, and that they were altogether original in spite of being clean, deeply interesting although honest, and a quite attractive class in most respects, notwithstanding their ability to read and write. Against Mr. Johnstone's impressions, I may set the straightforward and simple result of the experiences of Mr. W. R. Ralston. "The gipsies of Moscow," he says, "are justly celebrated for their picturesqueness, and for their wonderful capacity for music. All who have heard their women sing are enthusiastic about the weird witchery of the performance."

When I arrived in St. Petersburg, one of my first inquiries was for gipsies. To my astonishment they were hard to find. They are not allowed to live in the city; and I was told that the correct and proper way to see them would be to go at night to certain *cafés*, half-an-hour's sleigh ride from the town, and listen to their concerts. What I wanted, however, was not a concert, but a conversation, not gipsies on exhibition, but gipsies at home, —and everybody seemed to be of the

¹ *A Trip up the Volga to the Fair of Nijni-Novgorod*, by H. A. Munro Butler Johnstone. 1875.

opinion that those of "Samarcand" and "Dorot" were entirely got up for effect. In fact, I heard the opinion hazarded, that even if they spoke Romany, I might depend upon it they had acquired it simply to deceive. One gentleman, who had however been much with them in other days, assured me that they were of pure blood, and had an inherited language of their own. "But," he added, "I am sure you will not understand it. You may be able to talk with those in England, but not with ours, because there is not a single word in their language which resembles anything in English, German, French, Latin, Greek, or Italian. I can only recall," he added, "one phrase. I don't know what it means, and I think it will puzzle you. It is *me kamāva tut*."

If I experienced internal laughter at hearing this, it was for a good reason, which I can illustrate by an anecdote: "I have often observed, when I lived in China," said Mr. Hoffman Atkinson, author of *A Vocabulary of the Yokohama Dialect*, "that most young men, particularly the gay and handsome ones, generally asked me about the third day after their arrival in the country, the meaning of the Pidgin-English phrase, 'You makee too muchee lov-lov-pidgin.' Investigation always established the fact that the inquirer had heard it from 'a pretty China girl.' Now *lov-pidgin* means love, and *me kamāva tut* is perfectly good gipsy anywhere for 'I love you,' and a very soft expression it is, recalling *kama-deva*, the Indian Cupid, whose bow is strung with bees, and whose name has two strings to it, since it means both in Gipsy and Sanskrit, Love God, or the god of love. 'It's *kāma-dewel*, you know, *rya*, if you put it as it ought to be,' said Old Windsor Froggie to me once; 'but I think that *Kāma-devil* would by rights come nearer to it, if Cupid is what you mean.'"

I referred the gipsy difficulty to a Russian gentleman of high position, to whose kindness I had been greatly

indebted while in St. Petersburg. He laughed.

"Come with me to-morrow night to the *cafés*, and see the gipsies; I know them well, and can promise that you shall talk with them as much as you like. Once in Moscow I got together all in the town—perhaps a hundred and fifty—to entertain the American Minister, Curtin. That was a very hard thing to do—there was so much professional jealousy among them, and so many quarrels. Would you have believed it?"

I thought of the feuds between sundry sturdy Rommanies in England, and felt that I could suppose such a thing, without dangerously stretching my faith, and I began to believe in Russian gipsies.

"Well, then, I shall call for you to-morrow night with a *troika*—I will come early—at ten. They never begin to sing before company arrive at eleven, so that you will have half an hour to talk to them."

It is on record that the day on which the General gave me this kind invitation was the coldest known in St. Petersburg for thirty years, the thermometer having stood, or rather having lain down and grovelled that morning at 40° below zero, Fahrenheit. At the appointed hour the *troika*, or three-horse sleigh, was before the *Hôtel d'Europe*. It was, indeed, an Arctic night, but well wrapped in fur-lined *shubas* with immense capes, which fall to the elbow, or rise far above the head, as required, and wearing fur caps and fur-lined gloves, we felt no cold. The beard of our *istvostshik*, or driver, was a great mass of ice, giving him the appearance of an exceedingly hoary youth, and his small horses, being very shaggy and thoroughly frosted, looked in the darkness like immense polar bears. If the General and myself could only have been considered as gifts of the slightest value to anybody, I should have regarded our turn-out with the driver in his sheepskin coat, as coming within a miracle of resemblance to that of

Santa Claus, the American Father Christmas.

On, at a tremendous pace, over the snow, which gave out under our runners that crunching irony sound only heard when the thermometer touches zero. There is a peculiar fascination about the *troika*, or three-horse sleigh, and the sweetest, saddest melody, and most plaintive song of Russia belong to it.

THE TROIKA.

Vot y'dit troika udalaiya.

Hear ye the troika bell a-ringing,
And see the peasant driver there;
Hear ye the mournful song he's singing,
Like distant tolling through the air!

"Oh eyes, blue eyes, to me so lonely,
Oh eyes—alas!—ye give me pain,
Oh eyes, that once looked at me only,
I ne'er shall see you like again.

"Farewell, my darling, now in heaven,
And still the heaven of my soul.
Farewell, thou father town, O Moscow!
Where I have left my life, my all."

And ever at the rein still straining
One backward glance the driver gave,
Sees but once more a green low hillock,
Sees but once more his loved one's grave.

"*Stoi!*"—Halt! We stopped at a stylish-looking building, entered a hall, left our *shubas*, and I heard the General ask: "Are the gipsies here?" An affirmative being given we entered a large room, and there, sure enough, stood six or eight girls and two men, all very well dressed, and all unmistakably Rommany, though smaller, and of much slighter or more delicate frame than the powerful gipsy "travelers" of England. In an instant every pair of great wild eyes was fixed on me. The General was in every way a more striking figure, but I was manifestly a fresh stranger, who knew nothing of the country, and certainly nothing of gipsies or gipsydom. Such a verdant visitor is always most interesting. It was not by any means my first reception of the kind, and as I reviewed at a glance the whole party, I said within myself—

"Wait an instant, you black snakes,

and I will give you something to make you stare."

Which I did beyond dispute, for immediately a young man, who looked like a handsome light Hindu, stepped up and addressed me in Russian. I looked long and steadily at him before I spoke, and then said—

"*Latcho divvus prala!*" (Good day, brother).

"What is *that*?" he exclaimed, startled.

"*Tu jines latcho adosta*" (You know very well). And then, with the expression in his face of a man who has been familiarly addressed by a brazen statue, or asked by a new-born babe, "What o'clock is it?" but with great joy, he cried—

"*Romanichal!*"

And in an instant they were all around me, marvelling greatly, and earnestly expressing their marvel, at what new species of gipsy I might be, being in this quite unlike those of England, who even when they are astonished "out of their senses" at being addressed in Rommany by a gentleman, make the most Red-Indian efforts to conceal their amazement. But I speedily found that these Russian gipsies were as unaffected and child-like as they were gentle in manner, and that they compared with our own prize-fighting, sturdy-begging, always-suspecting Rommany roughs and *rufianas*, as a delicate greyhound might compare with a very shrewd old bulldog, trained by an unusually "fly" tramp.

That the girls were first to the fore in questioning me will be doubted by no one. But we had great trouble in effecting a mutual understanding. Their Rommany was full of Russian; their pronunciation puzzled me, they "bit off their words," and used many in a strange or false sense. Yet, notwithstanding this, I contrived to converse pretty readily with the men—very readily with the captain, a man as dark as Ben Lee—to those who know Benjamin—or as mahogany to those who know him not. But with

the women it was very difficult to converse. There is a theory current that women have a specialty of tact and readiness in understanding a foreigner, or in making themselves understood—it may be so with cultivated ladies, but it is my experience, that among the uneducated, men have a monopoly of such quick intelligence. In order fully to convince them that we really had a tongue in common, I repeated perhaps a hundred nouns, giving, for instance, the names of various parts of the body, of articles of apparel, and objects in the room, and I believe that we did not find a single word which, when pronounced distinctly by itself, was not intelligible to us all. I had left in London a Russo-Rommany vocabulary, once published in the Asiatic magazine, and I had met with Böhlingh's article on the dialect, as well as specimens of it in the works of Pott and Miklosich, but had unfortunately learned nothing of it from them. I soon found, however, that I knew a great many more gipsy words than did my new friends, and that our English Rommany far excels the Russian in *copia verborum*.

"But I must sit down." I observed on this and other occasions that Russian gipsies are very naïf. And as it is in human nature to prefer sitting by a pretty girl, these Slavonian Romanies so arrange it according to the principles of natural selection—or natural politeness—that when a stranger is in their gates, the two prettiest girls in their possession sit at his right and left, the two next attractive, next again, *et seriatim*. So at once a damsel of comely mien, arrayed in black silk attire, of faultless elegance, cried to me, pointing to a chair by her side: "*Bersh tu alay, rya!*" (Sit down, sir)—a phrase which would be perfectly intelligible to any Rommany in England. I admit that there was another damsel, who is generally regarded by most people as the true gipsy belle of the party, who did not sit by me. But as the one who had "voted herself into the chair,"

by my side, was more to my liking, being the most intelligent and most gipsy, I had good cause to rejoice.

I was astonished at the sensible curiosity as to gipsy life in other lands which was displayed, and at the questions asked. I really doubt if I ever met with an English gipsy who cared a farthing to know anything about his race as it exists in foreign countries, or whence it came. Once, and once only, I thought I had interested White George, at East Moulsey, in an account of Egypt, and the small number of Rommanies there. But his only question was to the effect that if there were so few gipsies in Egypt, wouldn't it be a good place for him to go to sell baskets? These of Russia, however, asked all kinds of questions about the manners and customs of their congeners, and were pleased when they recognised familiar traits. And every gipsyism, whether of word or way, was greeted with delighted laughter. In one thing I noted a radical difference between these gipsies and those of the rest of Europe and of America. There was none of that continually assumed mystery and Rommany freemasonry, of superior occult knowledge and "deep" information, which is often carried to the depths of absurdity and to the height of humbug. I say this advisedly, since however much it may give charm to a novel or play, it is a serious impediment to a philologist. Let me give an illustration—

Once during the evening, these Russian gipsies were anxious to know if there were any books in their language. Now I have no doubt that Mr. Tom Taylor, or Professor E. H. Palmer, or any other of the initiated, will perfectly understand, when I say, that by mere force of habit I shivered and evaded the question. When a gentleman, who manifests a knowledge of Rommany among gipsies in England, is suspected of "dixonary" studies, it amounts to *lasciate ogni speranza*—give up all hope of learning any more.

"I'm glad to see you here, *rya*, in my tent," said the before-mentioned

Ben Lee to me one night in camp near Weybridge, "because I've heard, and I know you didn't pick up *your* Rommany out of books."

The silly dread, the hatred, the childish antipathy, real or affected, but always ridiculous, which is felt in England, not only among gipsies, but even by *aficionado*, gentlemen scholars, to having the Rommany language published is indescribable. Vambery was not more averse to show a lead-pencil among Tartars, than I am to take notes of words among strange English gipsies. I might have spared myself any annoyance from such a source among the Russian Rommanies. They had not heard of Mr. George Borrow; nor were there ugly stories current among them, to the effect that Dr. Smart, Professor E. H. Palmer, and Miss Janet Tuckey, had published works, the direct result of which would be to facilitate their little paths to the gaol, the gallows, and the grave.

"Would we hear some singing?"

We were ready, and for the first time in my life I listened to the long-anticipated far-famed magical melody of Russian gipsies. And what was it like? May I preface my reply to the reader with the remark, that there are, roughly speaking, two kinds of music in the world—the wild and the tame—and the rarest of human beings is he who can appreciate both. Only one such man ever wrote a book, and his *nomen et omen* is Engel, like that of the little English boys who were *non Angli, sed angeli*. I have in my time been deeply moved by the choruses of Nubian boatmen; I have listened with great pleasure to Chinese and Japanese music—Ole Bull once told me he had done the same—I have delighted by the hour in Arab songs; and I have felt the charm of our Red Indian music. If this seem absurd to those who characterise all such sound and song as "caterwauling," let me remind the reader, that in all Europe there is not one man fonder of music than an average Arab, a Chinese, or a Red Indian, for any of these people as I

have seen and know, will sit twelve or fifteen hours, without the least weariness, listening to what cultivated Europeans all consider as a mere charivari. When London gladly endures fifteen-hour concerts, composed of *morceaux* by Wagner, Chopin, and Liszt, I will believe that Art can charm as much as Nature.

The medium point of intelligence in this puzzle may be found in the extraordinary fascination which many find in the monotonous tum-tum of the banjo, and which reappears somewhat refined, or at least somewhat Frenchified in the *Bamboula* and other Creole airs. Thence, in an ascending series, but connected with it, we have Old Spanish melodies, then the Arabic, and here we finally cross the threshold into mystery, midnight, and "caterwauling." I do not know that I can explain the fact why the more "barbarous" music is, the more it is beloved of man; but I think that the principle of the *refrain*, or repetition in music, which as yet governs all decorative art, and which Mr. Whistler and others are endeavouring desperately to break, acts in music as a sort of animal magnetism or abstraction, ending in an *extase*. As for the fascination which such wild melodies exert it is beyond description. The most enraptured audience I ever saw in my life was at a Coptic wedding in Cairo, where one hundred and fifty guests listened, from 7 P.M. till 3 A.M., and Heaven knows how much later, to what a European would call absolute jangling, yelping, and howling.

The real medium, however, between what I have, for want of better words, called wild and tame music, exists only in that of the Russian gipsies. These artists, with wonderful tact and untaught skill, have succeeded in all their songs in combining the mysterious and maddening charm of the true wild Eastern music, with that of regular and simple melody, intelligible to every Western ear. I have never listened to the singing or playing of any distinguished artist—and certainly

never of any far-famed amateur—without realising that neither words nor melody were of the least importance, but that the manner of performance or display was everything. Now, in listening to gipsy singing, one feels at once as if the vocalists had entirely forgotten self, and were carried away by the bewildering beauty of the air and the charm of the words. There is no self-consciousness, no vanity—all is real. The listener feels as if he were a performer—the performer is an enraptured listener. There is no soulless “art for the sake of art”—but art for direct pleasure.

“We intend to sing only Rommany for you, *rya*,” said the young lady to my left, “and you will hear our real gipsy airs. The *Gaji* (Russians) often ask for songs in our language and don’t get them. But you are a Romanichal, and when you go home, far over the *baro kalo pani* (the broad black water, i.e. the ocean), you shall tell the Rommany how we can sing. Listen!”

And I listened to the strangest, wildest, and sweetest singing I ever had heard—the singing of Lurleis, of syrens, of witches. First, one damsel, with an exquisitely clear, firm voice, began to sing a verse of a love ballad, and as it approached the end the chorus stole in, softly and unperceived, but with exquisite skill, until, in a few seconds, the summer breeze, murmuring melody over a rippling lake, seemed changed to a midnight tempest roaring over a stormy sea—in which the *basso* of the *kalo shureskro* (the black captain) pealed like thunder. And as it died away a second girl took up the melody, very sweetly, but with a little more excitement—it was like a gleam of moonlight on the still agitated waters—a strange contralto witch-gleam—and then again the chorus and the storm, and then another solo yet sweeter, sadder, and stranger—the movement continually increasing, until all was fast, and wild, and mad—a locomotive quick step, and then a sudden silence—sunlight—the storm had blown away.

In Arab singing, such effects are applied simply to set forth erotomania; in negro minstrelsy, they are degraded to the lowest humour; in higher European music, when employed, they simply illustrate the skill of composer and musician. The spirit of gipsy singing recalled by its method and sweetness that of the Nubian boatmen, but in its general effect I could think only of those strange fits of excitement which thrill the Red Indian and make him burst into song. The Abbé Domenech¹ has observed that the American savage pays attention to every sound that strikes upon his ear when the leaves softly shaken by the evening breeze seem to sigh through the air, or when the tempest bursting forth with fury shakes the gigantic trees that crack like reeds. “The chirping of the birds, the cry of the wild beasts—in a word, all those sweet, grave, or imposing voices that animate the wilderness, are so many musical lessons which he easily remembers.” In illustration of this, the missionary describes the singing of a Chippeway chief and its wild inspiration, in a manner which vividly illustrates all music of the class of which I write.

“It was,” he says, “during one of those long winter nights, so monotonous and so wearisome in the woods. We were in a wigwam, which afforded us but miserable shelter from the inclemency of the season. The storm raged without; the tempest roared in the open country; the wind blew with violence, and whistled through the fissures of the cabin; the rain fell in torrents, and prevented us from continuing our route. Our host was an Indian, with sparkling and intelligent eyes, clad with a certain elegance, and wrapped majestically in a large fur cloak. Seated close to the fire, which cast a reddish gleam through the interior of his wigwam, he felt himself all at once seized with an irresistible desire to imitate the convulsions of nature, and to sing his impressions.

¹ *Seven Years in the Deserts of America.*

So, taking hold of a drum which hung near his bed, he beat a slight rolling, resembling the distant sounds of an approaching storm, then, raising his voice to a shrill treble, which he knew how to soften when he pleased, he imitated the whistling of the air, the creaking of the branches dashing against one another, and the particular noise produced by dead leaves when accumulated in compact masses on the ground. By degrees the rollings of the drum became more frequent and louder, the chants more sonorous and shrill, and at last our Indian shrieked, howled, and roared in a most frightful manner; he struggled and struck his instrument with extraordinary rapidity; it was a real tempest, to which nothing was wanting, not even the distant howling of the dogs, nor the bellowing of the affrighted buffaloes."

I have observed the same musical inspiration of a storm upon Arabs, who during their singing also accompanied themselves on a drum. I once spent two weeks in a Mediterranean steamboat, on board of which were more than two hundred pilgrims, for the greater part wild Bedouins, going to Mecca. They had a minstrel who sang and played on the *darabuka*, or earthenware drum, and he was aided by another with a simple *nai*, or reed-whistle, the same orchestra in fact which is in universal use among all Red Indians. To these performers the pilgrims listened with indescribable pleasure, and I soon found that they regarded me favourably because I did the same, being, of course, the only Frank on board who paid any attention to the singing—or any money for it. But it was at night and during storms that the spirit of music always seemed to be strongest on the Arabs, and then amid roaring of wild waters and thundering, and in dense darkness, the rolling of the drum, and the strange bewildering ballads never ceased. It was the very counterpart in all respects, of the Chippeway storm-song.

After the first gipsy lyric there

came another, to which the captain especially directed my attention as being what Sam Petulengro calls "reg'lar Rommany." It was *I rakli adro o lolo gad*—"The girl in the red chemise"—as well as I can recall his words, a very sweet song with a simple but spirited chorus, and as the sympathetic electricity of excitement seized the performers we were all in a minute "going down the rapids in a spring freshet."

"*Bagan tu rya, bagan!*" "Sing, sir—sing!" cried my handsome neighbour, with her black gipsy eyes sparkling fire. "*Jines bagan eto—eto latcho Romanes,*" "You can sing that,—it's real Rommany." It was evident that she and all were singing with thorough enjoyment, and with a full and realising consciousness of gipsyism, being greatly stimulated by my presence and sympathy. I felt that the gipsies were taking unusual pains to please the Rommany Rye from the *dur' tem*, or far country, and they had attained the acme of success by being thoroughly delighted with themselves, which is all that can be hoped for in art, where the aim is pleasure and not criticism.

There was a pause in the performance, but none in the chattering of the young ladies, and during this a curious little incident occurred. Wishing to know if my pretty friend could understand an English gipsy lyric, I sang in an undertone a ballad, taken from George Borrow's *Lavengro*, and which begins with these words:—

"Pende Romani chai ke laki dye;
'Miri diri dye, mi shom kâmeli.'"

I never knew whether this was really an old gipsy poem or one written by Mr. Borrow. Once when I repeated it to old Henry James as he sat making baskets, I was silenced by being told, "That ain't no real gipsy *gilli*. That's one of the kind made up by gentlemen and ladies." However, as soon as I repeated it, the Russian gipsy girl cried eagerly, "I know that song," and actually sang me a ballad which was essentially the same, in which a damsel

describes her fall, owing to a Gajo (Gorgio, a Gentile—not gipsy) lover, and her final expulsion from the tent. It was adapted to a very pretty melody, and as soon as she had sung it, *sotto voce*, my pretty friend exclaimed to another girl, "Only think, the *rye* from America knows *that* song." Now as many centuries must have passed since the English and Russian gipsies parted from the parent stock, the preservation of this song is very remarkable, and its antiquity must be very great. I did not take it down, but any resident in St. Petersburg can, if so inclined, do so among the gipsies at Dorat, and verify my statement.

Then there was a pretty dance of a modified Oriental character by one of the damsels. For this, as for the singing, the only musical instrument used was a guitar, which had seven strings tuned in Spanish fashion, and was rather weak in tone. I wished it had been a powerful Panormo, which would have exactly suited the *timbre* of these voices. The gipsies were honestly interested in all I could tell them about their kind in other lands; while the girls were professionally desirous to hear more Anglo-Rommany songs, and were particularly pleased with one by Miss Janet Tuckey, beginning with the words:—

" 'Me shom akonyo,' gildas yoi,
Men büti ruzhior,
Te sār i chirichia adoi
Pen mengy gilior.' "

Though we "got on" after a manner in our Rommany dialects, I was often obliged to have recourse to my friend the General to translate long sentences into Russian, especially when some sand-bar of a verb, or some log of a noun impeded the current of our conversation. Finally, a formal request was made by the Captain, that I would, as one deep beyond all their experience in Rommany matters, kindly tell them what kind of people they really were, and whence they came. With this demand I cheerfully complied, every word being listened to with

breathless interest. So I told them what I knew or had conjectured relative to their Indian origin, how their fathers had wandered forth through Persia, how their travels could be traced by the Persian, Greek, or Roumanian words in the language, how in 1417, a band of them appeared in Europe, led by a few men of great diplomatic skill, who, by crafty dealing, obtained from the Pope, the Emperor of Germany, and all the kings of Europe, except that of England, permission to wander for fifty years as pilgrims, declaring that they had been Christians, but having become renegades the King of Hungary had imposed a penance on them of half a century's exile. Then I informed them that precisely the same story had been told by them to the rulers in Syria and Egypt, only that in the Mohammedan countries they pretended to be good followers of Islam. I said there was reason to believe that some of their people had been in Poland and the other Slavonic countries ever since the eleventh century, but that those of England must have gone directly from this part of the world to Great Britain, for although they had many Slavic words, such as *krallis* (king) and *shuba*, there were no French terms, and very few traces of German or Italian in our dialect. I observed that the men all understood the geographical allusions which I made, knowing apparently where India, Persia, and Egypt were situated—a remarkable contrast to our own English "travellers," one of whom once informed me that he would like to go "on the road" in America, "because you know, sir, as America lays along into France, we could get our French baskets cheaper there."

I found on inquiry that the Russian gipsies profess Christianity; but as the religion of the Greek Church as I saw it, appears to be practically something very little better than fetish-worship, I cannot exalt them as models of Evangelical piety. They are however, according to a popular proverb, not far from godliness in being very

clean in their persons, and not only did they appear so to me, but I was assured by several Russians that as regarded these singing gipsies it was invariably the case. As for morality in gipsy girls, their principles are very peculiar. Not a whisper of scandal attaches to these Russian Rommany women as regards transient amours. But if a wealthy Russian gentleman falls in love with one, and will have and hold her permanently, or for a durable connection, he may take her to his home if she likes him, but must pay, monthly, a sum into the gipsy treasury, for these people apparently form an *artel* or society-union, like all other classes of Russians. It may be suggested as an explanation of this apparent incongruity, that gipsies all the world over regard steady cohabitation, or agreement, as marriage, binding themselves as it were by *Gandharba-vivaha*, as the saint married Vasantasena, which is an old Sanskrit way of wedding. And let me remark that if one-tenth of what I heard in Russia about "morals" in the highest or lowest or any other class be true, the gipsies of that country are shining lights and brilliant exemplars of morality to all by whom they are surrounded. Let me also add that never on any occasion did I hear or see among them anything in the slightest degree improper or unrefined. I knew very well that I could if I chose talk to such naïve people about subjects which would shock an English lady, and as the reader may remember I did quote Mr. Borrow's song which he has not translated. But a European girl who would have endured allusions to

tabooed subjects would have at all times shown vulgarity or coarseness, while these Russian Rommany girls were invariably lady-like. It is true that the St. Petersburg party had a dissipated air, three or four of them looked like second-class French or Italian theatrical artistes, and I should not be astonished to learn that very late hours and champagne were familiar to them as cigarettes, or that their flirtations among their own people were neither faint nor few nor far between. But their conduct in my presence was irreproachable. Those of Moscow in fact had not even the apparent defects of their St. Petersburg sisters and brothers, and when among them it always seemed to me as if I were simply with nice gentle Creoles or Cubans, the gipsy manner being tamed down to the Spanish level, their great black eyes and their guitars increasing the resemblance.

The indescribably wild and thrilling character of gipsy music is thoroughly appreciated by the Russians, who pay very high prices for Rommany performances. From five to eight or ten pounds sterling is usually given to a dozen gipsies for singing an hour or two to a special party, and this is sometimes repeated twice or thrice of an evening. "A Russian gentleman, when he is in funds," said the clerk of the Slavansky Bazaar in Moscow, to me, "will make nothing of giving the Zigani a hundred rouble note," the rouble rating at half-a-crown. The result is that good singers among these lucky Rommanis are well to do, and lead soft lives, for Russia.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

To be continued.

A MATHEMATICIAN'S VIEW OF THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION.

CIRCUMSTANCES having induced me to devote some time to the study of comparative anatomy, certain reflections presented themselves to me in relation to the evolution of species, which suggested the following observations.

The indestructibility of matter has long been known. Plato evidently had some notion that matter changed its mode of existence without being annihilated, and I apprehend there can have been no doubt on the subject since the celebrated experiment of Lavoisier, from which it appeared that when charcoal is burned in oxygen gas, one body lost in weight as much as the other gained. But of late it has been seen that force also changes its mode of action, without becoming annihilated. This principle is called the law of conservation of force, and may be illustrated in various ways.

The following is an instance of friction being converted into heat. Fill a small brass tube with water, insert a cork, and cause it to revolve swiftly round its axis by means of wheelwork. If the tube is strongly compressed during its revolution between two pieces of wood, the water will boil so violently as to expel the cork.

Introduce a little of the vapour of bisulphide of carbon into a syringe constructed of glass, and compress the air suddenly by means of a piston, a flash of light will show that heat has been produced and the vapour inflamed.

Two pieces of quartz rubbed together may be made to produce light as well as heat.

There are certain batteries constructed entirely of metals which produce currents of electricity when acted on by heat; and every one must have noticed how the air is cooled by a

thunderstorm. These are all instances of forces transformed into forces of a different kind.

Indeed the mechanical equivalent of heat may be ascertained in the following manner. Conceive a spindle coinciding with the axis of a cylindrical vessel nearly full of water, and furnished with paddles or fans. If the spindle revolved, the action of the paddles would cause the water to revolve likewise. But now suppose certain partitions or laminæ to project from the sides of the vessel, so arranged as to impede the motion of the water without obstructing the action of the fans; it will be found that the applied force instead of imparting motion to the water, then imparts heat; and as we know the force we apply to the spindle, and can ascertain by a thermometer the increase of temperature of the water, we evidently have data to determine the mechanical equivalent of heat.

Dr. Joule thus arrived at the following result, which gives the mechanical equivalent of heat:—"The amount of heat necessary to raise a pound of water one degree in temperature, would, if all applied mechanically, be competent to raise a pound weight 772 feet high, or it would raise 772 pounds one foot high."

These and numerous other facts and experiments lead to the conclusion that force is indestructible, that the forces we see in action around us are to be considered as modifications of pre-existing forces, and that consequently we may expect to find no unnecessary expenditure of force in creation.

Numerous examples of this economy of force are to be met with in the forms of animal life. The bones of birds contain hollow spaces filled with air, and the bodies of birds and some

insects contain air sacs; moreover the skull of a bird is for the most part a frame of remarkable lightness. All we have mentioned is of course intended to diminish the specific gravity of the animal, so as to cause it to fly with the least exertion. Again, it has been remarked that the curved outline of fishes is such as to enable them to cleave the water most easily, and that bees construct the cells of the three-sided pyramids which terminate their cells, at such an angle of inclination that the greatest amount of space may be inclosed with the least amount of surface, or in other words, of work.

When we say that a certain kind of carriage is adapted for a certain sort of road, we mean that it will travel along that road with least fatigue to the horse; when we say that a sharp knife is adapted to cut a loaf, we mean that it will cut it when urged with a less force than a blunt one; similarly when we say that mechanical contrivances in animals are adapted to their purpose, we mean that the force required to enable them to act is the least possible.

Hence we arrive at a first general principle, that, as far as we can discern, a greater force is never used in creation when the same purpose can be attained by the exercise of a less force.

But secondly, when we regard the method of creation, we find in general that changes are not instantaneous, but gradual. Laplace considered that the system of the universe was formed by the condensation of nebulous matter; and this view has of late derived much support from the fact that spectrum analysis has revealed to us large masses of nebulous matter at present existing; mathematical analysis shows us that the earth was once a spheroid, that the figure of the earth is that which a fluid mass, revolving round an axis, would assume under the influence of gravity; and that consequently in all probability the earth was once fluid through the action of

heat, and has become solid by gradual cooling. Geology teaches that the crust of the earth was formed by a succession of forces acting through countless ages. These and innumerable other facts prove to us that in general, important changes in creation are effected by degrees, or speaking mathematically, not under the influence of impulsive, but of finite forces.

This is a second principle to which I would call the attention of the reader.

We now apply these principles to the theory of the evolution of species. Animals must either have been created out of nothing, or out of inorganic matter, or out of vegetables, or out of each other. The first and third of these methods of creation we may leave out of consideration, and with respect to the fourth, we imagine there is no one so foolish as to believe that a horse was created out of a lobster rather than out of an ass. This leads practically to the two hypotheses between which we have to choose, namely, that animals were created suddenly and miraculously out of inorganic matter, or developed by degrees out of each other.

When we say that one animal is of a higher order than another, we mean that it has more intelligence and more activity than another. Thus a lobster or crayfish is an animal of a higher order than an earthworm, a mollusk than a lobster, a vertebrate animal than an invertebrate. We here remark that the highest mollusks, the cuttlefishes, are animals of great strength and activity, and that they are able to show their emotions by a change of colour. Moreover, it is manifest that a bird is an animal of a higher order than a fish, and a mammal on the whole, than a bird.

Now we are going to show that the structure of animals as shown by comparative anatomy constitutes a magnificent staircase terminating in man; and that in general the higher animals possess an internal structure

more closely resembling that of man than the lower.

To do this fully would require volumes. I select the organs of circulation as well adapted to the purpose. I shall commence with some definitions intended to make the sequel quite clear. As it is impossible to understand anything about the heart without distinctly understanding the nature of an auricle and a ventricle, I give the following explanation.

An auricle is a chamber endowed with the power of contraction, which expels the blood through a valve which prevents its return, into another chamber called the ventricle. The ventricle is a chamber, likewise endowed with the power of contraction, which expels the blood into the arteries.

I add a definition of the lungs. In man the blood is propelled through the pulmonary artery into the minute blood vessels of the lungs. These blood vessels are divided by very thin partitions from minute cells, which become filled with air during inspiration. These partitions are not too thin to retain the blood, while at the same time they allow gases to pass through them. In this way the blood loses its carbonic acid, and imbibes oxygen from the atmosphere. A similar construction will be found in other air-breathing vertebrata.

I commence with the organs of circulation in an earthworm. Imagine three equal slender rods and a number of curtain rings. Conceive two of these rods to be passed through the rings, and then to be pulled asunder as far as possible, also the third rod to be near the system thus formed, and parallel to the two first rods. Now suppose the rods to become straight tubes, and the rings to become circular tubes connecting two of the straight tubes; and moreover that all these vessels are filled with a kind of red fluid, and united by a series of capillaries or very small tubes; then, if we imagine one or more of these vessels to contract rhythmically, so as to occasion a kind of imperfect circulation, we

shall have an idea of the so-called arterial system of the earthworm.

The heart of the crayfish is a vessel with several sides suspended by six ligaments in a large sac called the pericardium. The blood enters the heart by six apertures, provided with valves to prevent the return of the blood to the pericardium. The heart contracting expels the blood through six arteries which ramify minutely, and thus convey the blood to every part of the body. The blood finds its way back to the heart through certain irregular channels or lacunæ, and not as it appears by a regular system of veins. These channels convey the blood to the gills where it imbibes oxygen in the usual manner. Finally the blood is carried back to the pericardium through several trunks formed by the union of different canals, and re-enters the heart as before.

The organs of circulation in some of the mollusks constitute an extremely beautiful system. To illustrate this I take the doris, which has been minutely described by Hancock and Embleton in the *Philosophical Transactions*.

The heart consists of one auricle and one ventricle, and is placed at the lower part of the body immediately above the gills. The ventricle contracting drives the blood through the aorta, which immediately divides into different branches. One of these branches carries arterial blood to the liver, the two others enter the remaining viscera. The artery which enters the liver ramifies into capillaries which re-unite again into a vein which pours the blood into a circular tube communicating by means of one or more vessels with the gills. After imbibing oxygen the blood is returned from the gills, by one or more vessels into another circular tube larger than the former and concentric with it. This second circular tube passes the blood through a vein into the auricle.

We now follow the course of the blood in the other two arteries. These arteries, which enter the remaining

viscera, also ramify, and at length the blood is poured into the skin through irregular sinuses, where, according to Dr. Hancock, it is partially aerated, in consequence of the skin being able to perform imperfectly the functions of branchiae. Thus the blood enters the capillaries of the skin, which re-unite into two veins, and so return it to the auricle. Thus the auricle is filled with blood from two sources, namely, with thoroughly aerated blood from the liver and gills, and with partially aerated blood from the skin. The auricle transmits the blood to the ventricle, and the process recommences.

In the fish the heart consists of one auricle and one ventricle. The ventricle contracting drives the blood into the aorta and thence into the aortic arches, which are distributed to the gills. The capillaries from the gills re-unite into three arteries, namely, the carotid arteries passing to the head, and the dorsal aorta which carries the blood to the other parts of the fish. These arteries ramify into capillaries which re-unite into several principal veins,—two inferior cardinal veins which are situated parallel to the spine, two superior cardinal veins which return the blood from the head, two brachial veins which return the blood from the sides, and the hepatic veins which proceed from the liver. These discharge their contents into a sinus or vascular cavity which communicates with the auricle; from the auricle the blood passes to the ventricle and the circulation recommences.

The heart of a frog possesses two auricles and one ventricle, which have a very peculiar action. We shall endeavour to give the reader some idea of the principle of this action in the following manner:—Imagine a forcing-pump propelling the water through a tube of considerable diameter communicating with a very intricate set of passages, which we will call the complex. Imagine also a hole cut in the side of this tube, and opening into a

pipe communicating with a less intricate set of passages which we shall call the simplex. Suppose a valve in the form of a plano-convex lens to be attached by a spring hinge to that point of the circular hole which is most remote from the pump, closing the hole when shut, but when acted upon by no other forces kept open by the spring.

Now conceive the forcing pump set in action. As the valve is open the water will naturally rush up the simplex, when there is least pressure, and this will continue until the passages of the simplex become so full that the pressure there will be greater than the pressure arising from the passages of the complex. The water will then rush up the main pipe, and by the force of the current close the valve. If then we suppose the simplex to discharge itself, then as the pressure in the complex stops the current, the valve will re-open, and the water again rush up the branch pipe until the complex has discharged its contents, and the process recommences.

If we suppose the forcing pump to be the ventricle, the large pipe to represent the principal aortic tubes, the branch pipe the pulmonary aortic tubes, the complex to be the capillaries of the frog discharging their contents into the right auricle by means of the cardinal veins, the simplex to be the capillaries of the lungs discharging their contents into the left auricle, we shall have some notion of the mechanical principle on which the action of the circulatory organs of the frog depends.

The heart of a reptile consists of two auricles and one ventricle, the right auricle receives venous blood which has passed through the general system, the left auricle that which has imbibed oxygen from the lungs. The ventricle is divided into a right and left chamber by an imperfect partition, consequently the right chamber is chiefly filled with venous blood from the right auricle, and the left chamber with aerated blood from the

left auricle, but as the partition is imperfect there is a certain amount of intermixture. There are two aortic arches, one arising from the right chamber of the ventricle, the other from the left chamber, which bend round and unite beneath the heart, so as to form the principal aorta; from the former of these tubes, before it unites with the latter, the pulmonary artery arises which conveys the blood to the lungs. The blood which enters the system through the principal aorta is conveyed back by the cardinal veins to the right auricle; that which enters the lungs is carried back by the pulmonary vein to the left auricle, and the circulation proceeds as before.

The heart of a bird or mammal consists of two auricles and two ventricles; the right auricle receives the blood from the system, and propels it through the tricuspid valve into the right ventricle, which, contracting, drives it through the pulmonary artery into the lungs. From thence, the capillaries, re-uniting into the pulmonary vein, convey it to the left auricle, from which it passes through the mitral valve into the left ventricle. This ventricle, contracting, propels it through the aorta into the general system, whence it passes through the capillaries, and is returned by means of the cardinal veins to the right auricle, and the circulation recommences.

It is needless to say that the same system holds good for the heart of man, though in man there is not that admixture of venous and aerated blood which we observe in the system we have last described. We see then that the organs of circulation in animals form a progressive system which attains its highest development in man.

Had we taken any other organs we should have arrived at the same result. Consequently we are assured of the truth of the general proposition—that the forms of animal life, as evidenced by internal structure, constitute a progressive system which attains its highest development in man.

When we turn to the geological record of creation, we find, so far as the imperfection of that record will permit, that the progress of the system coincides with the progress of geological time. Thus the first indications of animal life (leaving out of consideration the *eozyon*) are the casts of certain worms in the lower Silurian rocks; we then successively meet with crustacea, fishes, reptiles, and mammals. We must remember that it is not easy to find traces of animals in the rocks which have neither hard nor ossified parts.

We shall now be enabled to enter upon the main subject which we proposed to consider. The question as to the truth of the evolution of species may be stated thus. Bearing in mind the two principles to which we called attention at the beginning of this communication, which is most probable—that the different species were created separately out of inorganic substances by an enormous exertion of force, or that they were developed out of approximate forms by an immeasurably less exertion of such force? Before, however, we answer this question, we must consider the following important facts.

During the process of incubation, the chick formed inside a hen's egg undergoes most remarkable changes. It is not merely that the animal grows: it experiences likewise great alterations in structure. Thus the *omphalo-mesaraic* veins, formed soon after the heart begins to beat, are completely obliterated, and succeeded by organs of circulation of a totally different nature. Moreover, a tadpole is not a frog in the same sense that a baby is a human being. The baby as it grows up does not undergo much structural change; its organs are enlarged and strengthened. On the other hand the change in the tadpole when it becomes a frog is immense. It is scarcely too much to say that a tadpole is to all intents and purposes a fish. Its heart has one auricle and one ventricle: it has gills instead of lungs, and its skull is

cartilaginous like the lamprey. On the other hand, the heart of a frog has two auricles and one ventricle; it breathes by means of lungs, and the skull is in a great measure ossified. The changes, therefore, which a tadpole undergoes in becoming a frog are almost the same that a fish would undergo in becoming a reptile. And it must be remembered that this change does not take place before birth, but while the animal lives and moves beneath the sun.

We are therefore able to re-state the question more forcibly thus: Which is most probable—that the different species of animals were created suddenly out of inorganic substances by an enormous expenditure of force, and by a process entirely unknown to us; or that they were developed out of approximate forms by an immeasurably less exertion of such force, and by a process which is taking place every day under our own eyes? I cannot, for my own part, see how there can be a moment's hesitation in answering the question in favour of the theory of evolution.

I have held a series of skulls of carnivorous mammals in my hand and inspected their structure: the forms and divisions, or sections of the bones were similar, the holes through which the nerves came out of the brain case were similar, and they only differed in such matters as length, breadth, and curvature. Are we to believe they were independently created?

The different species of crayfish only differ in matters which must appear small when compared with the points in which they agree. Again, animals exist which show transition stages between known species. Thus the ornithorhyncus shows in addition to the well-known bill many of the features of the bird; and the axylotl, the ceratodus, and the lepidosiren possess both lungs and gills. In fact, I think that the theory of evolution is confirmed by almost every aspect of creation; and that evolution is one of countless instances of that silent, gradual change which appears to pervade the universe, so far as we are permitted to observe it.

W. H. L. RUSSELL, F.R.S.

A DOUBTING HEART.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LONGHURST.

"A DRAG and pair—how jolly!—sent to meet us! you don't mean it, Mildie."

"Of course I don't—you boys are to walk; hush, Casa! Lord Anstice has come by this train and the carriage is sent for him, but the housekeeper at Longhurst, who is very considerate to mother, settled for Emmie and me to ride in it too, to save a cab, and there's a cart waiting for everybody's luggage."

"The housekeeper at Longhurst considerate to mother! That's the way you've learned to talk since you came here, is it?" snorted Casabianca. "You poor toady of a girl thing. I tell you there's room enough in that drag for us all five, and for Lord Anstice, as you call him, as well. I'll not be baulked of a ride in a drag when I've a chance of getting it, I promise you, for any fool of the sort. There he is, getting out of a first-class carriage, looking, I declare, as moony as ever he did before he was a lord, not smartened up one bit. Why on earth should we not all ride in a drag with him? I shall just go up and ask him that."

Emmie had moved a little further down the platform, with Sydney and the Gentle Lamb hanging about her, to count her brother's boxes and her own as they came out of the van, and Mildie's remonstrance only sent Casa the more boldly forward on his enterprise.

"Oh, I say, don't you know me?" he exclaimed, coming up to Wynyard, who was rather absently looking round the once familiar Hurst station, which brought sundry half-sad half-pleasant recollections of schoolboy and college days vividly back to him.

"He was as pleased as possible to be spoken to—he looked right down glad to see me," Casabianca averred to Mildie afterwards, and he was not far wrong.

Wynyard's thoughts during a solitary journey had not been altogether pleasant ones, and he was glad on the whole of something to give them a new turn. As he walked down the platform with Casa, he heard full details of the circumstances that had brought so many of the family to Hurst station that day.

"Of course you did not see us before; we travelled third class—always do," said Casabianca, magnanimous, if defiant. "Oh no, it did not hurt Emmie in the least; it's of no consequence to her; *she's* in no danger of meeting fellows who might chaff her about it afterwards. How does she come to be travelling down with us, do you say? She's come to spend Christmas with mamma; came straight to London from the Hudson Kirkmans yesterday—the ironmongering Kirkmans up in the north, where she's governess now, you know, worse luck. However, I don't suppose they've a grain of chaff among them all; the boys there are all little cubs under eight, and they seem to make no end of a fuss with Emmie. Here we are, look out Emmie!"—and then Emmie turned round from counting her boxes, and she and Wynyard met for the first time since they parted under the magnolia-trees at La Roquette, in the spring.

There was no recollection of that evening in Emmie's frank, clear eyes as they rested on Wynyard's face while inquiries and greetings were exchanged—no little flutter of manner, no blush or shyness to make the moment embarrassing. Wynyard was the most

conscious of the two, afraid of satisfying the inclination he felt to look a second time in the quiet, soft eyes that had once said so much to him; he was the most disposed to make sudden breaks in the conversation and turn away to inspect the luggage.

Of course Casabianca had his way, and the whole party packed themselves into the drag for the five miles' drive to Longhurst. The boys soon threw off any awe of Lord Anstice they had felt, and were in wild spirits as they were bowled along the country roads between the hedgerows, shouting to scare the rooks from the ploughed fields, and taking off their caps to the fieldfares and sparrows set in motion by their noise, with such ecstatic delight as might be expected from a trio of town schoolboys on their first experience of a country drive at Christmas time. Emmie and Wynyard sat in opposite corners of the drag, and both took a very fair share in the mirth that went on, while each carried on a train of separate thought and of observation of the other. Emmie was just a little disappointed in what she read in Wynyard's face when, now and then, he left off chaffing Casabianca on the astounding acquaintance with country life his remarks displayed, and fell into silence for a minute or two. She had expected to see such perfect satisfaction there. She had been in the habit of comforting herself, whenever she felt a little lonely or down-hearted during the long months from home, by reflecting how well all was with him, how perfectly all his dreams had been realised, the summit of his wishes attained, that he, at all events, must be happy. Perhaps she had not exactly wished to witness the happiness with her own eyes, not being sure that for her there might not be a touch of pain in comparing his perfect joy with "the low beginnings of content" to which she had attained. Still she had been able to find comfort in the thought of his complete satisfaction; and now she was disappointed as a second and a

third glance failed to show her what she had been expecting to see. While he was laughing and talking he was sufficiently like his old self, but directly his face grew grave she felt the want of something that surely ought to have been there. Was it some mere temporary vexation? or could it possibly be an abiding discontent that laid such a weight upon his brow, and so altered the expression of his lips? As she was trying to satisfy herself on this point, Wynyard's eye woke up and met hers, and she felt a little confusion at having been caught in such earnest contemplation of him. She turned hastily away towards Sydney, and busied herself for several minutes in rubbing his cold hands till they were warm again, but the confusion was not ungraceful or overwhelming, it did not prevent Wynyard from continuing to look at her, and in his turn, studying her averted face, to make out the meaning of the change that had passed upon it since their sudden parting in the spring. The blooming fresh May rose—had it lain in the dust till its delicate petals had lost their freshness and tender grace? or had it sheltered itself from injury by closing up into the bud stage again? Was this precisely the shy, shrinking Emmie West of old Saville Street days now before him, or a quite new development of the character? He perceived some signs that might have led to the first conclusion. There were certainly a good many reminiscences of Saville Street to be traced in Emmie's dress, which had quite lost the temporarily borrowed daintiness that had distinguished its *La Roquette* state; the clinging dusty *crêpe* trimmings of her dress, rumpled with the two days' journey, the worn gloves, the severely plain black bonnet that framed the fair face—all at first sight brought suggestions of the earliest stage of their acquaintance; but a second glance removed the impression, and made these rather foils to heighten the change in her beauty that grew on

his notice the longer he looked. The surroundings were the same, but they were worn with a difference. Emmie had grown above her clothes, and, let them be as shabby as they would, her loveliness could no longer be quenched by them in any degree; it had blossomed out into a sweetness and dignity that lifted it as much above danger of eclipse from mere equipments, as a dazzling white lily is safe from gathering blackness from the earth it hangs above. Not that there had been any change in form, or feature, or colouring, it was the new expression in the face that gave it its new power and charm. The look of victory on the brow, the peace that dwelt on the lips whether closed or parted in smiles, the freedom from self and self-regardful thoughts, which every light and shade upon the clear countenance told of; it was this ennobling of the whole being which raised Emmie's beauty so far above the malice of her clothes, that in estimating the changes in her it was impossible to give more than a passing thought to them, impossible any longer to pity her for the struggles or privations they told of. Pity! if Wynyard had been thinking of Mrs. Kirkman's young governess with any feeling of the kind, he was ashamed of it now, and felt contemptuously angry with himself for some compunctious thoughts he had been troubled with on her account. It was evident that by some road or other, Emmie had climbed to a standpoint where it would be presumptuous in him to think of pitying her. Whether the long-drawn breath with which Wynyard dismissed a past anxiety brought as much relief to his mind as it ought to have done cannot be determined.

Emmie came to an end of her cares for Sydney after a while, and raising her head, her eyes fairly met Wynyard's again, this time with a question in them, "What are you thinking of while you watch me so closely?" At the same moment her lips parted into a smile, proud and a little defiant, as she broke the silence with

the first direct question she had addressed to him. "You will begin your journey to San Remo in a day or two, will you not? I had a letter from Aunt Rivers last week, in which she told me all their news. It is to be on the first day of the new year, is it not?"

"A good day for two people to turn their backs on old things, and start on a fresh life, don't you think?" said Wynyard.

While Emmie was wondering whether his tone of voice expressed quite as much satisfaction in the prospect as might have been expected, Mildie, full of recollections of that tear-stained leaf in Dr. Urquhart's dictionary which contained the history of the edible green frog, struck in with a string of questions that occupied Wynyard's attention till the waggonette drew up before the door of Mrs. West's cottage. This well-timed curiosity drew out an explanation of Lord Anstice's sudden visit to Longhurst, and circumstances connected with it that were unknown to Emmie. Since the sudden news of Frank's death, Sir Francis and Lady Rivers had felt a great shrinking from the idea of returning to Longhurst, where the happiest days of Frank's boyhood had been spent, and as the state of Lady Rivers's health seemed to make a long residence abroad desirable, they had decided on letting the house for a few years. A tenant had been found just as Sir Francis was about to start for the South of France, to join Alma and Lady Rivers at San Remo, where the twice postponed wedding (for Mrs. Anstice's death had caused a second delay) was at last to take place.

"A very quiet wedding," Wynyard explained, in answer to Mildie's eager questions; he did not know about bridesmaids, but there would certainly be, on both sides, a dearth of relations, unless he could persuade Madame de Florimel to come over from La Roquette, and be present on the occasion. Even Constance Forest had been

obliged to disappoint her sister of her support. After spending a month at San Remo with her mother, she had received a summons from her husband to rejoin him at once at Belforest, and greatly to Sir Francis's surprise and disappointment had reappeared in London yesterday. No, Sir John Forest was not ill, only out of sorts, and disinclined, Wynyard supposed, to lend the lustre of his own and his wife's presence to the wedding. Something had put him out, and he chose to revenge himself on his wife's relations in that fashion. A wedding without a single guest would be something of a disappointment, he feared, to Lady Rivers, however little he and Alma might care about it.

"And Aunt Rivers will be quite alone after Alma has left her?" inquired Emmie; "for I suppose nothing will keep Sir Francis long from London."

"Not a day after the Christmas holidays are over; it would be cruel to ask such a sacrifice of him," said Wynyard. "I have planned an appeal to Madame de Florimel, and if I can carry her off to San Remo with me, I am not without hope that she will persuade your aunt to return with her, and spend the rest of the winter at La Roquette, where she would be, comparatively speaking, among old friends. Yes," he added, in answer to a look of Emmie's, "I am going straight to La Roquette, when I have finished the business I have undertaken to do for Sir Francis here. If I get through as well as I hope to do, I shall arrive at the Château on Christmas Eve, about the time when the Church will be lighted up, and our friends flocking to the midnight mass, and as I shall spend Christmas Day there, I cannot fail to come across some of our old acquaintance. Would you like me to take a message from you to Madelon?" He said this in a commonplace tone, letting his eyes rest on Emmie's face, to show that he understood and accepted the footing of ordinary friendliness she had prescribed as the basis on

which all future intercourse, including references to old times, was to be placed. He thought it well to make an allusion of the kind at once, since no comfortable relationship could ever be established between them if either felt that there were topics in the background they had not courage to approach.

In the same spirit Emmie looked bravely back, and answered steadily, "I believe I owe Madelon a present, the Cairngorm brooch which, you know, she ought to have had on her wedding-day. It is put away somewhere, and since you are so kind as to offer to see her for me, I think I will trouble you to take the brooch to her. How long shall you stay at Longhurst? I will send the packet by Casabianca to-night if you are going soon."

Wynyard explained that his business was to look over and bring away certain family letters and relics chiefly relating to poor Frank, which Sir Francis could not bear to leave in the house, though he shrank from looking them over himself. The business would occupy one day at least, Wynyard thought, "but surely," he added, "we shall meet again? Does not Mrs. West often come up to Longhurst?"

The waggonette was now turning in between two iron gates, and the next instant it drew up before a cottage of rather more size and pretension than an ordinary lodge. The front door stood open, and revealed, beyond the tiny entrance hall, a background of fire-lighted parlour, and cozily-spread tea-table, and the figure of Mrs. West with eager face and outstretched arms, hurrying at the sound of wheels to welcome the travellers. There was no time for farewells, scarcely for a handshake; Emmie was out of the waggonette the minute after it stopped, and in her mother's arms, forgetful of everything, even of the conspicuousness of figures in a fire-lit vestibule as seen from the dark road, while her face was pressed against her mother's in their old fond caress.

At home, after her first independent

struggle with the world ! What a feeling of rest the thought brought with it, though there was nothing familiar, nothing to make the house she now entered homelike, but the tender clinging touch of the arms round her. Wynyard, who had never had a personal experience of such welcomings, looked curiously out of the gathering darkness back towards that square of warmth and light, and felt himself somewhat lonely and overlooked.

"I had thought of coming down this evening to see your mother," he remarked to Casabianca, who alone lingered a moment, with his hand on the back rail of the waggonette, not covetous of his share of the caresses going, till inquisitive eyes were well out of the way. "I had thought of coming down here again later, but I suspect I should only be in the way. You will want this first evening quite to yourselves, no doubt."

"Mother will, I daresay ; she and Emmie won't stop talking and kissing each other till midnight. They might think it a bore, perhaps, if you came in ; but never mind, they'll be able to spare me, and if you like, I'll run up after tea and see how you are getting on, in the big house all by yourself. Oh, no, don't object ; it'll be no trouble to me. I sha'n't mind turning out in the dark, and besides, I've a reason of my own. I'm curious to know if they have put down the stair-carpets for you, and how the place looks in 'em. Yes, yes, I'll be sure to come, and I'll tell you what's the joke about Aunt Rivers's stair-carpets when I see you again."

The last sentence was shouted out after the waggonette had started down the darkening road at a rapid pace, which soon reduced the glowing doors and windows of the cottage to small stars of light, shining alluringly through the gathering blackness.

Longhurst was a large, old-fashioned, somewhat dilapidated manor house, standing in a considerable extent of ill-kept pleasure-ground, which Sir Francis had been lucky enough to

purchase on very favourable terms years ago, when the possession of a place of their own in the country had been so exactly the summit of Lady Rivers's ambition that she did not allow herself to be exacting as to advantages of situation or imposing aspect. Funds had always been wanting for the repairs and embellishments which Lady Rivers planned from year to year, as her views enlarged. Latterly, since her boys had grown up and gone out into the world, and her daughters been introduced, her interest had declined in a place that had only afforded them all a great deal of pleasure, and done less than she had expected towards increasing their consequence in the society where she wanted to shine. She became more and more unwilling to let her daughters waste important months in its solitude, or to spend money on its decoration that might be turned to better account ; thus one or two summers had passed, bringing only flying visits from solitary members of the family, and the house had got a disused, melancholy look, that struck Wynyard painfully, as he wandered about the well-remembered rooms in the interval between his arrival and the dinner-hour. He thought the whole family might have been dead, to account for the funeral aspect, that to his fancy hung over the old furniture, and the familiar nooks and corners, associated with so much mirth and fresh young life, such eager hopes and such dear love. Was it the hopes, the aspirations, the loves that were dead, that looked back with ghostly faces at him from every favourite haunt ? How vividly the groups of youthful figures came back, and arranged themselves in the old way — Frank, Agatha, Constance, Lawrence, Alma, most changed of all ! Oh, no ! himself most changed—who, on the eve of rejoining her, of making her his own for ever, could have a doubting, a disloyal thought of her—his own poor Alma ! Poor !—had she come to be that, then ; she who had been the radiant queen of his fancy,

the loveliest, the rarest, the bright particular star set up for his heart's distant adoration?

Wynyard was pacing up and down the old school-room when these thoughts arose the thickest, and Alma's face kept coming back to him with the various expressions it had worn—in many an eager discussion they had had, standing or sitting just there or just here, on the spot over which he was walking at the moment—proud, tender, aspiring, contemptuous, and satirical at times, but frank and true always. Why would not this remembered Alma correspond more exactly with the Alma to whom he was going? What had come between his old dream and his present possession? Could he have believed it of himself, that he would pace this room the week before his wedding, with such doubts in his heart as he felt to-night; surely it was himself that was changed, not Alma? He must have grown suspicious and hard, not so ready as he ought to be to make allowance for the natural effect of the ordeal she had passed through since she grew up. Could the finest nature have borne it quite unharmed? Was it not unreasonable in him to be disappointed because her girlish frankness was changed into that indefinable something which always seemed to hide her true self from him now? Where was his faith, where the patience, with which he had once thought to win her through years of waiting? Could they not win back for him his old Alma as dear, as true, as frank-hearted as ever; when deteriorating influences were shut out by his closer possession? Wynyard's paces up and down the solitary dark room grew brisker as the more soothing thoughts asserted themselves, and drove away the gloom that had taken possession of him since morning. He had been battling all day against what he told himself was an unworthy suspicion, and now he concluded resolutely to turn his back upon it. He would not make that comparison between sen-

tences in Alma's late letters and some information received that morning respecting Lady Forest's doings at San Remo, which he feared might convict Alma of practising a good deal of reserve towards him, if not of putting a false colour on recent events. He would not be critical in weighing shades of meaning, to see how far her narratives were purposely coloured, it was perhaps almost a necessity with Alma's subtle intellect to give to every event she related the colouring she wished it to wear; words would inevitably take that form of advocacy with her. How he had once admired the graceful address, the sparkling acuteness that had given her a magician's power of making everybody think as she pleased. And when the power had been exercised to shield some one else from blame—one of the boys, poor Frank, perhaps, or Constance—he had been used to see nothing but the generosity, the warmth of love, that gave the impulse to her subtle intellect. Could he not be as lenient now, when there were really important interests at stake, and it was still Constance whose levities needed the concealment of a mist of words?

Wynyard succeeded in reasoning himself into charity again with Alma; but his solitary meal in the dimly-lighted dining-room, which had seen so many pleasant Christmas gatherings, was sufficiently depressing to make him not altogether displeased when Casabianca appeared, just as he was turning out for a stroll with a cigar in the grounds, before settling to the melancholy business to which he intended to give the rest of the evening. It was a soft, cloudy, winter's night, with occasional gleams of a full moon through deep chasms of cloud, and fitful gusts of rain-laden west wind, making wild music among the old oaks of the avenue they strolled up and down. Wynyard's thoughts soon wandered away from his companion, and were only brought back by fits and starts when his talk touched

upon topics that fitted in uncomfortably with his own reflections. Perhaps a spice of provocation at the slight to his powers of entertainment, and of mischievous pleasure, when he discovered that he had hit upon a topic that could produce a sensation, gave Casabianca courage to venture again and again on ground that he well knew to be dangerous.

"You don't understand what I mean by saying that it's very good-natured of Mrs. Kirkman, the old fat one, you know, to make much of Emmie, and never to say anything disparaging of her—well—of her relations, when she is in the room. You don't understand? I should have thought you'd have had more *nous*. I understood well enough when Emmie and mother talked about it just now. Mother began by telling Emmie something that old Mrs. Kirkman was heard to say when she was down here about Al—— what, you think I had better not repeat it, as it was not meant for you to hear? Oh, as you please; I don't care to repeat what people ain't anxious to hear, only I thought you wanted to understand, you gave such a start when I began about the Kirkmans at first. I've plenty to say, if you'll only listen. I had begun to tell you the names of our eleven, and the matches they played in last year, and can go on with that if you like it better." By the time they had again reached the same spot in the avenue, however, Casabianca, like a fly driven from a sore spot, was circling round to the vexed topic again. "By Jove! how jolly the moon looks, coming out from under that cloud. How it shows off everything, to be sure. There, now, just look between the trees—do you see something shining on that little hill to your right, a good way off? Can you guess what it is? I can. It's the great gilt ball on the observatory at Golden Mount, shining like a star. If you carry your eye down, you'll see the outline of all the other buildings against the sky. A big place, isn't it?

That second larger spot shining in the moonlight will be the dome of the great glass-house, the winter garden, that every one talks about so much."

Wynyard stood still as he was desired, and looked at the massive outline with some curiosity, remembering as he looked, that Alma had reproached him for not having accompanied her there to guard her against being overcome by its attractions. This time last year the ordeal was going on; the gilt ball and the winter garden, the great staring, magnificent new house were being weighed against such recollections and such confessions of early love as he had been thinking over in the schoolroom just now. How near had she ever been in thought to yielding? He hated the question, and himself for asking it.

"Yes, I suppose that is Golden Mount," he remarked, as they turned back towards the house; "but how do you come to recognise it so quickly? You have never been here since it was built, have you?"

"No, but I heard enough about it, and on a day that I'm not likely to forget. It was when they settled I was to go to Christ's Hospital, and Emmie travel abroad with Aunt Rivers instead of Alma; I was in Aunt Rivers's dressing-room, and I heard every word of the talk, and I have not forgiven Uncle and Aunt Rivers for it yet. Not that I ain't getting on very well where I am, and like it fairly, petticoats and all. But it was riling, you must allow, to hear oneself treated as a sort of make-weight thrown in to persuade mother to further Aunt Rivers's plans for securing Golden Mount to Miss Alma. How she went on about the Kirkmans and Golden Mount; and what a pity it would be to take Alma out of the way of the good luck that had come to her. Just for nothing too, as it turned out, for, after all the trouble they took, and the talk and fuss there was about it, Alma—but, oh! I say, I beg your pardon, I'd forgotten 'twas you she was engaged to now—I had, indeed, just for the

moment. I really was thinking only of the shame it was that I should have to wear these miserable yellow stockings so long after she has changed her mind, and got something she likes still better for herself. I can't change, and get what I like as easily as all that you see."

Casa looked boldly up into Wynyard's face for sympathy and condolence, but seeing an expression there that startled him, he was awed into silence for the whole length of the avenue, till they were again standing before the front door.

Then, fearing to be dismissed without an invitation to enter, he found his voice again.

"You are not offended, are you? I really did not mean to say anything you would not like to hear, but you see things are so changed. When I'm talking to you like this, it does slip out of my head that you are Lord Anstice, and that it's you my cousin Alma is going to marry. I never thought of such a thing when I knew you before."

"As your cousin condescending to marry me, eh?" said Wynyard, smiling; "you are an outspoken young man certainly, and I don't know that we need quarrel for that; but I advise you to take a hint and be a little more discreet in your reminiscences when we meet again. Dismiss all you have heard or imagined about the Kirkmans, from this day forth from your memory, and we shall get on all the better together. You understand?"

"All right," said Casa, imperturbably; "and you'll let me come in, won't you, to take a look round the place? Perhaps I sha'n't have another chance, as the new people are coming in soon; and besides, there was something else I wanted to tell you."

Wynyard drily remarked that Casa's confidences so far had not been so agreeable as to make him particularly anxious for more.

Casa's loquacity was not so easily quenched, however.

"It has not anything whatever to

do with the Kirkmans, I promise you," he began, when he had taken a hasty survey of the hall and staircase, and returning to the dining-room, had planted himself on the edge of a bureau Wynyard was unlocking. "It ain't about the Kirkmans; it's only something I remember about the last time I was here—something that's on my mind, and that I daren't talk about at home, so I'd best have it out with you and get rid of it. It all came back upon me when Mildie mentioned in the waggonette that mother had been busy seeing to the big house being smartened up and made ready for you. Poor mother! I know what she was thinking about when she had the stair-carpet put down, and ordered a fire to be lighted in the hall, and that great curtain put up to keep out the draught; and you ain't the delicate little chap that has just had scarlet fever. I daresay you wonder (knowing what the Rivers's are, as you must do by this time) to hear that we Wests were ever invited to pay a visit to Longhurst; but we weren't invited. This is how it happened. Some of us were ill two years ago. Mother took us to Ramsgate for a month, and father came to fetch us home at the end of the time. Poor little Willie had been getting worse instead of better, and as mother heard Aunt Rivers was staying here all by herself, she wrote to propose that she and father and Willie and I should come to Longhurst on the way home, and stop a few days, to give us all another change. Father did not like it, but mother hoped that when Aunt Rivers saw how seedy poor little Willie was, she would invite him to stay on in the country for the rest of the summer, and keep me with him to amuse him when she and father went back to town. So she risked it, though I know she was trembling all through the journey lest anything should happen to annoy poor father, and make him feel he was not welcome. Well, we got here in a cab, for there was no waggonette sent to meet us,

and I shall never forget the look that came over father's face as soon as ever we were well inside the house—no stair-carpet, no curtains, everything done up in dirty newspapers, and Aunt Rivers taking us to a little fusty-smelling back room, in the servants' part of the house, to have a school-room tea there all together. Father, who if he had nothing to eat but the sole of an old shoe would expect it to be served to him properly! Aunt Rivers kept on explaining to mother how she was here alone because Sir Francis and her daughters had gone off to stay with some grand countess or another, and that she would not make strangers of relations like ourselves by having the house put in order for us. 'Poor relations,' I heard father mutter to himself, and mother turned white, for she knew well enough then what would happen, and it did happen. Father insisted on our leaving Longhurst early next morning, though it was a wet day, and Willie's cough had been very bad all night, and a miserable journey we all had home to be sure. Everybody but me down in the lowest dumps you can imagine. Willie died, you know, a month or two afterwards. I don't suppose anything could have made any difference. No one said a word; I don't think mother ever told even Emmie about the stair-carpet; but I know what she thought, though I never talked of it to any one until now. She used to come up into our attic of a night to hear the little ones say their prayers, and when she said the Lord's prayer with Willie the last week or two, and he was almost too weak to speak the words, I noticed a choking there was in her voice, whenever she came to—'As we forgive them that trespass against us.' I know she had a struggle every night to do that for Aunt Rivers—thinking of those blessed stair-carpet. I ain't a saint like mother, and I can't say that I have forgiven her yet, so far at least as to forget the difference between rich and poor relations. I heard you say once that you had been snubbed

by her yourself when you were poor, so you won't be very much surprised or disgusted, will you, if I don't change my feelings towards Aunt Rivers, even when she is your mother-in-law, and Alma your wife? As you did talk of asking me to come and see you at Leigh, it's only fair to give you warning."

"Very well," said Wynyard, "I am warned; and now if you will leave the bureau, and let me get at the drawer I want, I'll promise you that at all events you shall find carpets on the stairs whenever you come to Leigh. I would forget that old unfortunate visit to Longhurst, if I were you; it's a bad habit to think of oneself as a poor relation, and you won't have any temptation for it for the future with Alma and me. There, let us shake hands, and say good-bye, on an understanding that no allusions to Kirkmans or stair-carpet are to be allowed when we meet again."

It was a full hour after Casabianca took his departure before Wynyard turned his attention to the contents of the bureau drawer, and meanwhile his thoughts were not pleasantly occupied. A schoolboy's foolish chatter, telling him nothing new, for, as Casabianca had truly said, he had known Lady Rivers too long and too well to receive any fresh light on her character at this date. What did that matter to him, so long as Alma stood clear, in generous truthfulness and strong youthful indignation of the petty meannesses and worldlinesses amid which she had grown up? Yes, so long as she *did* stand quite clear. His thoughts, ever circling round the same point, did not come to any definite conclusion, but they had one practical result, which, however, Wynyard did not consciously connect with his doubts of Alma. He avoided the inmates of the north lodge during the two days of his stay at Longhurst, and managed to complete his business and execute various commissions for Lady Rivers without making an appeal to Mrs. West for help. It might be her

sad face he dreaded the sight of, or it might be Emmie's. Anyhow, his determination to keep out of their way went so far that, when, during a last walk in the grounds he saw two distant figures in black approaching the house, he turned hastily in an opposite direction, and set out on a long circuit of the park, which did not bring him home again till after dusk. A little packet had been left at the house while he was away, and caught his eye as soon as he entered his sitting-room. It was directed to Madame Antoine Barbou, Le Vallon des Orangiers, La Roquette—favoured by Lord Anstice, in the corner.

Wynyard thought as he put it into his pocket-book that Madame Barbou was tolerably certain to receive her long-delayed wedding present this time. The ruby ring still lingered in an inner fold of the same receptacle, just where he had put it when he took it from Emmie's little letter; and it had so often brought back disagreeable reflections when his eye fell upon it unexpectedly, that he was not likely to lose a good occasion to rid himself of it. Objects that awaken painful recollections, however, have something the character of birds, and sometimes persist in attaching themselves to those who most wish them away. The Cairngorm brooch had not yet come to the end of its adventures as a love-token, and was not destined to grace Madame Barbou's bosom till days when her bridal honours had long been left behind.

CHAPTER XL.

LA ROQUETTE IN WINTER.

THE magnolia-trees in front of the château looked almost as fresh and green as they had looked in the spring, when Wynyard came out on the morning after his arrival at La Roquette, to take a turn under them before the early breakfast, which Madame de Florimel always took English-fashion, with her guests, in her favourite

sitting-room opening on to the garden. At the first glance around, Wynyard thought there was very little in the scene before him to mark the change of season. The sunshine falling on the dry, dusty road was almost as hot and yellow as when he had last basked in it; the shadows of the broad-leaved trees lay as clearly defined along the path; the olives on the slope above were only a shade greyer; the pines on the near hills a thought more dusky; the distant mountains as softly shaded in lilacs and blues, till they melted into the snow-range, which had not yet received its winter crown of new snow. Hardly a touch of change to show that it was mid-winter, instead of spring, revealed itself to his first eager gaze; but when his eye had for some time taken in the familiar beauty of the landscape, a perception stole in that he was viewing it under a new aspect. One little token after another forced itself on his notice, showing that even here, in nature's choicest playground, the active pulsings of growth and change had been stilled for a time. It was not, as in northern climates, a frozen death-like trance that held the forces of nature in abeyance: here it was rather as if a musical pause had come in the full-toned chorus of life—a moment's lull—to prepare the year for the fresh burst of music, the new throb of vitality which vineyard and garden, olive-grove and hill, were awaiting. Yes, it was winter, not spring. Down there a fig-tree shows its dry skeleton arms among the evergreen shrubs, a memento that "the time for the singing of birds" is not yet. The quince-trees are bare on the church-hill, the small stunted oaks by the river show conspicuous in a rich red-brown livery of faded leaves. It is winter, not spring. Nature has fallen asleep here too, but on a couch of flowers, overlaid with the treasures she dropped from her hands when she went to sleep; richly scented overblown roses, branches laden with luscious slow-ripening fruits. Fresh

evidence of this was before Wynyard's eyes when he turned from looking over the landscape to the château. There, at the open window, with a bunch of yellow tea-roses in her hand, stood Madame de Florimel, beckoning him to come in to breakfast. Close beside her (for a few minutes ago the early morning mass had come to an end, and the women were flocking out of church) stood Madelon, just lifting from a basket on her arm the Christmas offering she had brought for Madame—a great bunch of grapes from the sheltered vineyard behind Père Barbou's tall white house on the hill, where grapes ripened slowly, and grew luscious and full-flavoured at Christmas-time, and some red *pommes d'amour* from her mother's garden in the valley—the whole fastened together in a wreath, which, in spite of its Bacchanalian character, Madame was expected to suspend in the hall in honour of the *belle fête*. Madelon was wishing her, when Wynyard came up. Fresh dimples and smiles broke out on her pleasant face at sight of him.

"Ah! if Antoine had but known that Monsieur would be visible so early, the hope of seeing him would have brought him quickly enough to the village. Truly he had not been so eager to take the first opportunity of attending to his duty as might be wished. Monsieur would understand, however, there were the mules to attend to, and the men were all alike, ready at an excuse, to send their mothers and wives to pray in their place. Not that Antoine was altogether negligent, or would fail to be present at the great mass at eleven o'clock, and to pay his respects to Madame and to Monsieur also."

Madelon's shyness had altogether melted away during her eight months of matronhood, and she chattered on volubly while she turned over the remaining contents of her basket to pick a bouquet for Wynyard from the flowers that had been scattered over her offering.

"Tenez," she cried at last, "I've

no May roses to offer Monsieur to-day, but here is a little bunch of white violets, the first I have gathered since last spring. What is more, I plucked them from about the roots of the old olive-tree near my mother's house, where Mademoiselle Emmée loved to sit when the anémones were in bloom. Have I not pointed out the place a hundred times to Antoine, and do we not speak of the sweet demoiselle, and of Monsieur too, every time we pass? Poor as the blossoms are, Monsieur will accept them for a *fête-day* bouquet, and wear them with pleasure even, will he not?"

There was a meaning, congratulatory twinkle in Madelon's bright eyes as she held up her flowers, which Wynyard hardly knew how to meet; and encouraged perhaps by the shade of embarrassment in his voice when he thanked her, Madelon added, "But how then is the dear, good young lady? Monsieur will have seen her lately, and perhaps even brings a word of greeting from her to us. Ah! how often we talk about her, Antoine and I; and what a happy day that will be for every one in the valley when Monsieur brings her to see us again, as no doubt will happen one day."

After this hint, Wynyard would have found it awkward to bring out the little packet Emmie had entrusted him with, so he confined himself to a promise of calling at Madame Barbou's house in the course of the day, and made a hasty retreat through the window into the salon, where Madame was by this time waiting at the breakfast-table to pour out his coffee.

"Do not the people know what is to happen to me on New-Year's Day?" he asked Madame de Florimel while he was drinking it. "I should have thought, as gossip is so rife at La Roquette, and its inhabitants take so much kindly interest in my affairs, that the prospect of such an interesting event would have become known among them somehow."

"The news will keep until after

the *belle fête* is over," said Madame, shortly. "We are simple souls here, most of us, with few events in our lives, and the impressions of last spring have not faded from our remembrance as quickly as with people who see more of the world. Let me give my neighbours all the time possible to mitigate their surprise."

This little growl was, however, the only mark of discontent with the present state of affairs that Madame permitted herself during her morning meal with Wynyard and during the two sunny hours they afterwards spent in strolling about the *château-garden*. Perhaps she felt that she had gone a little too far even in saying so much as this, for she treated Wynyard to an especially gracious and sympathetic mood for the rest of the morning. Joseph-Marie and the *château* politics were kept in an unusual degree in the background, while she turned the conversation on the late occurrences at Leigh, questioning Wynyard on the particulars of Mrs. Anstice's last illness and death, and listening to his projects for the future well-being of the place of which he was now sole master. Alma's name naturally came in here, and Madame went so far as to accord some not ungrudging praise to her beauty, and to the talents for society that would make her a valuable helpmate to Wynyard when he would have to assume the position among the magnates of the county, that was his due. The bell, tinkling for the mid-day service, was heard while they were still talking, and Madame hastened into the house to get her prayer-book, and on her return invited Wynyard to accompany her across the road to church. She explained that there was just now no English service within reach—and, besides, how can one help wishing to kneel down with one's neighbours on Christmas Day? All the villagers seemed to be collected on the church hill, and the little open space by the door, under the trees, had been temporarily turned into a miniature fair. Booths had been put up for

the sale of cakes, flavoured with orange-flower, bon-bons, pictures, and medals, and the young men of the place and the children were hanging in groups about them, proposing by and by perhaps to pass into the shady church for a few minutes when the last bell rang and the host was elevated, so as to secure the consciousness of having fulfilled a duty at the smallest possible expenditure of time. The inside of the church was, however, fairly well filled when Madame and Wynyard took their places, just as the small procession, headed by the old curé, had reached the altar. All the candles in the church were lighted, and the various side altars decked with artificial flowers, tawdry, perhaps, and not even clean, but sufficiently attractive to draw a great many eyes to them; round, wondering children's eyes, which had not yet seen the *fête* flowers so often as not to look in hope of discovering fresh beauties,—and aged eyes, to whom they were in truth Ebenezers, witnesses of past blessings, reminders of sorrows overcome, speaking with familiar faces of memories which their yearly re-appearance had peacefully measured out. Madame kept her eyes dutifully fixed on her book, but Wynyard allowed his to wander, not critically, but sympathetically to the faces of the worshippers. Was it worship exactly? A service droned on in the old priest's husky monotone, accompanied by the shrill voices of the village scholars. At certain intervals knees were devoutly bent, and heads bowed; a few old women here and there had books in their hands, and their lips went on moving, but on Christmas Day, you see, at La Roquette, it was the custom to bring all the babies under a year old to church, to show the progress they had made since their christening to the King of angels in His guise of a baby. How could it be but that proud young mothers, and doting grandmothers, and sympathetic neighbours, or friends from distant valleys, should notice this progress as well, and telegraph glances

of congratulation and inquiry to each other across the church? Toinette, who was married here at this time last year, and who lives ten miles away on the mountain, has brought her baby, and Pauline, who, after seven years of childless marriage, received the crown of motherhood only three months ago, is lifting hers to the height of her arms that old paralytic *Mère Barbou*, who only comes to church on Christmas Day, may get a full view of her boy's beauty. Is it worship? Or, if not, may not the loving thoughts that fill hearts to overflowing, the friendly sympathetic glances that pass from eye to eye, the soft cooings and babblings, reverently hushed with mother's kisses—may not these be as acceptable as worship to Him who makes Himself known as the Babe of Bethlehem to-day? The old verger came round with his jingling pewter-plate before this question received a satisfactory solution in Wynyard's mind, and half-absently, half under the influence of these reflections, he dropped in an offering of English gold pieces, at which Madame de Florimel frowned, for she knew how it would be talked of in the village, and compared with the modest Christmas offering which Monsieur le Comte permitted himself when he happened to be staying at the château at Christmas-time.

Madame de Florimel had business at Terres Blanches for the afternoon, and when she heard of Wynyard's intention of calling on Madame Antoine Barbou, she proposed that he should drive first to the Maisonette, and then take the short cut through the vineyard to Madame Barbou's house, returning to rejoin her when the visit was paid, so as to secure a passing glimpse of the principal features of her mountain farm, in its winter aspect.

"Not," Madame observed, as Wynyard was slowly driving her up the steep hill, where the clump of cactuses grew, "not that I mean now

to keep true to the promise I rashly made one afternoon last spring. You may remember, unless more important events have swept everything that was promised or implied on that occasion out of your mind—the promise that I should give up possession of Terres Blanches to you as soon as you were married, as well as leave it to you in my will when I died. I have no right to go back from my word perhaps, but it was given under such different circumstances, on such a different understanding, that I feel sure you will see the reason of my change of purpose."

Wynyard hastened to assure Madame that he had no covetous desires after the possession of Terres Blanches, paradise as he held it to be. Then, suddenly withdrawing his eyes from the clump of cactus, at which he had been looking, to fix them steadily on Madame's face, he added—"But do not suppose I had forgotten your generous intention, or anything else that was spoken or implied that day. I have tried too hard to forget it all, to succeed very well; there—that was a larger admission than I at all intended to make, and to qualify it, and justify myself somewhat, I should like you to know that no other promise was made to be broken that day but your own."

Madame put her hand over Wynyard's unoccupied hand, and her face cleared.

"That is well; that relieves me of some self-blame, at all events. And now, one thing more, you were not engaged to Miss Rivers the whole time—you were not playing with my dear little Emmie, and deceiving me, just when I thought we were more united in heart than I have been with any relative for years?"

It was Wynyard's face that clouded now. Madame de Florimel was surprised to see the deep flush of anger and pain that overspread it.

"Do you take me for a villain?" he cried. "I wonder you let me come to see you, and sit beside you in the

carriage, if you have been thinking such things of me. I wonder you ever spoke to me again."

"Do you?" Madame answered. "Alas! you see I know already too much of men! I should have to be very silent—there would have been very little intercourse with those belonging to me in my life, if I had kept entirely aloof from them at every offence. You must allow, too, remembering our conversation the last time we were at *Terres Blanches* together, that there was much in your conduct that may well have puzzled me."

"And myself too," said Wynyard, gloomily. "Don't expect me to explain or excuse myself, for I can't. In spite of a good deal of curious self-questioning, I believe I have as little comprehension of how it has all come about as you can have. 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?' I should have asked if any one had prophesied the various changes of mind I have passed through since this time last year. What remains, however, is that I am to be married on New Year's Day to *Alma Rivers*, whom I loved long ago, and do love, and there is no use in saying more about it. Luckily, there is the *Maisonnette* in sight already, and if I mistake not, *Jean Baptiste* has spied us out from the top of the medlar tree, where he was no doubt looking after the last gleanings of Madame's fruit. He will have roused the house, and there will be a crowd at the gate to welcome us before we have managed this last steep bit of the road. If I wish to escape further embarrassing questions, I think I had better beat a retreat through the lucerne and round by the rose-tree hedge into the valley."

But Madame would not hear of her escort deserting her thus basely in sight of the goal. She insisted on being driven up to the front door of the *Maisonnette*.

When once they had alighted together, she detained Wynyard another

minute or two—minutes that had the destinies of two lives on their wings—to observe how many summer flowers were lingering in the sunny front border that caught every ray of southern sunshine. Yet even here, in spite of genial warmth and flowers, it was winter that reigned, not spring.

"What was there in the smiling landscape to betoken his sovereignty?" Wynyard asked himself, when at last Madame had set him free to take the road to the valley. Was it the silence? Ah, yes, how still everything was around him!

Wynyard stopped and listened. He had moved so far away from Madame and *La Fermière*, that their voices, eager on some domestic matter, made only one note in the distance. What a contrast it was to the full chorus of sounds he had been used to hear on this very spot a few months ago. The green frogs were all silent, lying hidden in their olive-shaded tank at the bottom of the garden. The *cicalas'* eternal song had ceased from the trees and the grass. No nightingales called to each other now from side to side of the ravine, nor answering human voices of labourers at work among the vines. A depth of quiet reigned from hill to hill as far as the eye could reach. No movement anywhere, not even the flutter of a bird.

A minute longer, and the deep stillness to which Wynyard listened was broken. A shrill whistle came, and the sound of regular footsteps pattering down the road. The *facteur*, with his bag of letters, bringing news from the outside world, had come in sight of the *Maisonnette*, and was calling the attention of the inhabitants to his approach.

Wynyard, though he was already close to the vineyard gate, turned and walked back towards the house. The pause of thought, the hush, the sacred silence was over—at least for him. Here was business, here was anxiety, personified by the old *facteur*, and he

had of his own accord gone to meet it.

Madame de Florimel and La Fermière came up and stood with Wynyard watching the old man as he unstrapped his wallet, at the bottom of the steps where Emmie used to stand expecting him.

The last letter to come out was one for Wynyard, and Madame handed it to him with a meaning smile, not lost on any of the bystanders.

"From San Remo, of course?" she said.

"Not at all," Wynyard answered, after a hasty glance at the address. "Do not you see the English stamp and postmark? It comes from Leigh, and has gone first to Longhurst, I see, and been directed on."

"Ah, I only glimpsed a lady's hand, and drew my own conclusion from the thickness of the letter. Not a safe proceeding with a man of such large correspondence with ladies as yourself."

"That large correspondence is another false conclusion. — I have only two lady correspondents in the world, and this one of the two, Miss Moore, can hardly have anything more important to write to me about than the Leigh charities, which fell into her hands during Mrs. Anstice's illness."

The talk was in English, but Madame Dallon seemed interested in it, for she drew a little nearer, and her broad smiling face suddenly took an expression of perplexity and recollection.

"Monsieur has a letter," she exclaimed, putting her finger to the end of her nose, with a puzzled air, "*Tenez, regardez un peu*, will he permit that I cast my eye on the outside? Yes, yes, that recalls to my mind something which escaped me till this very moment, but of which I doubtless ought to have spoken to Madame some weeks ago. It was during the time while we were busy drawing off the wine from our big cask, that wine which tasted so well, and which Madame

ordered us to put into bottles to be ready for Monsieur le Comte when he should send for it. Madame will remember the anxiety it cost us, and will not blame me too much for having put the letters aside on the shelf, the moment after I discovered them lying among the corks in my bureau drawer, and for having always forgotten to speak about them to Madame till now, when seeing this letter in Monsieur's hand recalled them to my mind. I speak of two thick letters directed to Monsieur Anstice, which have remained unopened in my bureau drawer among the corks since Monsieur left La Roquette last spring. No, Madame, I am not mistaken," for Wynyard and Madame de Florimel simultaneously uttered an exclamation of incredulity. "Stay, they are on the shelf at this moment, and if Monsieur and Madame will follow me into the north store-room they will see."

"Printed papers, no doubt," remarked Wynyard, "which in a lazy mood I must have buried among the corks one afternoon, though I don't remember anything of the kind. It is hardly worth while waiting for them, is it?"

He followed Madame de Florimel into the house, however, with some dawning curiosity, as to which of the moods of last spring, what particular day or incident, the disinterred letters would bring back. It was quite certain to be one to which his present feelings were sufficiently alien to make the contrast piquant.

Madame Dallon had the packet in her hand already, when he entered the room, and was blowing away the accumulated dust of many weeks from its upper surface before handing it to him.

Madame de Florimel intercepted it on its way, to satisfy her curiosity first.

"Two letters unopened, positively, you see, Wynyard, and their latest postmark the 3rd of May. So long ago, and you have never missed them.

I trust no important communication may be found within."

"Not likely," said Wynyard, stretching out his hand to reclaim his own long lost property.

"But how could Lord Anstice's letters have found their way into your bureau drawer among the corks, Madame Dallon?" persisted Madame de Florimel. "The third of May; why, that was the very morning we started on our mountain tour! They must have been delivered here an hour or two before we left. I recollect it all perfectly; Jean Baptiste brought me some letters while I was waiting in the carriage. Why were not these among them? If you remember, Wynyard, you never came up to the house at all that day."

Wynyard made no answer; he had turned over the uppermost letter with the London postmark directed in a clerkly hand, and had come upon a half-sheet of note-paper which lay between the two letters, entangled in the folds of the second envelope; he was stupidly staring at some words written on it, as if the surprise of seeing them were drawing his eyes from his head.

Madame turned impatiently to La Fermière.

"But this is perplexing," she went on; "how can I have confidence for the future in allowing my letters to be kept at the Maisonnette, if accidents of this kind can happen? If Jean Baptiste is capable of hiding letters among the corks; how do I know how many of my son's may not be lying in other drawers of the bureau at this moment? It must be inquired into!"

"Jean Baptiste—the poor child!" exclaimed Madame, hotly; "how should he be capable of such conduct? If you talk of hiding, I may as well tell Madame the truth, though the notion that the young English lady, who was so proud as hardly to allow herself to be spoken with, should have any other *motive* in

putting the letters into the drawer than that nobody wanted them, had not entered my mind, till Madame used the word hiding. Indeed, I should have made a point of bringing the packet to the château myself, had not Jean Baptiste told me, on the very day when we turned them out from among the corks, that he himself saw the young lady drop the letters into the drawer and shut it quickly, while he was looking on at her through the window. What could I suppose but that she would tell Madame and Monsieur Anstice what she had done, when she joined them in the carriage half an hour afterwards, and that they had not thought it worth while to inquire further? If I have judged wrongly, I trust Madame will forgive me. I trust, indeed, that Monsieur finds no ill tidings in the letters that have been so long in coming to him?"

The last sentence was uttered in quite a different tone of voice from the previous ones. Madame Dallon's eyes had strayed, while she was speaking, to Wynyard's face, and a sudden perception of how strangely it had changed during the last few minutes, had come over her. Madame de Florimel looked also, and there was a sudden hush in the little room.

Wynyard had drawn out the half-sheet of note-paper that lay between his letters, while Madame Dallon was speaking, and crushing it in his hand, had thrown it from him on to the ground, and then it was, when the writing on the second envelope became visible, that his countenance changed, so as to attract the attention of the other two.

"What is it, Wynyard?" Madame de Florimel said at last, alarmed by his fixed stare at the paper, and the grey pallor to which his cheeks and lips had turned. "What is it? You look as if you had seen a ghost!"

"Something like it," Wynyard answered, drawing a deep breath, and recovering himself with an effort.

"Look, Madame—but you will not know the writing as well as I do. Poor Ralph! This must have been the last letter he ever wrote, and the sending it almost the last thing he ever did. For, see, one of the post-marks is Kinsale, the place from which the boat sailed that went down with him."

"And to think of a letter of so much interest remaining for eight months shut up in Madame Dallon's drawer!" exclaimed Madame de Florimel. "One cannot understand such carelessness; one cannot imagine how such a thing could have occurred!"

"But I have been explaining to Madame precisely how it did happen. Shall I then call for Jean Baptiste, and will Madame hear herself what he has to say? There can be no question of forgetting, for it was on the morning of Madelon Clair's wedding, and Jean Baptiste followed the *facteur* to the door, and saw him give the letters into the young English lady's own hand. Like a child he peeped in at her through the open window of this room to which she had carried them; and if Madame or if Monsieur would like to cross-question him——"

But Wynyard made a violent gesture of dissent.

"No, no, let it alone; ask no more questions. For Heaven's sake, Madame, let the matter rest!" he exclaimed, almost angrily to Madame de Florimel, who began to remonstrate. "Excuse me, I must be alone to read my letters, and I am going now to the valley. If I do not come back by the time you have finished your business here, do not wait for me. You will be able to find some one else to drive you home, shall you not?"

"Yes, yes," said Madame, "go, but mind you come back to the château before dark, and looking a little less miserable if you can. After all, we have known of your poor cousin's death this eight months,

and that a letter, written by him a long time ago, should come to hand here, is startling, certainly; but it does not alter anything."

Wynyard was out of the house before Madame finished speaking, and as she did not, after his entreaty, like to question La Fermière further, and as the business which had occupied her a few minutes ago seemed of small interest compared to this affair of the letters, she remained for some time longer in the little store-room, casting searching glances up at the high shelves, down into the deep drawers, in hopes of discovering some clue to the satisfaction of her curiosity. Her eye fell at last on the crumpled half-sheet of foreign note-paper which Wynyard had thrown from him, and, feeling convinced that whomsoever it concerned, it ought not to be left for everybody's inspection, she picked it up, smoothed it out carefully, folded it, and put it inside her glove, to restore it to its owner, if indeed Wynyard were its rightful owner.

Madame had had no intention of reading the writing, but in the process of smoothing out the paper, the signature, and a few words that went before, almost forced themselves upon her notice. "I hope to hear soon that you have acted successfully on my hint; I do so want one of us to be quite happy. Your affectionate sister, Constance Forest."

The words did not at first convey any particular meaning to her mind, but she reverted to them in thought again and again, while she hastily finished her business with Madame Dallon, during her solitary drive home, and during the long hours when she waited in the chilly, dimly-lighted *château* drawing-room for Wynyard's return.

It was dark, pitch dark, before her waiting was over. Madame became uneasy, and even went again and again to the windows and undid the *jalousies* to look out on the road, made dimly visible by the reflected lights

from the houses in the village. What could there be in those letters of eight months ago to cause a person to stay out so many hours in the dark and the increasing chill of a winter's evening? Madame would not allow herself to feel positively alarmed, but the time passed slowly, and she could not by the most vigorous efforts force herself to take in the purport of the Christmas-Day sermon she set herself to reading when the lights were brought in. Sometimes it was poor Ralph Anstice's handwriting on the outside of that letter, which floated between her eyes and the printed

words; sometimes it was the sentence signed "Constance Forest," which perhaps she ought never to have read, and which now suggested a solution of the mystery of the hidden letters that would look probable, however reluctant she felt to entertain it. Should she mention the suspicion to Wynyard? How could she find words in which to convey such an insinuation against the woman who was to be his bride next week? On the other hand, how was a misgiving of such magnitude to be borne in silence? In spite of all her thinking, Madame could not come to any decision.

To be continued.

NOTE ON BURNS'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

IN my articles in recent numbers of this Magazine, I was compelled to conjecture which poems *might* have filled up the four missing pages 23—26. I find that I have overlooked a note in an unknown hand on the last page of the volume:—

"Afar the illustrious exile roams."—P. 24.

This is the first line of the ode written for the anniversary of Charles Stuart's birthday, December 31, 1787—when Burns was confined to his room in Edinburgh by a sprained foot, and relieving his loneliness by a vigorous interchange of letters with Clarinda. It was first published complete from the Glenriddell MSS. in 1874, and is now printed in Mr. Scott Douglas's edition. It consists of 59 lines. Currie had previously published 23½ lines from the middle of the ode.

The first of the four missing pages, p. 23, must therefore almost certainly have contained Clarinda's 12 lines, "Talk not of love"—of which Sylvander writes to her:—"Your last verses have so delighted me that I have copied them in among some of my own most valued pieces, which I keep sacred for my own use." They were sent to Burns on January 3, 1788, and he added 4 lines to them in a letter to her shortly after the new year. These 4 verses would nearly fill up one page. On the three remaining pages there were the 59 lines of the "Jacobite ode," and the 27 lines of the "Ode on the Memory of Mrs. Oswald," which precede the last 4 at the top of p. 27. The two odes would naturally be written more closely than the verses. In the two most closely-written pages of the Common-place Book there are 64 lines of verse.

WILLIAM JACK.

THE SCHOOL BOARD FOR LONDON.

SCHOOL Boards, and especially that of London, are now the subject of so much discussion that an apology scarcely seems needed for a few pages on them by a member. The difficulty is rather to select topics from a subject affording matter for a volume, and the present article will chiefly be occupied with the relation of School Boards to voluntary effort, and the instruction given in the schools of the London Board.

Perhaps the most serious charge made against the London School Board, as well in itself as because it is often made by those who on the whole are not unfriendly critics, is that whereas the Board was intended merely to supply the deficiency in voluntary effort, it has aimed at supplying the whole elementary education of the metropolis, so far as that burden is not borne by the parliamentary grant. Those who make this charge do not seem to remember that the establishment of School Boards radically altered the conditions under which voluntary effort exists. Before the Elementary Education Act 1870, subscriptions to elementary schools were a charity of which the recipients were the parents for whom the school fees were lightened, and the children whose parents could not have paid the necessary fees. But when that Act declared that accommodation should be provided for all children "for whose elementary education efficient and suitable provision is not otherwise made," and empowered School Boards to pay the fees for any child "whose parent is in their opinion unable from poverty to pay the same," both the children and the most indigent of the parents ceased to be recipients of the charity of subscribers. The education of the former, and the exemption of the latter from payment, were otherwise secured. The recipients became

the ratepayers, who to the extent of the subscriptions are relieved of the burden they now must otherwise bear; and it would have needed some strong additional motive to maintain the flow of money, henceforth turned in favour of a class who, however worthy, have not generally proved interesting to the charitable. So far however from supplying any additional motive for subscribing, the existing ones were seriously weakened through the effect of the Act which allowed religious instruction to be given in Board Schools, subject to no other restriction than that no catechism or formulary distinctive of any denomination should be taught. If indeed the Boards had generally decided to give only secular instruction, the religious motive for subscribing would have preserved all the importance which most people in England attach to religious instruction being given as a part of the same school system with secular. But when the London Board and almost all others determined to give such religious instruction as the Act permitted, it proved that that instruction was so generally satisfactory to the Protestant Nonconformists as most seriously to diminish among them the practice of maintaining schools of their own. It may be presumed that a similar result has been experienced, in a less degree, among those members of the Church of England who resemble the Nonconformists in not highly valuing catechisms and formularies. No statistical proof can be given of that fact, because in returns all Church schools are necessarily combined without distinction of party, but the following figures show the total effect which in the metropolis the Elementary Education Act 1870, together with the action taken under it by the London Board, has had on the religious motives for subscribing to

schools. Of the 77,101 places in efficient voluntary schools which were added in the district of the London School Board during the first eight years of its operation, 55,327 were in Church schools, 12,634 in Roman Catholic, and only 9,140 in all others: and during the same period there were transferred to the Board, in schools efficient and inefficient, 40,235 places, of which only 17,700 had belonged to the Church.

Besides the persons of the recipients and the nature of the motives, there are other respects in which the conditions for voluntary effort were affected by the establishment of the new system. The charity which founds an institution by subscriptions is put in motion with difficulty. It needs for the most part a case of distress, about which public feeling may be excited, and it is therefore peculiarly ill adapted for extending elementary education in new districts at an even pace with the growth of population. Let the builder in a suburb overtake the schoolmaster, and no doubt a cry of educational distress will be raised on which voluntary schools will even now arise, though certainly not so plentifully as to put the schoolmaster abreast of the builder. But a School Board, having a public duty to perform, cannot fold its arms in order that a case of educational distress may be produced and arouse the charitable. If it did so, all real friends of education would denounce it, though they may now join in the complaint that the London Board does not limit itself to supplying the deficiency of voluntary effort. It is bound to proceed with the thankless task of seeing that the provision of schools round the edge of London keeps such just pace with the want of them, that the cry on which charitable effort must so largely depend may never exist. And how little such effort is likely to do under those circumstances may be judged from the fact that, of the 77,101 efficient places it has added in eight years only 19,219 have been in new districts.

Again, while since the legislation of

1870 voluntary effort has been employed under less favourable conditions, the same legislation has enabled the Education Department, which has to judge of the efficiency of a school as qualifying it to share in the parliamentary grant, to require more from such effort. Mr. Alderson, one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, says in his general report for 1877: "The future of voluntary schools will very much depend on the readiness of their managers to effect improvements, to remedy defects, and in particular to strengthen their staffs, to meet the immensely increased requirements of the new code. They have not, it is true, the long purse of their competitors to draw upon, but many circumstances are in their favour. It will not be inopportune to remind them that before 1870 schools were accepted on easier terms than now, when the standard of efficiency has greatly risen. *Then* the choice might lie between accepting or turning children out untaught into the streets, and this led to a lenient interpretation of the conditions of acceptance. *Now* there is a body in the background ready to step in and supply any deficiency, and bound by law to provide a school place for every child who requires one." Some idea of the extent to which the increased demands of the Department have operated may be formed as follows. The 40,235 places transferred to the London School Board in the eight years already referred to were in 124 schools, of which 90 were treated as efficient at the beginning of 1871. If we assume, in proportion to the number of schools, that 29,203 of the places were efficient, and deduct the number thus estimated to have been transferred from the 77,101 efficient places which were added, we get a balance of 47,898 places appearing to have been added by voluntary effort. Yet between Christmas 1870 and Christmas 1878 the number of places in efficient voluntary schools within the metropolitan district increased only from 262,259 to 274,451, or by 12,192; a number less by 35,706 than the increase

calculated from the additions and transfers. Of the schools represented by this difference, a very large proportion were either abandoned or struck off the rolls of the Department, in consequence of the inability of the managers to satisfy the increased requirements of the Department; and these requirements, as Mr. Alderson points out, were due indirectly to the legislation of 1870.

In carrying into effect the legislation of 1870, the London Board has been often accused of building schools in needless proximity to voluntary ones, and of emptying the latter by charging too low fees. As to the first of these accusations, it must be remembered when the number of voluntary places in all London is quoted that many of these are redundant, in parts from which population has ebbed away. And the question as to any given district is whether it is sufficiently provided for by the voluntary schools it contains: if it is not, and therefore a Board School has to be built, a site must be chosen with reference to the cost of purchase and to the convenience of the children, who must not have to go too far from their homes, and especially not across crowded thoroughfares. It is no objection that the best site may be near a voluntary school, when the district served by both contains children enough for both. Neither can the necessity of a Board School for a given district be judged of by the mere number of vacant places in the efficient schools existing within it. These are sometimes Roman Catholic or Jewish, and therefore not available for children of another faith, and sometimes endowed schools restricted by certain qualifications. Also in many voluntary schools the fee is too high for the poorer children with whom the district may abound, and many refuse to receive dirty or backward children, or those whose fees are likely to be in arrear; and in many the managers, with a view to the efficiency of their schools, allow nine square feet per child, though the accommodation is reckoned on the eight feet basis allowed as a minimum by the Education Department.

ment. It is no subject of complaint that the managers of voluntary schools are particular in selection and liberal in accommodation, now that other means of educating the lowest classes exist, and this may be counted as a set-off against the unfavourable conditions in other respects under which voluntary effort works since the Elementary Education Act was passed. Indeed in many schools the fees have been raised since that date. But then no objection should be made to the School Board supplying the deficiency; and yet cases have occurred in which loud outcries have been raised against the erection of Board Schools by the managers of neighbouring voluntary schools which had indeed vacant places, but to which the poor children swarming around them were positively refused admittance.

So little is the London School Board animated by an excessive desire for building that, on the report of its Inspectors, it admits certain schools as efficient for the attendance of children under the compulsory bye-laws, and therefore reckons them in estimating the requirements of the districts where they are situate, which are not admitted by the Department as efficient for the purpose of receiving the parliamentary grant. The Department, on the other hand, without the sanction of which the Board cannot build, has refused to allow for probable increase of population, the result of which refusal has been continual additions to the school buildings, amounting often to a doubling of the accommodation; and in many instances the sanction of the Department to the enlargement has had to be given almost immediately after the school was opened, while many schools have been enlarged twice. In the Chelsea division every Board School except three has been enlarged, and most have been so within a year of their opening. The last school opened in that division filled so fast that in less than a week the teachers were asking Her Majesty's Inspector when he would allow the enlargement. Now enlargement is an expensive process. It implies partial

removal of existing buildings, not to mention the disfigurement of what remains of them, rebuilding of party walls, destruction of asphalted playgrounds, and so forth; and it may well be questioned whether the chariness of the Department in the scale of the original buildings it sanctions has, on the whole, saved anything to the ratepayers. Much expense, too, might have been spared the ratepayers at a later stage, if the Department had allowed the Board, as in many cases it desired to do, to purchase land in a new district destined for the erection of artisans' dwellings while it was still cheap, instead of waiting till it was built over. In spite of all these good intentions and checks, a good voluntary school in Westminster has been injured by the proximity of a Board School, which after all was wanted in the district, but was wrongly placed. Now this instance has been made so much of, for want of others, that whenever a new campaign is opened about the unfair conduct of the Board to voluntary schools, one looks for the Westminster case to reappear, and is never disappointed.

In the matter of fees, too, there has been none of that attempt to undersell the voluntary schools which has often been asserted. Those who make the assertion must surely be unaware that every fee proposed by the Board has already been suggested both by local managers knowing the needs of the district, and by the members for the division, and has to be sanctioned by the Department. But the London Board itself has been anxious to make the most it could by fees. Many of its children, who now pay a penny a week or more, had been in ragged schools where they not only paid nothing, but were bribed to attend by the promise of food. They improve so much under the effect of order, discipline, and regular work, that their former patrons hardly know them again; and the founder of a ragged school which had been drafted bodily into a Board School lately said to the present writer, "These are my children, but, like the demoniac

in Scripture, they are now clothed and in their right mind." The Board has succeeded in raising the annual amount received in fees in its schools from an average of 6s. 10d. per head in 1873-4 to one of 8s. 2d. at the present time, but that the process is one requiring the utmost caution is shown by the fact that in some cases raising the fees of a school already at work has had the effect of half emptying it. It should also be borne in mind that the compulsory attendance of children at school from 5 to 13 years of age bears with peculiar hardness upon the parents. So great is the demand for juvenile labour that almost any child of 10 years old and upwards can earn a few shillings a week. Those members who attend to the working of compulsion in their own districts know how frequently comes the application for total or partial exemption of a child from school attendance on the score that "he has found a little place," and how difficult it is, in the face of such a plea, to consider the child's future prospects in life rather than the immediate relief of the parents. On the whole it is astonishing how patient the people are under the operation of a law which, for the present at least, bears upon them with great severity, having affected them pecuniarily in three ways at once—the loss of their children's labour, the school fees they are obliged to pay, and their share of the school rate, which must increase the rent even of the lodgers and other occupants who do not pay it directly. Surely this is an ample justification of the well-to-do artisans and small shopkeepers who avail themselves of the Board Schools. They indeed run some risk of their children suffering from contact with the street Arabs, but it is a set-off to the public that the latter are greatly improved by the good example of the former, and the improvement is seen to be so rapidly produced that the danger to the more respectable children is soon sensibly diminished.

It is certainly true that from the necessity here explained, and not from

any desire to undersell, the fees in the London Board Schools average lower than in voluntary schools. On the opening of a new Board School there is often at first some transfer of scholars to it which, though to be regretted, it is not in the power of rules to prevent, and which is partly founded on the desire of the children themselves for novelty. Indeed one of the new experiences of those who for the first time have to do with school life in London is the extent to which the children can determine to what school they will go, simply by giving their parents less trouble to insure their regular attendance at one than at another, not to mention that some parents do not even care to know where their children go. But that there is no permanent rush into the cheaper schools on the part of those who can afford dearer ones is proved by the fact, already mentioned, that many voluntary schools have been able to raise their fees and pick and choose their scholars, in consequence of the School Board having relieved them of their poorer children. It is necessary to dwell on this, on account of the great misapprehension which generally prevails about it. The inferior class, from which the schools of the London Board are largely recruited, is marked by the greater percentage whom it offers for examination in the lower standards. According to a return made last February to the House of Commons, 83·14 per cent of the London Board scholars who were examined in Standards I to VI were examined in the first three of those standards, while for all the London schools together the percentage was 78·73, whence, on the assumption that the examinees in the Board and the voluntary schools were in proportion to the numbers on their respective rolls, it will appear that the percentage in the voluntary schools alone must have been below 75. The satisfactory manner in which the Board has grappled with the difficulty thus presented to it is described by Mr. Alderson, in his general report for 1877 already quoted.

"Of the school work in Board Schools a marked feature, due of course to their superior teaching power, is superior *nicety*. A First Standard prepared by a certificated teacher is very different from a First Standard prepared by a raw monitor; but then an equally marked feature in Board School instruction in its present stage is its limited range. It will be a surprise to many who have credited the London School Board with an over ambitious programme to learn that *elementary school work nicely executed* is at present the characteristic note of their operations in Marylebone. I am speaking of the Board Schools as a whole, for it happens that in one instance, the Medburn Street Board School, the instruction is more advanced than in any other school in the district." It must be mentioned that the Medburn Street school is a sixpenny one.

The subject of teaching, into which the last quotation leads us, suggests a strange but true fact. Notwithstanding the large amount of public money annually spent on elementary education from taxes and rates, and the large amount of subscriptions charitably contributed for the same end, the necessary information about the routine of the schools is not easy to be obtained by those who have no personal acquaintance with the system. Generalities are alone thought suitable for platforms. The fullest details are to be found in Blue-books, which often contain good reading if one had the leisure to pick it out of them, and in Codes, which are so written that they may be studied but cannot be read. Between these opposite poles, it would seem that there is a lack of printed sources at once accurate and full enough for those who desire to take a part in criticizing public education, without possessing either the time or the taste to take a part in working it. School Boards are required by the Act of 1870 to conduct their schools in accordance with the conditions required for obtaining a parliamentary grant, and the same Act further empowers the Education Department to declare the

Boards in default if their schools are not efficient. Thus all the complications which during forty years have grown up about the grant, and the varied teaching which during the same time has come to be comprised in the Department's idea of efficiency, have been adopted by Parliament as the measure of the ratepayers' obligations with regard to elementary education; and yet it is continually said, in complacent good faith, that the Boards, if they please, can limit themselves to teaching reading, writing, and arithmetic, with needlework for girls. It may not, then, be useless to explain the leading features of the system to which Parliament refers when it speaks of elementary education.

There are six Standards, which are supposed normally to correspond to the six years of a child's school life, between the ages of 7 and 13. Compulsion begins at 5, but the first two years should be spent in the infant school. Reading, writing, and arithmetic enter into all the standards with gradually increasing difficulty; and into all except the first there enter besides what are called class subjects—grammar, elementary geography, history, and plain needlework. Each child can be examined in only two of them, and the teachers settle each year, with the sanction of Her Majesty's Inspector, which of these subjects shall be taken up by each class during the ensuing twelve months. Only half the grant for class subjects is paid unless 15 per cent of the children presented for examination are in Standard IV and upwards. Then there are the specific subjects, English literature, Latin, French, German, mathematics, mechanics, physical geography, animal physiology, botany, and domestic economy. These are only for the children above the Third Standard: each child can be examined in only two, and no grant is paid for them unless three fourths of the entire number of children presented for examination pass in the standards. Thus the primary aim is to secure the passing of the children

through the standards with reasonable rapidity and proficiency: this being accomplished, the choice of specific subjects, though under the control of Her Majesty's Inspector, necessarily depends more than that of the class subjects on the particular acquirements and tastes of the teacher. The list sounds formidable, but chiefly so because fine names have been given to simple things, not without the effect of seriously misleading the public. Thus it would be supposed that English literature, as a subject, implied at least a tolerable acquaintance with some of the best authors; but in fact, in its highest stage, it only stands for learning some poetry by heart, with a knowledge of the meaning and allusions, and writing a letter or statement on a subject suggested by the Inspector. Again, animal physiology, to the extent attained by most who are taught it, means little more than naming the principal limbs and organs; and so forth. The specific subjects most commonly taken up in the London Board Schools are English literature, animal physiology, physical geography, and in the girls' schools domestic economy. Since 83·14 per cent of the London Board School children are in the first three standards, only 16·86 per cent are admissible to examination in the specific subjects, and the number who passed in them during the year ending in March last was less than 10 per cent. Singing is taught in all the schools; a reduction would be made in the grant were it omitted; and freehand, and in some cases model and geometrical drawing, are taught for their practical usefulness to artisans in after life, and earn grants from the Science and Art Department.

Such, besides the religious teaching, is the routine of the schools, and such it must be, from causes beyond the control of the Board. The Board's endeavour is to secure that it shall be gone through in the most efficient manner, and that it succeeds in this is testified by Mr. Alderson's mention of elementary school work nicely executed as the characteristic note of its

operations, and by the increase of the parliamentary grant earned in the Board Schools from 5*s.* 4*d.* per child in 1873-4 to 14*s.* 11*d.* in 1878-9, in spite of the large proportion of very raw child material which they have to work up, and the gradually-increasing severity of the Education Department's tests.

The most powerful leverage which the London School Board has for this part of its work consists in the services of its own Inspectors, who are chosen for their experience in education as well as for their general cultivation, and who examine the schools every year, usually six months before the Government Inspector and much more thoroughly, besides paying frequent visits—to find out the weak points in the teaching and suggest alterations, to see that the methods used are the best, that the staff is efficient, and that the buildings and all appliances are in good order. These Inspectors, whose reports it would well repay the public to look into, have been objected to as a useless expense, but the managers of a voluntary school would not be content that no one should enter it to advise and stimulate between the annual Government examinations, nor would they anticipate a large grant at the end of a year in which their school had been so abandoned to itself. This may be said without underrating the skill and devotion of the teachers, whose work is subjected, in the individual examination of every child by an outside authority, and in the results which depend on that examination, to a severer test than any schoolmaster of higher grade, from Eton downwards, has to undergo, and who carry on their work under greater difficulties from the class of children entrusted to them. The managers whom the Board appoints to its schools are often very useful, and it would be a wise policy to rely more on them than is now done; but they can never be really the same as the managers of voluntary schools. They can neither have the pecuniary responsibility nor the ultimate authority. The school must always be not theirs but the Board's, and it must get from the Board,

if at all, the superior control and supervision which a good voluntary school gets from one or two leading and active managers. The Board of a small town, conducting one or two schools, might supply this through its own members; but a Board acting for all London can only supply it through Inspectors, even after making every allowance for what individual members with time at their disposal can and ought to do in their own neighbourhoods, but which many are prevented by extraneous occupations or otherwise from doing. Also all requisitions for books, writing materials, and other school appliances, have to be passed by the Inspectors, who, by revising them with the aid of their exact knowledge of the true requirements of each school, save annually a large amount.

As examples of its pursuit of thorough efficiency, the London Board relieves the dull monotony of "the three *r*'s" by object-lessons, which are found to develop the observation and intelligence of the children. It desires to make the teaching of geography more graphic, by leading the children from the knowledge of their own immediate locality to that of London, and then of England generally. For this purpose a competition has been instituted among the elder scholars and the pupil-teachers in drawing maps of the district within a half mile radius of the school, small prizes being given for the more successful ones, and the best of each school being hung on the walls as a stimulus to others. The best methods of teaching reading and arithmetic are inquired into, and experiments of various systems tried in different schools and reported on. The Kindergarten method of teaching infants is encouraged as much as possible, and every effort made to introduce its spirit where its more complete introduction is not feasible. And a taste for reading is being encouraged among the scholars by starting a small lending library in each school, which for the sake of variety circulates from school to school in a given group. Much trouble was taken in the selection

of books, and a vast number were reported upon by the members of the Selecting Committee and their friends. It was sought to avoid little story-books, and by a choice of books of standard fiction, of travel, of adventure, of poetry, and the lives of great men, to give the children a knowledge of something that would elevate and be useful to them in after life. There is a wide field for the benevolent in helping to increase the size of these libraries, which so far as they depend on the Board must necessarily be very limited. The general improvement of intelligence produced by all these means reacts most powerfully on the teaching of reading, writing, and arithmetic. The Board's percentage of passes in the average of those simple subjects is 85·20, as compared with the following figures for all England: 81·61 in Board Schools generally; 81·45 in Roman Catholic Schools; 80·31 in British Schools; 79·91 in Wesleyan Schools; and 78·25 in National and Church Schools.

Nor is the physical development of the children forgotten while their mental growth is provided for. The round backs, narrow chests, and stooping shoulders so common in the schools, show the need of some counteracting influence. Besides, when children sit at their desks for any length of time without exercise, physical restlessness is produced which makes the lessons useless. For the boys the Board has appointed a drill-sergeant, who trains the masters in ordinary drill and extension exercises, and visits the schools to see that his instruction is properly applied. The efficient discipline, prompt obedience and smartness of bearing, secured in the schools where drill is introduced, are a sufficient answer to those who wish to see it done away with. Another system has lately been applied to the girls. The Board secured a few months ago the services of a Swedish lady, holding the first diplomas to be obtained in her country, where physical education is carried to the highest point. This lady has held classes for mistresses, in which the theory of physical develop-

ment has been explained and a thorough system of exercises taught. So popular and effectual for their purpose are the exercises found to be in the schools where they have been introduced, that the Board has resolved to carry on the experiment for another year. For both boys and girls, the members of the Board promote the learning of swimming, by contributing in their private capacity towards the maintenance of a schools' swimming club, in which a large number of children from Board and voluntary schools are annually taught.

As another result of all these measures, it is hoped that attendance will become attractive enough to lighten the task of compulsion and promote education by its regularity. This already begins to be realized. In a passage lately quoted by Sir Charles Reed, but which will bear being called again to notice, Mr. Fitch, one of Her Majesty's Inspectors, in his report of the Lambeth division, recalls Mr. Ruskin's pity for "the hapless School Board child as a being shut out from dreamland and poetry, and prematurely hardened and vulgarized by the pressure of codes and formulas. He says of him rather mournfully, 'he spends his years as a tale that is *not* told.' But if he could see the comely schoolrooms in which the children are gathered, their pleasant colour and bright pictures, the cheerful and varied exercises, the delight of the little ones in marching and singing in unison, and, above all, the appeals to the imagination by means of the fairy story in the reading book, and by the more skilful teachers in their descriptive lessons, he would change his opinion."

Besides the children in the ordinary schools, there are the truants, and the neglected children who more or less approach the borderland of vice and crime, with whom the Education Acts of 1870 and 1876 give School Boards the power to deal, and for whom special schools have to be provided; but to give an account of the Board's work in this department would require an essay in itself, and cannot be undertaken at

the end of an article. To complete, however, the subject of the children gathered into day schools, some account must be given of the blind and deaf and dumb, for whom as well as for their more favoured companions the Board has to provide. Scattered over London there are many of these poor children whom charitable institutions do not reach, and if their lot is to be lightened, and they are to be fitted to earn their own living, and thus cease to be a burden to the community, at least as much should be done for them as for those possessing all their faculties. The Board's endeavour is to separate these as little as may be from the other scholars, and in the case of the blind, part of their time is passed in the regular classes, benefiting by such lessons as they can. But they require special methods of teaching reading, writing, arithmetic, geography and needle-work, which will enable them to pass, as many of them do, at the Government examination in Standards; and for these subjects they are gathered periodically into classes under the care of specially-trained teachers, who travel from school to school. A lady superintendent, lately a teacher in the Royal Normal College for the Blind at Norwood, has these classes under her care, and is assisted by blind teachers, who it is found are best fitted for the purpose by their knowledge of the difficulties their pupils have to encounter, their delicate perception by touch, and their patience. The deaf and dumb children cannot benefit by any of the regular school teaching, and have to be trained entirely in classes of their own attached to the Board Schools. Most of these are taught on the old system of manual signs, or on a combination of that with watching and imitating the motions of the organs of speech; but lately the Board has started in Southwark a class in which the latter is the only method employed. This system, called the

German one, has been found very successful on the continent of Europe and in the United States. It does not aim at merely supplementing the want of speech, but removes it; and if the Board's experiment succeeds the children thus trained will be able to take their part freely in the business of life.

In conclusion, I will not dwell on the diminution of juvenile crime in London, testified as it is by the police, because that good result is rather due to the work of the Board in connection with Industrial Schools, on which there has not been space to touch. But it will be appropriate to mention the good effects which are already felt from the ordinary education of which an account has been given. That the number of children on the rolls of efficient schools in the metropolis has been doubled in eight years, and the average attendance more than doubled, are statistical facts of which the full import may not at once be realized; but it is an import extending beyond the children themselves, to their homes. From many an alley which the School Board officer at first could scarcely enter with safety, and from which if a parent visited the school it was to be abusive, not only are the children now regular in attendance, but the parents, when they have occasion to call on the teacher, show a new self-respect in their appearance and civility. In many cases this is due to the direct influence which the teachers have nobly and successfully striven to attain, but everywhere the silent influence of the child's example tells, and those who know the poorest parts of London best are most sensible of the change. Their concurrent verdict warrants the belief that the Elementary Education Act of 1870 has put in motion an agency which in a few more years will have transformed the population of the metropolis both mentally and morally.

Alice Westlake.

THE GRAIN-PRODUCING POWER OF THE UNITED STATES.

To the EDITOR of "MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE."

DEAR SIR, — To determine what the surplus production of grain and provisions is to be in America during the next few years, would involve an impossible knowledge of events, by which such production will be largely affected. The possibilities may, however, be stated much more definitely now than at any previous time.

There are, lying in the territories west of the older and large producing States, vast tracts of fertile land that have little or no value for growing grain until railway or some other means of transportation is supplied. The disastrous results that followed the building of railways into sparsely settled country prior to 1874 were thought to have put a stop to such enterprises for many years to come, but this has proved to be an error, for at no time were there so many miles of such road in process of construction as at present. Instead of being independent lines as before, those now being built are, for the most part, continuations of old and established lines, each anxious to reach out and gain control of the unoccupied fertile prairies. The ease with which new lines can be constructed, their low cost, and the abundance of cheap capital, all favour such enterprises; and unless some important disturbing element occurs we may anticipate the addition of line after line, until every considerable portion of fertile territory is penetrated.

After the lines are completed revenue will become necessary, and the management will be compelled to offer such inducement as will insure a rapid settlement and large production. Under these conditions a more rapid development of the interior territories than was formerly deemed possible, seems now to be well assured. But before you can form an intelligent opinion as to what the increased production is

likely to be, it is necessary to review the more important circumstances affecting the production of the whole country.

Such a review must necessarily be general only, as any attempt at detail would involve an almost interminable array of figures, which, in the end, would have but little practical value.

The production of grain and provisions in the older States, though very large, is unimportant in this connection, as there will probably be no considerable increase. It is, therefore, necessary to refer only to the newer States, which have furnished the surplus for a number of years, and still contain large quantities of unimproved fertile land, to the newer territory previously referred to, and to the Pacific Coast States.

First, the ten Western, or more properly Central States of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, and the eastern or fertile portions of Kansas and Nebraska. All are situated between 80 and 100 degrees west longitude, and north of 37 degrees north latitude, and contain about 380,000,000 acres of land, similar in character of soil, and for the most part in climate, and productions.

Secondly, the State of Texas and the interior territories; and

Thirdly, the Pacific Coast States of California and Oregon, and the Territory of Washington.

Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, the greater part of Wisconsin, and a part of Minnesota, are timbered; the others are prairie States. Prairies are best described as vast natural meadows, interspersed with groves of trees and occasional forests of considerable extent.

Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, and the greater part of Iowa are within the "corn belt" (maize), where there is the greatest variety of production, and where there

has been the largest and most rapid accumulation of wealth.

Corn is grown to a considerable extent in Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, but their chief reliance is on wheat and other small grain, and root crops.

The States of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Missouri, contain 220,000,000 acres of land. After making the liberal deduction of 70,000,000 for lands which for various reasons would not be cultivated profitably at this time, there would remain 150,000,000 acres, of which 90,000,000 are in cultivation, leaving 60,000,000 which may now be cultivated with a profit.

Minnesota, Nebraska, and Kansas contain 160,000,000, including probably 40,000,000 acres of the plains of Western Nebraska and Kansas, upon which the summer rainfall is not sufficient for growing grain; the chief value of this land is for grazing only. Of the remaining 120,000,000 acres, probably 90,000,000 are adapted to profitable cultivation at present. Something over 12,000,000 acres of these lands are now cultivated, leaving 78,000,000 acres of uncultivated land of good quality ready for immediate use.

There are, in the territories of Dakota, Montana, and Wyoming (chiefly in Dakota), large tracts of fertile prairie, very productive in wheat and other small grain; but the lack of transportation facilities, the long and rather severe winter, and inability to procure the extra help needed for harvesting the crops, together with an abundant supply of cheap fertile land nearer to the markets, have formerly prevented any large settlements from being made. Now, however, railways are being constructed, and the recent perfection of the self-binding reaper, with which three men can harvest the same amount of grain which seven men could with the reapers formerly in use, obviates this very serious drawback, and considerable settlements are now being effected.

The area of really fertile land in these three territories is at present

difficult to determine, nor will it be settled as fast as the country south and east; fast enough, however, to add materially to the wheat production within a few years.

The State of Texas contains 180,000,000 acres, the largest part of which is now used for grazing. Much of it will ultimately be used for growing cotton and other southern productions; it is safe, however, to estimate that Texas will furnish 60,000,000 acres of good grain, besides the cotton and grazing land.

The Indian territory adjoining the north line of Texas, contains about 50,000,000 acres, most of which is good, and much of it very superior land. This territory is now the home of peaceable Indians; but it is only a question of time when they will have to give place largely to the whites. Probably 30,000,000 acres would be a very moderate estimate of the grain land it contains, leaving 20,000,000 acres for grazing.

If these estimates are correct, and I think they are under rather than over the mark, the northern territories and State of Texas will furnish for grain growing fully 150,000,000 acres.

Crossing to the Pacific coast, we find in California a large aggregate of very fertile wheat land, but it is not in great bodies as it is on this side of the mountains, and the number of acres yet available is for several reasons difficult to determine. The fertility of the California soil, and the yield of grain, fruit, and root crops, is as marvellous as the size of its forest trees.

In Oregon, production has, until within the past two or three years, been confined chiefly to the Willamette valley; now, however, an extensive tract of prairie country in Eastern Oregon and Washington, known as the Walla-Walla region, and, until recently, used only for grazing, is found to produce very large crops of excellent wheat, and is being rapidly settled.

That the supply of wheat from the Pacific coast will steadily, if not rapidly, increase, hardly admits of reasonable doubt.

Returning east of the Rocky Mountains, we find in the first-named ten States, 102,000,000 acres in cultivation, and 138,000,000 yet to be added.

In Texas and the Indian territory, are 90,000,000 acres of grain land, of which probably less than 5,000,000 are now cultivated; and in Dakota, Wyoming, and Montana, probably at least 60,000,000 fertile acres, of which not enough is now in use to be worth counting, giving a total of 283,000,000 acres of fertile land to be added to the 107,000,000 acres now in cultivation in the great grain and provision producing centre, not including California and Oregon, and no account being made of the fertile valleys of New Mexico, Colorado, Idaho, Utah, Wyoming, and Montana, which in the aggregate comprise a very large area.

No account has been made of that portion of Canada known as the Manitoba or Red River Country, which is said to contain large tracts of excellent wheat land, because it is all located north of 40° north latitude, still north of the north lines of Minnesota and Dakota, where the winters are very long and extremely cold, the thermometer hardly ever failing to mark in the neighbourhood of 40° below zero, Fahrenheit, for many days of each winter; and although it is a good wheat and oat country, there is practically no other crop produced for export. Hence the farmer has profitable employment but little more than half of the year; the long and severe winters render stock-growing for market impracticable, and as there is apparently nothing to create more than one considerable industry, railways will have business but a few months of each season, and this will render high freight charges a necessity. Altogether the disadvantages are so many, that while the settlements may be considerable, it is not probable that the increased production will be of great importance in the commerce of the world, so long as, at least, quite as good land is to be had at a nominal cost in a more southerly latitude.

In this connection it may be well to refer to a fact which is very important in considering the question of increased production of grain and provisions in America, and which has apparently not received general attention.

Within three degrees north and south of forty degrees north latitude, a little more than three hundred out of from twelve to fifteen hundred miles (the width of the United States from north to south) there is a belt of country extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in which is found all the largest and most prosperous cities, the greatest production, population, and prosperity. The climate and soil are adapted to a bountiful and varied production, and the climate apparently induces mental and physical vigour.

In 1870 this locality—which from the Alleghany Mountains to about longitude 100° west, embraces the “corn belt”—contained over 65 per cent of the population, and 80 per cent of the wealth of the entire country.

The fertile grain lands of Texas and the territories, although good, and in many localities excellent, cannot as a whole be ranked as equal to that of the first ten States, where the average soil is not only more fertile, but the productions are more varied, and less liable to be affected by insects, or extreme atmospheric conditions.

For a considerable time, at least, this 390,000,000 acres will undoubtedly furnish much the largest part of the grain and provision surplus, except probably beef cattle.

The grazing country which is attracting so much attention extends north from the Texas coast on the Gulf of Mexico, almost to the Canada line, and westward from near the ninety-eighth parallel to the Pacific Ocean, and includes many millions of acres in Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, Dakota, Montana, Colorado, New Mexico, Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, and California. In Texas, Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, and Dakota it is chiefly prairie, and in the remaining States and territories, valleys, foot hills, and high mountain plateaus.

It would be impossible to estimate correctly the acreage of grazing country, nor is it necessary in this connection, for there is so much of it that the number of cattle and sheep now being grazed is very small compared with what it may be. The grasses and sedge have the quality of curing as they stand, which (as there are no summer rains) furnishes an adequate supply of winter food.

It is often stated that the western farms are becoming exhausted by constant cropping without using manures; such impressions evidently arise from the application of a general principle, and are not sustained by the facts. The surface soil of these prairies is composed largely of vegetable loam, strongly impregnated with lime; it readily absorbs ammonia and other fertilizing properties from the atmosphere, and is so deep that fresh fertile soil may be thrown to the surface from any depth to which it is possible to plough. There are no stones in the ground, hence deep ploughing is comparatively easy, and costs the farmer very little. By a profitable rotation of crops, an occasional deep ploughing, and cropping with clover at most once in eight or ten years, the original fertility is not only maintained but increased. The crops of these States for 1877, 1878, and 1879, are the largest of any three consecutive years ever known, not only on the newly, but on the oldest, cultivated land. Mr. J. C. McMullin, General Manager of the Chicago and Alton Railway—the different lines which extend diagonally across Illinois from Chicago to St. Louis, and from Central Illinois westward across the centre of the State of Missouri to Kansas City on its western boundary, passing through many of the oldest counties in the States—informed me recently, that never in his knowledge (twenty-two years) had the crops on the line of his road been so large as in 1879.

When the land becomes so valuable that it is profitable to use fertilisers, the yield will be greater; but before that time the average production will

be largely increased through other agencies.

Farming is not as well done in the United States as in Europe, so far as relates to the amount of labour expended and care bestowed in making all the ground produce to its utmost capacity, and saving and turning to account every available product; but it has been my experience that Scotch, English, and German farmers coming to the United States, soon learn that the better class of native farmers understand the country best, and form good criterions for them to follow. In Europe, the value of land is so great that profit is found in increasing production as much as possible by the use of labour and fertilisers; while in this portion of the United States, land is so cheap and fertile that the greatest profit is found in making the land produce at the lowest cost that will insure fairly good cultivation.

Prior to 1850 the people relied upon the rivers and lakes for means of transportation, and much the largest part of the land had for the time being no practical value, being so remote from any means for reaching the large markets, that the cost of transportation left the farmer no profit on anything he might have for sale. The construction of railways was begun about 1850, and from 1855 to the present time has continued with but little interruption, new country being settled and put into cultivation as the new lines were constructed. Except some parts of Minnesota, Kansas, and Nebraska, the ten States enumerated at the outset have been crossed and re-crossed with railways, until now there are but few farms that are not within easy distance of a station. With railways came inventions of agricultural implements and labour-saving machinery, and the greater production which followed may be said to have then begun.

An important element to be considered in estimating future production, is the financial condition of the State and local governments of the localities from which the increase is anticipated.

It is important to know whether the people, the producers, are now or are likely to be loaded with taxation which will paralyse their efforts, and retard necessary public improvements, or whether their condition is such as will favour making the necessary expenditures for a liberal development of their resources.

These farmers have, as a class, accumulated wealth very rapidly, perhaps more so than any large agricultural community ever did before, and, as a natural consequence, much extravagance and local abuse of credit has followed; but at the same time the financial affairs of the States and corporate subdivisions have in the main been reasonably well cared for, and are now as a whole in good condition, while there is but little heavy taxation except in cities. Experience has shown that American farmers are, as a rule, good legislators; they are the owners in fee-simple of the farms they cultivate, are absolutely part and parcel of the country and government, and have every incentive to care for the public good. The governing bodies of States, counties, and cities, often fall far short of what one should expect; but there appear to be in each locality able representative men, who are the leaders and the formers of public opinion, and who, after all, are the real directors of affairs, even if not obviously so. Many counties, cities, and towns at one time became involved through attempts to aid in constructing railways. In some the debts have been fully paid, in others only partially so, while in others (a small proportion only) no part of the principal sum has yet been liquidated. For a number of years, however, public sentiment has been adverse to creating these obligations, and anything like a general custom of granting such aid may be regarded as a thing of the past.

Illinois is situated near the centre of the country described, and a few figures showing its ratio of increase in population, wealth, productions, &c., will illustrate enough in the past to indicate what may reasonably be anticipated for the future from similar localities:—

POPULATION AS PER UNITED STATES CENSUS.

1830	157,445
1840	476,183
1850	851,470
1860	1,711,951
1870	2,539,891
1878 (estimated)	3,000,000

TOTAL TRUE VALUE OF ALL REAL AND PERSONAL PROPERTY.

1850	\$156,265,006
1860	871,860,282
1870	2,121,680,579
1878	2,798,211,368

(The assessment of value for taxation averages one-fourth to one-third the true value of what is assessed, but owing to the looseness of the system immense quantities of valuable personal property are never assessed at all.)

In 1850 the State debt was about \$16,000,000, all of which has been paid except \$502,742, the bonds for which mature in two years, when the State will be out of debt.

The annual production of grain for two or three years past was about 325,000,000 bushels (this year it will probably approximate 360,000,000); and the principal sales of live stock by farmers in 1878 was 429,984 fat cattle, 2,455,573 fat swine, and 241,422 fat sheep; as well as of dairy products, 19,000,000 pounds of butter, and 5,000,000 pounds of cheese.

The aggregate total value of farm products for the year was estimated at something over \$200,000,000.

The average total cost of cultivating all crops, including seed, all taxes, fair compensation for labour, use of teams and machinery, is as near as can be estimated \$7.00 per acre.

In 1870, the State of Illinois led off in an effort to stop the creation of large public indebtedness by embodying in its organic laws a positive limitation to the power of creating debt obligations. The results of this wise provision have been most excellent, and other States have, by statutory enactments, shown a similar disposition. The entire State, county, city, and township, and school debt of Illinois (which includes that of Chicago) is now less than \$50,000,000, or less than one half as much as the debt of New York City.

But as it may be claimed that Illinois does not form a fair criterion by which to judge the remaining nine States, I will make a brief reference to their financial condition also, for the purpose of comparing it with that of the wealthier Eastern States, and in doing so I will reproduce some statistics from the very able address delivered by Robert P. Porter, Esq., before the American Social Science Association, at Saratoga, on the 12th of last September.

There appears to be a very general impression in Great Britain, that the Western States are badly in debt, that their public debt is not only large but increasing, and that their desire for the remonetization of silver arose from an inclination to pay their debts in cheap money. The statistics I am about to quote will serve to show also how incorrect such an impression really is.

Mr. Porter's estimate embraces the nine Eastern States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, with a total population of 14,303,000, which he compares with the nine most recently settled Western States, omitting the older State of Ohio from the list. The nine Western States have a population of 14,655,000. His figures show a summary as follows :

Eastern States, population	14,300,000
State debt.....	\$88,068,268
Local debt	540,155,048

\$628,223,316

Western States, population	14,600,000
State debt.....	\$26,793,873
Local debt	146,032,037

\$172,825,910

In referring to personal indebtedness he gives figures from the Reports of Dun, Barlow & Co., which show the liabilities of mercantile failures for the years 1873 and 1878 inclusive, to be in the Eastern States \$722,750,472, and in the Western States, which have a greater population, \$213,298,479.

The fact that the true value of property in the Eastern States is greater than in the Western, must not

be overlooked. The real value of property in the former is estimated at \$15,000,000,000, in the latter at not less than \$10,000,000,000, an excess of \$5,000,000,000. The facts may be stated thus :

The East has about 33½ per cent more property than the West. But it also has 350 per cent more public debt.

A good illustration of the financial situation as shown by comparative taxation, is given in the following table, made for fourteen years in Massachusetts and New York, and fifteen in Illinois (the closest available data). I regard this as a valuable illustration ; since the true wealth of States, like individuals, is the difference between the value of their property and what they owe ; and the ratio in which taxation keeps pace with the States' advancement, is a correct index to the real material condition :—

RATIO OF INCREASE OF POPULATION AND TAXATION.

Increase of Population.	Increase of Aggregate Taxation.
New York, 28 per cent	260 per cent.
Massachusetts, 34 per cent ...	277 „
Illinois, 77 per cent	29 „

The relative amount of tax levied per dollar's value of property in the different States is not a good criterion for comparisons, since while in some States property is assessed at pretty nearly its value, in others it is assessed at less than a fourth of its value.

The means for supporting General Government is derived from tariff duties on imports—which although finally paid by the whole people, are collected chiefly at the principal seaports—from a tax levied on the manufacture of spirits, beer, and tobacco, and a small tax levied upon National Banks, and upon a few minor articles.

The two States of Illinois and Ohio have paid an internal revenue tax since the panic of 1873, aggregating about \$175,000,000, while in the meantime the nine Eastern States have paid only about \$125,000,000.

The disparity between the financial condition of the Eastern and Western States becomes more apparent when it is considered that the nine Eastern

States were members of the original Confederation in 1776, and that fifty years later the nine Western States were for the most part Indian hunting grounds, and that though they now have a population of 14,600,000, it was but little over one million, forty years ago.

While the comparative condition of the two sections referred to is quite different from the generally accepted opinions, the chief causes are not difficult of explanation. A large proportion of the Eastern population follow manufacturing or some commercial pursuit, and are liable to the ordinary losses from bad debts, and to extraordinary expenses and losses in times of great depression, also losses from fires and marine disasters, and from the shrinkage in value of unsuccessful and unemployed machinery and manufacturing establishments. Whereas the chief business of the West is agriculture, the production of life's necessities, always in demand for ready money. The land possesses extraordinary fertility, and is adapted to a great variety of production, and to the use of all labour-saving farm machinery. The farmer has but small losses from fire or other disasters, and in hard times is at least self-supporting, pays no rent and but light taxation, while any shrinkage in the value of his land is at most only temporary. In a few words, for the last twenty-five years the average gains of Western farmers have been large and their losses small.

The opinion that the prices of grain, and of live, fresh, and cured meats for the last few years have not been sufficient to give the western farmer a profit upon his outlay and labour, and that unless prices advance the supply must decrease is, I think, not in accordance with facts; indeed it would not be difficult to show, by statements of actual cost, that the profits on agriculture during the recent period of low prices have been good. But such statements would be weak in comparison with obvious facts, to which a brief allusion will be sufficient.

Although it is impossible to procure reliable data, I am sure it will be generally conceded that from January 1874

to January 1878, the wage-class of this country, as a whole, received no more than was necessary for their support; that the aggregate losses and expenses of all kinds of manufacturing, merchandising, and other business pursuits were fully as great as the profits, and that the income from all city real estate was not equal to the depreciation in the market value, tax, insurance, and other expenses.

There has been some profit from our gold and silver mines, but the entire annual product has a value less than half as great as the annual agricultural products of Illinois alone, and well-informed persons estimate that the annual net gain in Illinois from agriculture, is within 20 per cent of the amount of the entire gross production of gold and silver in the United States. But since the panic of 1873 farming has gone on as usual, production has steadily increased, and economy, retrenchment, and reduction of *cost of producing* has been the rule.

Soon after January 1878 business began to show signs of improvement throughout the country, and during that year we imported to the amount of \$437,051,532, and exported to the amount of \$694,865,766, of which \$14,156,478 was foreign merchandise, \$46,574,974 was mineral oil, \$72,124,294 was manufactured articles and lumber, and \$562,000,000 was *agricultural products*.

By January 1879 there was a universal feeling that the worst had passed, and that *another large crop* would cause the farmers, who for several years had been practising great economy, and husbanding their resources, to begin making liberal purchases, revive business, and establish confidence.

The large crop *came*, and the anticipated results are seen in every direction. The farmers had been doing well, but were timid and cautious, and disposed to hold back until perfectly safe and independent, and the confidence now visible in every department of trade arises from a knowledge that the increase of business is to supply demands *which are being paid for by accumu-*

lated profits; and that although the sudden demand for merchandise, and the increased carrying trade will lead to a spurt of speculation from which a reaction is inevitable, the basis for renewed prosperity is in the main substantial. These profits have not been accumulated by the wage class, manufacturer, merchant, or owner of city real estate, nor, except in a small way, by the miner.

While other things have contributed to the revival of business and the return of more prosperous times, unquestionably the greatest contribution has been from the profits of farming.

The development of the country, the acquisition of capital and experience, and the improvements in labour-saving machinery, together with the construction of railways, have led to production and delivery at the sea-board at a cost much lower than was thought possible a few years ago, and it is not probable that the lowest point of cost is yet reached. You will best understand the astonishing changes which have taken place in this country by remembering a remark made by Mr. Bright in the House of Commons on the evening of the 4th of last July; when speaking on the influence of American produce upon English produce he stated that: "*Liverpool at this moment is as near to the farms of America (western farms) as New York was a short time ago.*" For over two years railways have taken this class of freight from Chicago to the Atlantic at rates so low as to be almost disastrous to the value of vessel property on the lakes, and yet have been able to pay interest on bonds and dividends, on shares representing from two to four times the present cost of constructing and equipping the roads. The able report of General Manager Newell, of the Lake Shore Railway, for 1878, furnishes the most conclusive evidence on this point; and the following extract from the *New York Herald* shows in brief the advance which has been made in cheap railway transportation.

The net and gross receipts of railroads during the last eight years were thus given:—

Year.	Miles Operated.	Gross Earnings.	Net Earnings.
1878 ...	78,960 ...	\$490,103,361 ...	\$187,515,177
1877 ...	74,112 ...	472,909,272 ...	170,976,679
1876 ...	73,508 ...	497,257,959 ...	186,452,752
1875 ...	71,739 ...	503,065,505 ...	185,506,438
1874 ...	69,273 ...	520,466,016 ...	189,570,958
1873 ...	66,237 ...	526,419,935 ...	183,810,562
1872 ...	57,373 ...	465,241,055 ...	165,754,373
1871 ...	44,614 ...	403,359,208 ...	141,746,494

These figures do not, however, give the whole story. In 1873 the gross earnings were \$36,000,000 greater than in 1878, but the net earnings were \$4,000,000 less. In the meantime, since 1873, no less than 11,563 miles of railway have been constructed, of which 2,694 miles were built during 1878. Since 1873, despite the depression and stagnation, there has been a regular increase in the quantity of goods transported, and the freight tonnage of 1878 was 50 per cent greater than that of 1873. In other words, there was one half more goods transported in 1878 than there was in 1873, at \$36,000,000 less cost to the people, and at \$4,000,000 greater profit to the railroad. In 1873 the tonnage of New York Central and Hudson River Railroad was 4,393,955 tons; in 1878 it was 8,175,535, nearly 90 per cent more. The freight earnings under the high rates of 1873 were \$19,616,017, while the freight earnings under the low rates of 1878 were \$19,045,830. The rate in 1873 was 1.572 cents per ton per mile, while in 1878 it was .910 of a cent per ton per mile. The country has had 80 per cent more service without any increase of cost, and the road has increased its net earnings. The traffic on the other roads exhibits the same general character, the total tonnage being increased 50 per cent, with a reduced cost to the public.

I think it perfectly safe to assume that if present prices of farm products are maintained, new territory will be put into cultivation rapidly, and while the crops of some seasons will be relatively larger than others, the aggregate production will, for a series of years, be largely increased.

But our capacity to consume the food we produce has a limit, and if we increase production faster proportionally

than the natural increase of population people must come here to consume it, or we must have a foreign market. Nor, however much we may desire to do so, can we expect to do *all the selling and no buying*. Ability to buy will depend largely upon the ability of the buyer to sell the product of his own industry. Production of surplus human food is not confined to the United States, and a large majority of the consumers of the surplus must find means of bartering, through the channels of commerce, their labour for food. The agricultural population of the United States are in the majority, and when in their judgment a modification of the tariff laws becomes necessary to insure remunerative prices for their products, it will in all probability be done. Unlike our chief competitor, the Russian farmer, the representative American farmer is also a man of business. He travels, buys and sells, and trades and invests in other commodities; lives well, gratifies his tastes and ambitions and those of his family, exchanges a fair proportion of his gains for fabrics and wares of European production, and in his prosperity is a large contributor to the prosperity of others.

I can see no good reason for the alarm manifested by the agricultural communities of Great Britain at the prospects of American competition. The conclusions arrived at by the French upon this question, as indicated at a meeting of agriculturists held at Lille, March 25th, appears to be a rational and practical way of meeting the emergency, if it is an emergency, and are probably quite as applicable to Great Britain as to France. An abundant supply of cheap food cannot be regarded as a calamity, and certainly not when times are hard and the crops poor. Your landlords may have to accept smaller rentals; others have been compelled to accept reduced incomes, indeed there are few who have not; Parliament may have to enact new laws and change old ones—probably, it would have been well to have done so before—and this is all the penalty you will have to suffer for the cheap food, which, in finding a

market with you, must create a market for the products of your factories. Nor is there any reason for supposing that affairs will not be adjusted to this new order of things, even if no one can now see just how it will be done, nor for imagining that evil instead of good results will finally follow.

Anything like a comprehensive review of the agricultural resources of the chief grain and provision producing sections of America, and the conditions materially affecting production in the immediate future, would be impossible, even in so long a letter as this. I have, however, aimed to give, briefly and correctly, such information regarding available lands, taxation, increase of wealth and population, financial conditions, and facilities for transportation, as would assist Englishmen in forming a tolerably good general idea of the situation, and of the probability of increased production.

Since the foregoing was written I have received the Illinois Board of Agriculture's wheat reports for 1879. It gives the total acreage of winter wheat at 2,137,063; average yield, $19\frac{4}{8}$ bushels. Acreage of spring wheat, 303,736; average yield, 11 bushels. Total yield, 45,417,661 bushels; average yield per acre, $18\frac{4}{8}$ bushels. Average yield for 1877, 1878, and 1879, $16\frac{2}{8}$ bushels; largest average yield of any three previous consecutive years, $13\frac{2}{8}$ bushels; and average yield for twenty years, $12\frac{2}{8}$ bushels per acre. Mr. S. D. Fisher, Secretary, says in the report: "The extra care in seeding last Fall has amply repaid the wheat grower for this additional expense and labour in the largely increased yield reported in such cases."

Illinois, however, is not so much a wheat as a corn (maize) State, but much of the soil is being constantly improved by a more careful and painstaking, though but little more expensive, system of cultivation; hence the larger average yield of wheat, and exceptionally large yields, in favourable seasons.

L. B. SIDWAY.

CHICAGO, October 6, 1879.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1879.

HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

CHAPTER V.

COLONEL LENNY left his valise in the hall where, when he rose, it was very visible, a dusty object upon the soft carpet. Lady Markham looked at it with alarm. Did it mean that he intended to stay? Was she to be punished for having received one unsuitable visitor by being forced to be rude to another? She led the way into the drawing-room in great perplexity and trouble. As for Brown and Charles they both went and looked at the valise with curiosity as a natural phenomenon.

"Is all the beggars coming on visits?" said the footman; "I ain't agoing to wait on another, not if my wages was doubled."

"Hold your tongue," said Brown; "you'll do what I tell you, if you want to go from here with a character. So mind your business, and keep your silly remarks to yourself."

But when Charles disappeared muttering, Brown turned over the dusty, humble portmanteau with his foot, with serious disgust. "My lady hasn't the heart to say no to nobody," he said to himself. He felt perfectly convinced that this miserable representation of a gentleman's luggage would sooner or later have to be carried up-stairs.

The stranger followed Lady Markham into the drawing-room at which he gazed with wonder and admiration. "This is something like a house," he said. "Little we thought when I

used to know Will Markham that he would ever come to this honour and glory. It was in the year—bless me, not any year you can recollect—forty years ago if it is a day. His brothers were living, and he was nearly as poor as the rest of us. I married Katey. He must have spoken of the Gavestons, though he might not mention his old friend Lenny. Ah, well, maybe no—to be sure I am not taking everything into consideration. Did your father ever tell you, my boys, of the West Indies, and the insurrection, and all the stirring times we had there?"

Harry and Roland looked at each other with eyes brightening, yet confused. Papa was not a man who told stories of anything, — and Lady Markham interposed. "I think you must be making a mistake," she said. "I am sure Sir William has never been in the West Indies. You must be thinking of some one else of the same name."

The old soldier looked at her with bewildered surprise. "A mistake!" he said. "I make a mistake about Will Markham? I have known all about him, and the name of his place, his family, and all his belongings for the last forty years! Why, I—I am his——" Then he paused and looked at Lady Markham, and added slowly, "One of his very oldest friends, be the other who he may."

"I beg your pardon," she said, concealing her embarrassment over the tea-table.

Colonel Lenny was not particularly

fond of tea : he would have liked, he thought, something else instead of it, something that foamed and sparkled ; yet the tea was better than nothing. He gave her his pardon very easily, not dwelling upon the offence.

"Ah," he said, "I can tell you stories that will make your hair stand on end. When those niggers broke out it was not preaching that would do much. That was in the old time, you know, when land meant something in the islands, before emancipation. Did you ever hear about the emancipation ? I'll tell you a story about the times before that. We had to get the women and children stowed away—the devils would have thought no more of cutting them to pieces—We were after them in the woods night and day sometimes. Once your father was with us—he was not in the service, as we were, but he was very plucky though he was always small—he joined as a volunteer."

"Where was that ? and when was that ?" cried the boys ; and the girls too drew near, much attracted by the promise of a story. Colonel Lenny waved his long brown hand to them, and went on—

"I'll tell you all about that presently ; but I must ask you to let me know, my dear lady, when Markham is expected home. I've got business to talk over—business that is more his than mine. He'll know all about it as soon as he hears my name. It is a long time since we met—and perhaps the notion would never have struck me to seek him out but for—things that have happened. It is more his business than mine."

"I am not sure whether he will return to-morrow or next day—next day at the latest," said Lady Markham, faltering.

She could not make up her mind what to do. On the occasion of her former mistake, Paul in person had been present to answer for his friend, but there was no one to guarantee this second stranger—this new claimant on her hospitality. If he

should be an impostor ! but he did not look like an impostor ; or, if it should be a mistake after all, and his Will Markham quite a different man ? Will Markham ! it seemed incredible to Lady Markham that any one should ever have addressed her husband with so much familiarity. These, and a hundred other thoughts, ran through her mind as she poured out the tea.

Meantime, Colonel Lenny made great friends with the children. He began to tell them the most exciting stories. He was not ill at ease as Spears had been, but sat luxuriously thrown back into a luxurious chair, his long limbs stretched out, his long brown hands giving animation to his narrative. Lady Markham managed to escape while this was going on, and got *Burke* down from the bookshelves in the hall, and anxiously looked up its various lists. There was no Sir William Markham except her husband, no William Markham at all among the county gentry. When Brown, become suspicious by his past experiences, came into the hall at the sound of her foot, she put back the book again guiltily.

The old butler came forward with an expression of concern and trouble on his countenance. "What does your ladyship intend," he asked solemnly, "that I should do with this ?" touching with his foot as he spoke the dusty valise—the old soldier's luggage, which lay very humbly as if ashamed of itself half under the big chair.

Lady Markham could have laughed and she could have cried. "I don't know what to do, Brown," she said.

Brown was very much tempted to give his mistress the benefit of his advice. He forbore, however, exercising a wise discretion, for Lady Markham, though very gracious, was proud ; but he was not self-denying enough to divest himself of a general air of anxiety—the air of one who could say a great deal if he would—shaking his head slightly, and looking at the offending article which seemed to try to withdraw itself out of notice under

the shadow of the chair. He could have said a great deal if he had dared. He would have bidden his mistress beware who she took into her house. Sir William wasn't best pleased before, and if it happens again— Perhaps Lady Markham read something of this in Brown's eyes; and she did not like the butler's advice, which was more or less disapproval, as all effective advice is. The result was however that before dinner the poor little valise was carried up, to the great scorn of the domestics, to a bedroom, and that Colonel Lenny, after keeping the children suspended on his lips all the evening, withdrew early, leaving the mother and daughter to an anxious consultation over him. Alice, too, had consulted a book, but it was an *Army List* that was the subject of her studies. She came to her mother triumphantly with this volume open in her hand.

"Here he is, mamma. John St. John Lenny, 50th West India Regiment. I am so glad I have found it. He is delightful. There never could be any doubt about such a thorough old soldier."

"You thought Mr. Spears interesting, Alice," said Lady Markham, feebly.

"Mamma! and so did you. He was very interesting. I have his lily that he drew for me, and it is beautiful. But he was not a gentleman. He did not know how to sit on his chair, nor how to stand, nor what to say to you or even me. He called me Miss Alice, and you my lady. But Colonel Lenny is entirely different. He is just the same as everybody else, only more amusing than most people. Did you hear the story he was telling about—?"

"Oh, my dear, I was a great deal too anxious to be able to attend to any story. What if he should turn out some agitator too? what if he were a spy to see what kind of life we lead, or an impostor, or some one who has made a mistake, and takes your

papa for some other Markham? If I have taken in some one else whom I ought not to have taken in, I think I will die of shame."

"How can he be an impostor, when he is here in the *Army List*?"

"Let me see it," Lady Markham said. She read out the name word by word, and her mind was a little relieved. "I suppose there cannot be any mistake since he is here," she said, with a sigh of relief. But, as a matter of fact, Lady Markham sat up in her dressing-gown half the night, afraid of she knew not what, and listening anxiously to all the vague mystical noises that arise in a sleeping house in the middle of the night. She did not know what it was of which she was afraid. How could he be an impostor when his name was in the *Army List*, and when he had that kind brown face? But then, on the other hand, a man from the West Indies, who called her husband Will Markham, was an incredible person. She sat up till the blue summer daylight came silently in at all the windows, putting her suspicious candles to shame, when she, too, became ashamed of herself for her suspicions, and crept very quietly to bed.

Sir William did not come next day, but Colonel Lenny stayed on, and as it is always the *premier pas que coûte*, Lady Markham's doubts were lulled to rest, and she neither frowned nor watched the second night. And on the third Sir William came. It was Alice who went to meet him at the station, in a pretty little pony carriage which he had given her. Everything was done instinctively by the ladies to disarm any displeasure papa might feel, and to prepare him to receive this second visitor with a friendly countenance. If there was anything that moved Sir William's heart with a momentary impulse of unreasoning pride and foolish fondness, it was supposed by his wife to be the sight of his pretty daughter, with her pretty ponies. These ponies had been named To-to and Ta-ta before Alice had them

—after, it was understood, two naughty personages in a play—and as the ponies were very naughty the names were retained. There were no such mischievous and troublesome individuals about the house, and Alice was very proud of the fact that it was she with her light hand who managed them best. Sir William was not fond of wild animals, and yet all the household knew that he liked to be brought home by his daughter in her little carriage, with the ponies skimming over the roads as if they were flying. It was the one piece of dash and daring in which he delighted.

Lady Markham, who was not fond of risking her daughter, came out to the door to entreat her to take care.

"And you will explain everything?" she said; "how it happened, and how very uneasy we have been; but my darling, above all, take care of yourself. Do not let those wicked little things run away with you. Give George the reins if you feel them too strong for your wrist. And make him understand, Alice, how nice, how really nice, and kind, and agreeable he is. George, you must never take your eye off the ponies, and see that Miss Markham takes care."

"I hope they know my hand better than George's," said Alice, scornfully, "better than any one else's. Nobody can interfere between them and me."

"Pretty creatures! I don't know which is the prettiest," said Colonel Lenny, coming up. He had all the children in a cluster round him. "They are three beauties; that is all there is to be said. If you were not so little I could tell you now about a great number of pretty girls in a family, that were called the pride of Barbadoes. I married one of them, and my friend Markham—why, my friend Markham knew them very well, my dear madam," the Colonel said. It did not seem to be the conclusion which he intended to give to his description. However, he added, with a smile, "But as you're so little I won't tell you about young ladies. I'll tell

you about the Oboe men, and the harm they do among the poor niggers."

"Oh," cried Bell and Marie, in one breath, "we should like to hear about the young ladies best."

"Bosh!" cried the boys; "what is the good of stories about a pack of girls? I hate stories that are full of love and all that stupid stuff."

"Then here goes for the Oboe men," said the old soldier. He seated himself under the great portico, in a large Indian bamboo chair that stood there in summer, and the children perched about him like a flight of birds.

Lady Markham looked at this group for a moment, with a softening of all the anxious lines that had got into her face. She was not afraid of her husband, who had always been so good to her, but she was afraid of disapproval, and the Spears' affair was fresh in her mind. But then, in all the circumstances, that was so different!

She left the pretty group round the door, and went slowly down the avenue, that she might be the first to meet her husband. Now that the critical moment arrived, she began for the first time to think what the business could be which Colonel Lenny was waiting to discuss. "More his business than mine." What was it? This question rose in her mind, giving a little, a very little additional anxiety to her former disquietude. And then, being anxious anyhow, what wonder that her mind should glide on to the subject of Paul and what he was doing. That was a subject that was never long out of her thoughts. Would he come home when the shooting began? He could not stay up to read for ever. Would his father and he meet as father and son ought to meet? Would it be possible to reason or laugh the boy out of his foolish notions, and bring him back to right views, to the disposition which ought to belong to his father's son? This was a wide sea of troubles to be launched upon, all starting from the tiny rivulet of alarm lest Sir William should dislike the new

visitor. She went slowly down the avenue, under the flickers of sunshine and shade, under the murmuring of the leaves, catching now and then the sound of the colonel's voice in the distance, and the exclamations of the children. Ah, at their age how simple it all was—no complication of opposed wills, no unknown friends or influences to contend with! She sighed, poor lady, with happiness, and with pain. It is easy even for a mother to dismiss from her thoughts those who are happy; but how can she forget the one who perhaps is not happy, who is absent, who is among unknown elements, not good or innocent? Thus Lady Markham's thoughts, however occupied with other subjects, came back like the doves to their windows, always to Paul.

CHAPTER VI.

"Has anything happened, papa? You are so late—nearly an hour. To-to has been almost mad with waiting—has there been an accident? We were all beginning to get frightened here."

"No accident that I know of," said Sir William. He cast a look of pleasure at the pretty equipage and the pretty charioteer—a look of proud proprietorship and paternal pride. Alice was his favourite, they all said. But notwithstanding, he would not join her till he had seen that all his portmanteaus had been got out and carefully packed on the dog-cart which had come for them. Sir William's own gentleman, Mr. Roberts, a most careful and responsible person, whose special charge these portmanteaus were, superintended the operation; but this did not satisfy his master. He stood by the pony-carriage, talking to his daughter, but he kept his eyes upon his luggage. There were despatch-boxes, no doubt freighted with the interests of the kingdom, and too important to be left to the care of a valet, however conscientious, and a railway porter. It was only when they

were all collected and safe that he took his place by the side of Alice.

"You may be sure, my dear," he said, "that unless you take similar precautions you will always be losing something." The ponies had gone off with such a start of delight the moment they were set free, that Sir William's remark was jerked out of his mouth.

"It would be quite a novelty if that happened to you—it would be rather nice, showing that you were human, like the rest of us. Did you really never, never, lose anything, papa?"

"Never," he said; and you had only to look at him to see that this was no exaggeration. Such a perfectly precise and orderly person was never seen; from the top of his hat to the tip of his well-brushed boots there was nothing out of order about him, notwithstanding his journey. His clothes fitted him perfectly; they were just of the cut and the colour that suited his age, his importance and position. That he would ever have neglected any duty, or forgotten any necessary precaution, seemed impossible. "However," he added, "I must not say too much; when I was young I have no doubt accidents happened. What I object to is that the present generation seems to think it a privilege to be forgetful. I was taught to be ashamed of it in my day."

"Oh yes, papa, we are very silly," said Alice; "though mamma says I am a little old maid and never forget. I take after you, that is what they all say."

Sir William looked at her with a benevolent smile. There is no more subtle flattery that a child can address to a parent than this of "taking after" him, though why it should please us so it would be hard to say. He leaned back in his seat with a sense of well-deserved repose, while the impatient ponies flew along, tossing their pretty heads, their bells jingling, their hasty little hoofs beating time over the dry summer road. "This is very pleasant,"

he said. It was a perfect summer evening, cool after a hot day, and the road lay through a tranquil, wealthy country, so fresh after the burnt-up parks, yet full of harvest wealth; the sheaves standing in the fields, some golden breadths of corn still uncut, and the heavy richness of the full foliage throwing deep shadows eastward. The ponies flew like the wind, and Alice, holding them with firm little vigorous hands, turned her soft face to him, all lit up with pleasure at his return. A conscientious statesman, a man who has been broiling in the service of his country, sitting on committees, listening to endless wearisome discussions and all the bothers of the end of the session, it may be supposed what a pleasant relief it was to step into this little fairy carriage and be carried swiftly and softly through the happy autumn fields to his home. "All well?" he said. But a man who has a daily bulletin from his wife asks such a question tranquilly, without any anxiety for the reply.

"I wonder who that lady was in the pink bonnet," said Alice. "Strangers so seldom come out at our station. I wonder who she is going to. Perhaps it is somebody for the vicarage. Oh, yes, they are all quite well. The boys came home on Friday week, and they have never been out of mischief ever since. They are in the woods all day; and the girls have begun their holidays too. Mademoiselle has gone. We wanted only you, papa, you—and Paul. But who could that lady with the pink bonnet be?"

This second expression of curiosity was added artificially to cover the allusion to Paul. Sir William did not take any notice of either one or the other. "So Mademoiselle has gone?" he said. "I hope you keep order, and that mamma does not let them be too irregular. They will be far happier for a little wholesome restraint."

"I suppose so," said Alice, dubiously. "Anyhow," she added, "they have had nearly a fortnight all to them-

selves. We have all been idle; but we will settle down into right laws and proper habits: now we have got you, papa."

"That will be quite necessary," he said; then, with a slightly impatient tone, "You spoke of Paul—what is your last news of Paul?"

To-to had a very sensitive mouth. At this moment he so resented some imperceptible pull of the reins, that he got into the air altogether, capering with all his four feet, and called for Alice's complete attention. In the midst of this little excitement she said, "Paul is still at Oxford, papa. He does not write very often. Oh, you bad To-to, what do you mean by this?"

"He has got very fond of Oxford all at once."

"He has all his friends there—at least some of his friends. Papa," cried Alice, with an impulse of alarm, "I wonder who that lady can be. She is coming after us in the village fly. I saw her bonnet just now through the window, when To-to made that bolt."

"My dear, it is quite unimportant who she is—unless you think she is one of your brother's friends. Considering who his associates are, one could never be astonished at any arrival. It may be a lady lecturer, perhaps, on Female Suffrage and Universal Equality."

"Oh, papa! because he knows one man like that! But I have something to tell you—something that makes mamma and me a little uneasy. A gentleman came on Monday—oh, not a common person at all, a *gentleman*, and very nice. We could not tell what to do, but at last, after many consultations, we made up our minds to invite him to stay."

"My dear Alice!" cried Sir William, "what do you and your mother mean? Is my house to be made into an hotel? What is the meaning of it? Am I to understand that you have taken in another nameless person, another disreputable acquaintance of Paul's? Good heavens! is your mother mad? But I will not put up with it.

My house shall not be made a refuge for adventurers, a den of——”

“For that matter,” said Alice, growing pale, “I suppose it is mamma’s house too.”

There are opinions that get into the air and spread in sentiment when most opposed in principle. Nobody could have been more horrified than Lady Markham at any claim for her of woman’s rights; but when her little daughter, generously bred, found herself suddenly confronted by this undoubting claim of proprietorship, a chord was struck within her which had perhaps only learned to vibrate of recent days. She looked her father in the face with sudden defiance. She had not intended it—on the contrary, the object of her mission, the chief thing in her thoughts, had been to conciliate him in respect to this visitor, and soften his probable displeasure. But a girl’s mind is a delicate machine, and there is nothing that so easily changes its balance by a sudden touch. A whole claim of rights, a whole code of natural justice, blazed up in her blue eyes. She forgot To-to in her sudden indignation, looking with all the severity of logical youth in her father’s face.

Sir William was altogether taken aback. He returned her look with a kind of consternation.

“You little——” But then he stopped. A man sometimes remembers (though not always), that when he is speaking to his children of their mother, it is necessary to do so with respect. Unquestionably it was expedient that a girl should have full faith in her mother. Besides (it gleamed upon Sir William), Alice was not a child. She was a reasonable little creature, able, after all, more or less, to form an opinion for herself. Perhaps he was more disposed to grant this privilege to the girl who was not likely to make any extravagant use of it, than to the boy; or perhaps his ill success in respect to the boy had taught him a lesson. Anyhow he paused. “Of course,” he said, “it is also, as

you say, your mamma’s house. A friend of hers, I need not tell you, would be as welcome to me as a friend of my own. Do I ever attempt to settle without her who is to be asked? but with your sense, Alice, you must be aware that there is a difference. I must interfere to prevent your excellent mother, who is only too good and kind, from being imposed upon by those disreputable acquaintances of Paul.”

“I beg your pardon, papa,” said Alice, who had been waiting breathless for the end of his address to make her eager apologies. “But,” she added, not unwilling to bring him down summarily from his elevation, “the gentleman I have been speaking of declares that he is your friend, and not Paul’s.”

“My friend! Then I daresay it is quite simple,” said Sir William, relapsing into his previous state of perfect repose and calm. “My friends are your mother’s friends too.”

“Ah, but this is different. (Papa, I am certain that woman is following us.) This is quite different. It is an *old* friend, whom none of us ever heard of. If we had known even his name we should not have been afraid. But do not be frightened, he is very nice. We all like him. He says he knew you in the West Indies, and the thing that alarmed us was that none of us, not even mamma, ever knew you had been there at all.”

“The West Indies!” Was it possible that Sir William started so much as to shake the pony carriage in which he sat? A cloud came suddenly over his serene countenance. He did not say, as Alice fancied he would, “I know nothing about the West Indies.” On the contrary, he paused, cleared his throat, and asked in a curiously restrained, yet agitated voice, “What does he—call himself?—what is his name?”

Alice was half alarmed by the effect she had produced. She did not understand it. She wanted to soften and do away with any disagreeable impression.

"Oh, he is very nice," she said. "It is not any one you will mind, papa. And he is all right; he is in the *Army List*; we looked him up at once; we took every precaution; and there he was, just as he said, J. St. John Lenny, 50th West India Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel. After that, of course, and when he said he had known you so well, we could not hesitate any more."

"Lenny!" Sir William said. It was with a tone of relief. He drew a long breath "as if he had expected something much worse," Alice said afterwards. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead. To be sure it was a warm evening. But there was something very strange to the girl in her father's agitation. She did not understand it—he who was always so calm, who never allowed anything to put him out.

"Then were you really in the West Indies, papa?"

"I was in a great many places in my youth," he said. "I was not taken care of as my boys have been. I was the youngest, and I did pretty much as I liked—a bad thing," he added, after a pause; "a very bad thing, though you children never understand it. It led me into places and among people whose very names I seem to have forgotten now."

There was a pause. Alice was very curious, but she did not venture to say more. She did not like even to look at her father who was so unusually disturbed. What could make him so unlike himself? The idea that there might be a mystery in Sir William's life was more than impossible, it was ludicrous. She tried to fix her attention upon the ponies, who were going so beautifully. Then her ear was caught by the steady roll of wheels coming after them. Certainly it was the fly from the village; and certainly it was following on to the gates of the Chase which were now in sight. This was not the way to the vicarage or to any other house to which a stranger who had stopped at the

station of Markham Royal could be going. She had not really believed it possible that the lady in the pink bonnet could be coming to the Chase; but now it seemed almost certain. What could be the meaning of it? Her heart jumped up into sudden excitement. She flourished her whip and touched the ponies till they flew. She could not bear the heavy rolling of that fly, a long way behind, yet always following with the steadiness of fate. This distracted her thoughts at once from her father, and a thousand conjectures rushed into the girl's head. Could it be somebody from Paul? The fly came pounding heavily along, nothing stopping it. What could she do to stop it or conjure its passenger away? If it was bad news that was coming in it, what doubt that it would arrive quite safely? Paul! what could a woman in a pink bonnet have to do with Paul? Could he be ill? Could he be going to marry somebody, to do something foolish? Alice became herself so excited that she could not think of her father. And her father for his part took little notice of Alice. His mind was full of thoughts that would have been very incomprehensible, very startling to her. The stranger's name had fallen upon him in his tranquillity as a stone falls into still waters. The calm surface of his mind was all broken, filled with widening and ever widening circles of recollection. He felt dizzy like a man in a dream. The past was so long past, that, thus suddenly recalled to him, after such an interval of years, Sir William had a moment of giddy uncertainty as to whether it had actually existed at all, whether it was not a mere fable, something he had read in a book. Forty years ago—is a man responsible for things he did forty years ago? Can he be blamed if he forgets them? Can he be expected to remember? He who was so systematic, so careful, who never lost anything, who had for years been in a position to set every one else right: was it possible that he had once been

foolish as other men? He himself did not understand it. He could not believe it. Lenny? Yes, he remembered there had been a man—The West Indies—ah, yes! things had passed there which he would not care now to talk about, which had been forgotten, which were to him as if they had never been. Had they ever been? he could scarcely tell. The ponies skimmed along the road, the bells jingled, the gates of the house were in sight, another minute and they would have reached the avenue. And then—instead of his gentle wife, and his innocent children, and universal respect, service, comfort, and worship of every kind, would it be the past in bodily presence that would have to be encountered, painful explanations, revelations, which might make a sudden rending asunder of the beauty and the happiness of life? Sir William wiped his forehead again as they turned in at the gate to the shelter of the familiar trees.

And still there was the dull rumbling of the fly behind. He did not so much as hear it, having been swept away on this torrent of thought. But Alice cast a troubled glance behind as she turned round to go in at the open gate, and made sure that it was coming after her. The girl's head was buzzing and her heart throbbing with mingled fear and excitement. "Would you mind driving up the avenue yourself, papa? I have something to say to Mrs. Lowry at the gate," she said, faltering. Her father scarcely seemed to hear her; he said, "Go on, go on," with an impatient wave of his hand. She knew nothing about his alarms, nor he about hers. Perhaps, after all, the anxious desire of Alice to intercept what her hasty imagination had concluded to be a messenger of evil had something in it of that eager youthful curiosity which burns to forestall every new event. But if so disappointment was her fate. The little carriage flashed on under the trees and through the slanting lines of sunshine in a breathless silence, both its occu-

pants being far too much absorbed to speak. Half way up the avenue two figures were visible advancing towards them. Lady Markham had been joined by Colonel Lenny a few minutes before. They stood aside, one on each side of the road as the pony-carriage came up. And here on every other occasion Sir William had got down and walked back with his wife to the house. It was part of the formula of his return, which was never omitted. This time, however, when Alice drew up her impatient ponies, he greeted his wife without moving from the carriage.

"We have had a very tedious, dusty journey," he said. "I will go home at once, my love, pardon me, and shake my dust off."

Lady Markham, in the midst of her anxiety, grew pale with surprise at this unusual proceeding. She pressed close to the side of the little carriage—"William," she said, "do you know who it is that is with me?"

The baronet turned round to the long brown figure on the other side. "Alice has told me," he said. "Lenny, is it possible? I did not think I could have recognised you after all these years."

"Nor I you, my fine fellow," said the Colonel. "I'd have passed you if I had met you in Bond Street, Markham; but meeting you here, and knowing it's you, makes a great deal of difference. We've both of us altered in forty years."

"Is it as long as that?" Sir William said. There was no pleasure in his face such as, these innocent ladies thought, should always attend a meeting with an old friend. But on the other hand he cast no doubt upon Colonel Lenny (as indeed how could he, seeing the Colonel's name was in the *Army List*?), but addressed him unhesitatingly, and acknowledged him, which set the worst of Lady Markham's fears at rest. "Go on," he said, in an undertone to his daughter, then waved his hand to the pedestrians. "In ten minutes I shall be with you," he cried.

The rumbling of the fly had stopped; had it gone further contrary to all Alice's anticipations? This idea gave her a little relief, but she was in so nervous a mood that the sudden jerk with which she urged the ponies forward once more upset To-to's temper, who was his mistress's favourite. He darted on through the lines of trees like a mad thing, wild with the jar to his delicate mouth and the vicinity of his stables.

"Do you want to break your own neck and mine?" Sir William said; "that pony will not bear the whip."

"Why shouldn't he bear it as well as Ta-ta?" said Alice; "is he to be humoured because he is the naughty one? It should be the other way."

"It seldom is the other way," said Sir William, moralising with a self-reference, though Alice did not understand it. "You spoke a greater truth than you are aware of. It is not the best people who are humoured in life. It is the naughty ones who get their way. If you make the worst of everything circumstances will yield to you: but act anxiously for the best and all the burden falls on your shoulders."

"Papa! that is like Thackeray; it is cynical. I never heard you speak so before."

"Nevertheless it is true," said Sir William. His straight and placid brow was ruffled with care. "One does everything one can to be secure from evil, and evil comes."

Could he be thinking about Paul? She turned her ponies (to their great disappointment) as soon as Sir William had stepped out of the carriage. Charles indeed had to come to To-to's head and lead him round, so unwilling was that little Turk to turn away from his comfortable stable again. "I will go back and bring mamma home, she was looking tired," the girl said. She was impatient to make sure about the fly that had followed from the station, and the lady in the pink bonnet, and to be in the midst of it, at least, if anything were going to happen. Her mother was still a long way down

the avenue. But Alice had scarcely turned when she perceived that there were three figures instead of two in the group she had so lately left. Three figures—and a brilliant speck of colour making itself apparent like a flag at the head of the little procession. Alice felt her heart rush to the scene of action more quickly than the ponies, which still resisted, tossing their little wicked heads. The lady with the pink bonnet had fallen into the advancing rank. She was tall, and that oriflamme towered over Lady Markham's hat with its soft gray feathers. But their pace was quite moderate, unexcited, showing no sign of trouble. Lady Markham moved along with no appearance of agitation. Perhaps, after all, this new-comer, whoever she might be, had nothing to do with the absent brother, and was no messenger of evil tidings after all.

CHAPTER VII.

"My dear, this is Mrs. Lenny," said Lady Markham. "She has kindly taken us on her way to the north."

"How do you do, my dear young lady? The Colonel wrote me word about you all, praising you up, one more than another, and I thought I'd like to come and see. But, Lenny, you never told me how like she was to her dear father at her age. I think I see him before me, as handsome a boy——"

"Mrs. Lenny!" cried Alice, in consternation, yet relief. She turned to her mother a pair of questioning, wondering eyes. But Lady Markham could make no answer. She slightly shrugged, so to speak, not her shoulders, but her eyebrows. She was very polite and very hospitable, but this second arrival was almost too much for her. "I thought you looked tired, mamma," Alice continued. "I came back to drive you home."

Lady Markham shook her head. She was almost cross—as near that unpleasant state as it was possible for her to be. "Perhaps Mrs. Lenny

would like to drive, Alice. She has had a long journey. I am not at all tired. I will wait and meet your papa."

"How cool it is under these delicious trees," said the lady of the pink bonnet. "Yes, indeed, if the young lady will have me, it will be a treat to be behind those beautiful ponies. Pretty creatures! like their mistress. I have not seen anything so pretty, Lenny, since we left the regiment. Ah, that was a foolish step. But one never knows when one is well off. '*Lay new*,' as the French say, is the enemy of '*lay bieng*.' Thank you, my dear. Now this *is* delightful! I wish, instead of being within sight we were three or four miles from the house."

"Take Mrs. Lenny round by the fishpond," said Lady Markham. She sighed with relief at getting rid of this new claimant upon her attention, though she was so polite. Mrs. Lenny was tall like her husband, and like him, brown and soldierly. She made the light little carriage bend on one side as she got in. Her brown face within the pink shade of the bonnet was wreathed with smiles. She was delighted like a child with the pretty equipage, and the promised drive—much more delighted than Alice was, who, though relieved of her terrors about Paul, drove off in no very happy state of mind. Yet she could not help taking a little pleasure in her own discrimination.

"I knew you were coming here the first moment I saw you," she said. "I kept asking papa who you were. But he had not seen you—he did not know you; he never knows any one—not even, if he were to see us at a distance, mamma or me."

"Nor I," said Mrs. Lenny. "I should no more have known him! for you may be sure I took a good stare at the station, seeing it was somebody of consequence. He is so changed—oh, not for the worse, my dear; but when you see a nice little old gentleman instead of a pretty young one, it's a shock, that can't be denied. You

have to count up and think back how many years it is. Somehow one never feels old one's self. You think the world has stood still with you, though it goes so fast with all the rest."

"I don't feel at all like that," said Alice. "Sometimes I feel so old—older a great deal, I am sure, than mamma."

This statement was received by her companion with laughter, which disconcerted Alice. She drew herself up. She was not so polite as her mother.

"I don't see what there is to laugh at," she said. "Age does not go only by years—when you have a great deal to think of——"

"You darling!" cried Mrs. Lenny. "Did the old woman laugh? But I'd laugh just the same if your dear mamma herself was to talk of feeling old. There's what I call a lovely woman! Lenny never told me half what a dear she was. Old! but don't you gloom at me, my pretty pet; I was once seventeen myself, though you wouldn't think it. The birds now on the trees, I daresay they feel old between one Valentine's day and another. It is not years that does it, as you say. When we come to my time of life the days go on one after another as fast as they can pelt: they're all flyin', flyin', like the echoes in the song. But at your age they're longer—they pass more slow—and when there's much to think about did you say? Ah, but that's true! When I was your age I had a great deal to think about. We were a large family, six girls of us, and not a penny among the lot. We were just ruined with the emancipation in the West Indies, and all that our parents said to us was, 'Get married! There's the officers,' they said, 'a set of simpletons! What's the good of them but to marry the poor girls that know how to play their cards.' Ah! I thought when I was after Lenny that to be married meant to be well off, and have everything that heart could desire. And so we all thought. We weren't bad girls, don't you think it; but that was how

we were brought up. Get married! and you'll be well off directly. You never had anything like that said to you to make you old with thinking—"

"Oh, no, no," said Alice, horrified. She scarcely knew whether to be offended by the familiarity of the stranger or interested in her talk. It was an experience altogether different from anything Alice knew of life.

"No, I should think not," said the lady of the pink bonnet, nodding that article vigorously. "Just figure to yourself, my dear, what you would feel if you had to leave this beautiful place, and live down in a house in the town, and have *that* said to you. You would be shocked, wouldn't you? But it did not shock us. That was how we were brought up. We had to marry by hook or by crook; and we all did marry. Well, there's Lenny, he has made me a very good husband; but marrying him wasn't like coming into a fortune, was it now?—though we've always been the best of friends. It was lucky in one way that we never had any children; it left us free to look after ourselves. Nowadays we live a great deal among our friends. We don't interfere with each other, but we're always glad to come together again. When I'm comfortable anywhere I send him word, and when he's comfortable he sends me word. You mustn't think my coming means more than that, and you must tell your dear mamma so. We've not come to do her any harm or her pretty family. Your papa is startled to see us, but he won't mind in the end. I daresay you have often heard him talk of Barbadoes and the Gavestons? We were six handsome girls, though I say it that shouldn't. You must have heard of us by name."

Alice, whom this speech had filled with wonder, shook her head. "I never heard the name in my life," she said.

"Well, that is odd," said Mrs. Lenny. "I couldn't believe it even though Lenny said so. That's thorough," she added, with a little

laugh. A flush came over her brown cheek. "Never mind, my dear, it is not your fault," she said.

Alice was more and more mystified. She could not imagine what this strange woman could mean. If she had been at first disposed to resent her familiarity that offence had altogether evaporated. Mrs. Lenny looked and spoke as if she had something to do with the family; her eyes and her tone were full of kindness even when she evidently resented the fact that Alice had never heard of her. She spoke of herself without any kind of effort, as if it were natural that the girl should be interested; and Alice could not but wish to hear more. It was like a new story, original and out of the common. The momentary pause that ensued alarmed her lest it should be coming to an end.

"Did you all marry officers?" she asked at last.

"Did we all marry officers? We did that, every one—except the one that married— Ah! I mean Gussy, that was the youngest. She married—a civilian—and died, poor girl. The rest of us all took the shilling. Ah! some of the girls are dead, and the rest are scattered—one in Australia, two out in India, me, wandering about the world as you see me, Lenny and I; most likely I'll never see one of them again. We had but one brother; all the little the family had, he got it. It was he that took Gussy's boy—did I tell you she left a boy? Poor Gussy! she died at twenty. It is like as if she never had married or been more than a child. When I think of the past it's always she that comes uppermost—the little one, you know, the pet—and she never lived to get parted from us like the rest."

Alice looked vaguely interested. It seemed to her that she was hearing the prologue of a novel. She did not draw any moral from it, or ask herself whether her own brothers and sisters might ever be dispersed like this about the world; but she wanted to hear more.

"Have the others no children?" she asked.

"Dozens, my dear," said Mrs. Lenny, "here, and there, and everywhere. I've nephews in the service in every country under the sun, and nieces, all married in the army; it runs in our blood. But Gussy's boy is the one I think of most. He's not a boy now. He's five-and-thirty if he's a day, and my brother is dead that adopted him, and the property has gone from bad to worse, and I don't know what is to be done. Lenny's head is full of him. Perhaps if I were to speak a good word to your papa——"

"Could papa help him?" cried Alice, eagerly; "then you may be sure, quite sure, that he will do it. I will speak to him myself. They all say he always listens to me."

"Will you?" said Mrs. Lenny. She grasped suddenly at the firm little hand in which Alice held the reins, and put down her head as if to kiss it, then looked up with a nervous laugh, winking her eyes rapidly to cast off some tears. "You are a dear little angel!" she cried. "But Lenny will do that, and I'll do it. I won't ask it of you, my pretty darling. It would be more than was right."

Alice was somewhat affronted at this rejection of her proposal. She was bewildered by her companion's demeanour altogether. Why should she cry? and then refuse her assistance when she could have been of real use? But that was, of course, as Mrs. Lenny pleased.

"This is the fishpond," she said, more coldly. "It is very old, and there are some carp in it that are supposed to be very old too."

The fishpond was a piece of clear and beautiful water embosomed in the richest wood. It was the very centre of all the beauties of the Chase to the Markhams. A little brook trickled into it over a little fall which made music in the silence, itself unseen, mingling a more liquid silvery tone

with all the songs of the birds and the murmur of the trees. A little path wandered along by one side, the others were sloping banks of greensward. The trees on all sides stooped as if leaning over each other's shoulders to see themselves in that fairy mirror, where they all fluttered and trembled in reflection between the glimmer of the water and the blue circle of sky, which filled up all the middle with blueness and light. Some light and graceful birches upon the bank seemed to have pressed further forward like advanced posts to get nearest the pool; a great cluster of waterlilies filled up one corner. Even the impatient ponies stood still in this soft coolness and shadow; perhaps they had caught a glimpse of their pretty tossing heads and arched necks. Mrs. Lenny's bonnet shone in that mirror like an exotic bird, poised over it, and her exclamation of delight broke the quiet with something of the same effect.

"What a lovely place!" she said; "and it's I that would live long if I were a fish in such a sweet spot. Dear, dear, if one lived here it would be a tug to die at all. And you have been here, my darling, all your life?"

"Oh, yes," said Alice, with a little laugh at the ignorance of the question. "This is home, where else could I be? This is only the second season I have ever been to town. I went for a little while last year though I was not out. This summer I have been introduced," she said, with a little innocent ostentation. "I am out now. I go wherever mamma goes."

"Introduced?" said Mrs. Lenny, with a little awe, "to her Majesty—her very self? Tell me how she looked, and all about her. Dear lady! what I'd give to hear a word out of her mouth!"

"I did not mean that," said Alice, feeling important and splendid; "introduced means going out into society. I was presented too—of course I had to be presented. Oh, there are the children down that opening—do you

see them? It is holiday time, and they are all together."

Mrs. Lenny looked round with eager interest, again swaying the little carriage to one side.

"Are you the eldest?" she said; "and you have two little brothers? only these two?"

She looked quite anxiously in Alice's face.

"Only these two—except Paul—and we are three girls—just the same number of each."

"Who is Paul?"

"Who is Paul?" said Alice, laughing; "that is the strangest question here. Paul is the eldest of all—he is *my* brother. We all come in pairs. There is Harry and Bell, Roland and Marie—and Paul is mine. He is not very much at home now," she said, her face clouding with the recollection. "He is grown up—he is at Oxford. In the holidays he does not always come home like the little ones. No one could expect him to be like the little ones. He is a man."

To a cooler observer Alice's eager explanations would have betrayed the family anxiety, of which Paul was the object. But Mrs. Lenny had other thoughts in her mind. She clasped her hands together in her lap, and said, "Dear me, dear, dear me!" with suppressed dismay. This suddenly re-awakened all the girl's fears. Had it been a mistake, a pretence after all? Was it no old connection, nothing to do with papa's business? (what could papa's business matter, it would not go to any one's heart like the other) but after all some new evil that was threatening Paul?

"Mrs. Lenny," she cried, "oh tell me first, for I can bear it; is it about Paul? Has he got into any trouble? Is it something about *him* you have really come to tell us! Oh, tell me, tell me! and keep it from mamma."

"My dear," cried Mrs. Lenny, confused, "what do I know about your brother? I never heard of him before, and oh, I wish I had not heard of him now. Do you think I would harm

him if I had the power to help it? Not I—not I! if there was anything in my power!"

And with this the good woman let fall upon her gloves, which were green, a few tears. Why should she cry because of Paul if she did not know him? Fortunately for Alice the ponies at that moment gave her no small trouble. She had been thinking of other things and they took the advantage. They wanted to take her home the back way into the stables. Greedy little brutes! as if they had not everything that heart of pony could desire—plenty of corn, plenty of ease, and the prettiest stable with enamelled mangers and everything handsome about them. She stopped them as they began to twist round in the wrong direction, tossing their heads aloft. If they thought to take Alice unawares they were mistaken. Thus she was obliged to withdraw her attention altogether from Mrs. Lenny and fix it upon this rebellious pair, getting them past the dangerous byway and bringing them up with a sweep and dash to the steps of the great door.

CHAPTER VIII.

MEANWHILE Sir William Markham had been strangely employed. He came home to get himself brushed free of the dust of his journey; but when he got to the house he thought of that errand no more. He asked for his letters as if these were all that he was thinking of. And you may suppose that in a house which knew the importance of letters, and was aware of all the momentous issues of neglect in that particular, Sir William's letters were carefully arranged on the table in the library. He asked for them, which was unnecessary, and looked so full of business and importance, that Brown found "a screw loose" in his master too. This was not his usual aspect when he came home. Then the busy statesman

allowed himself a holiday. Even when he was in office (much more being in opposition), he had put off his burden of official cares, and had strolled up the avenue with his wife without caring for his letters. When Brown answered respectfully, "They are in the library, Sir William;" within himself that functionary shook his head and said, "There is something wrong." Sir William went into the library, which was large and dim and cool, the very home of quiet leisure and comfort—and closed the door after him with a sense of relief. His letters were all laid out on the table, but he did not so much as look at them. He sat down in his usual chair, and leaned his head in his hands, and gazed into the blank air before him. Was this all he had come for? Certainly he did nothing more: gazed out straight before him and saw nothing; sat motionless doing nothing; paused altogether body and soul. He was not aware yet of the second visitor who had arrived; but he was in no doubt about the first. He did not require to ask himself what his old friend,—whose name had tingled through and through him, though he had professed that he scarcely remembered it—wanted of him. That early chapter of his life which he had put away entirely, which he had honestly forgotten as if it had not been, came back to him in a moment, no longer capable of being forgotten as he sat by his daughter's side in the little pony carriage. He had not meant any harm in putting it so entirely from him. But nothing is ever lost in this tenacious world. Bury a secret in the deepest earth, and some chance digger, thinking of other things, will bring it up without intending it. Exercise even the most innocent reticence about your own affairs, matters in which you have a perfect right to judge for yourself, and some time or other even this will come up against you like a crime. What harm had he done by burying in his own heart a

little inconsequent chapter of his life, an episode that had come to an end so soon, that had left so few results behind? What results had it left? The only one had been promptly and conclusively taken off his hands. He had never felt it; he had never been conscious of any responsibility in respect to it. But that which had seemed to him nothing but a broken thread at twenty-five, was it to reappear against him at sixty like a web of fate perplexing and entangling his feet? A cold dew came out upon his forehead when he thought of his wife. Were she to hear it, were she to know, how could he ever again look her in the face? And yet he had done her no wrong. There had been no harm, no evil intention in his mind. Half inadventure, and half a dislike to return to a matter which was an irritation to his orderly mind, as well as a recollection of pain—an incident that had come to nothing, a false beginning in life—were the causes of his original silence about his own youth and all that was in it. A man who marries at forty, is it necessary that he should unfold everything that happened to him at twenty-five? and he had been done with it all; had closed the chapter altogether so very long ago. That it should be re-opened now was intolerable. But yet Sir William knew that he must bear it; he must subdue all signs of annoyance, he must receive his unwelcome visitor as if he were pleased to see him, and ascertain what he wanted, and steal, if possible, his weapons out of his hands.

These were the thoughts in his mind as he sat alone and pondered, arranging his ideas. He had known what it was to be much troubled by public business in his day, but he had experienced little trouble with his own. All was orderly and well regulated in his private affairs: no skeletons in the cupboards, nothing anywhere that could not meet the eye of day. This was the very sting of the

present occurrence to him. A secret! That *he* should be convicted of a hidden chapter of early indiscretion, of having taken a foolish step which might have coloured all his life! Though it was no wrong to her, his wife could scarcely fail to think it a wrong, and he could not but suffer in the estimation of everybody who heard of it. Already was he not humiliated in his own eyes? But for this pause which enabled him to rearrange his thoughts, to settle his plan of operations, he felt that he must have been overwhelmed altogether. At last, with a sigh, he got up and prepared himself to issue forth out of his sanctuary, and meet the dangers that threatened him; he to be threatened with dangers of such a sort!—It was intolerable—yet it had to be borne. He went out to meet the party which he could hear coming up the avenue. Brown looked at him with suspicious eyes as he came into the hall. Could Brown know anything? did everybody know? Even Lady Markham, he thought, looked at him strangely, almost with alarm. But it is unnecessary to say that this was all in Sir William's imagination. No one had as yet associated any idea of mystery with him. His wife only thought he was weary with the work of the session, and looking pale. She was standing talking to Colonel Lenny, waiting till Alice should draw up at the door. Sir William, with a faint gleam of returning pleasure, stood on the top of the steps and waited too; but then he was confronted by the vision of the pink bonnet by his daughter's side. A pink bonnet! who had been talking of a pink bonnet? He came down slowly, half afraid of this and everything else that was new.

"In good time, Markham," said Colonel Lenny, waving his hand; "here is another old friend come to see you. She is changed more than you are. From a girl, and a pretty one, she has grown an old woman, and that's not a thing to be permitted; but an old friend, my dear fellow, and

more than an old friend. Can't you see it's Katey? Katey, my wife?"

"Katey!" Even Sir William's steady nerves gave way a little. His eyes seemed to give a startled leap of alarm in their sockets. For a moment the impulse in his mind was to turn and fly. Lenny was bad, but his wife was a hundred times worse; and she looked at him, leaning out of the pony carriage, and holding out her hands as if she meant to kiss him; but that was more than flesh and blood could bear. "Katey!" he said; "I cannot believe my eyes. Is it Katey Gaveston after all these years? I know I've grown an old man, and everything has changed, but—"

"You never thought to see the like of me such an old woman? Ah, Will, but it's true. I am Katey Gaveston, as sure as you stand there. I came after him, to stop him from making mischief. He don't mean it—we know that; but he's just as simple as ever. He blurts everything out."

This speech went through and through Sir William. The light seemed to fail from his eyes for a moment; but when he looked round all was as before—Lady Markham talking to Brown, and Alice to the groom, who had come for the pony carriage.

"Hush!" he said, instinctively, with a shudder, giving her his hand to help her to step out. "Hush!" Then, making a little effort over himself, he added, "We are to have time, I hope, to talk over old stories quietly—at our leisure—no need to go back in a moment from the present to the past."

"Nearly forty years—it's a long way to go back," she said. "We've grown old folks; but it's better to take our time and talk it all over quietly, as you say. Yes, yes, quietly; that is by far the best way."

Mrs. Lenny nodded till her bonnet seemed to fill all the atmosphere with pink mists of reflection, and laughed, filling the air with reverberations of sound, just as her bonnet did with flickerings of coloured light; but she

did not throw her arms round him in sisterly salutation; this was something saved at least.

Then he led her in ceremoniously to the great drawing-room, which was carefully shaded and cool and luxurious after the blaze outside. It was sweet with great bowls of late roses, full of flowers of every kind—a stately room such as Mrs. Lenny was not accustomed to see. She stopped short with a cry of admiration.

“What a lovely place! What a beautiful—beautiful house!” Then she put her handkerchief to her eyes. “To think, poor dear, who might have been the mistress of it all!” she said.

Sir William cast an alarmed glance behind him, but his wife was too far off to hear.

“You must recollect,” he said, “that *then* I had no house at all—no place to make—any one the mistress of. I never expected then to be master here.”

Mrs. Lenny sat down and wiped her eyes.

“It is a beautiful house,” she said. “I’ve been into the park, and seen a great deal; and when I think of all that’s come and gone, when I remember that you were nothing but a poor man, Will Markham, just as poor as all the rest of us—and to see you now, like a prince, with your lovely wife, and her sweet family—oh! I know you’ll forgive me, my dear lady; if your heart is as sweet as your face, you’ll forgive me; but I can’t help thinking that what is given to one is taken from another; and of them that never had a chance of happiness—them that are dead and gone—and the place where they might have been—remembers them no more.”

Lady Markham, who could not shut her heart to any distress, came and sat down by her and took her hand.

“I know what you mean,” she said. “When I have any sorrow it always comes upon me afresh in a new place.”

How far she was from knowing what her visitor meant!

Mrs. Lenny looked up surprised. Then two big honest tears burst out of her eyes, and her whole face lighted up with a smile.

“You are a darling,” she said, seizing Lady Markham’s soft hand in both of hers, “with a heart as feeling! But I am not crying for anything in particular, my dear—only out of excitement, and the strangeness of everything. You must not be so sorry for me.”

Here Colonel Lenny interposed, and pointed out to Lady Markham the tea-table which was awaiting her.

“Give her a big cup, my dear lady; that is what makes Katey happy,” he said. “What would she be without her tea? We men take something stronger, I don’t deny it; but we’re not so dependent upon anything. I could live without my smoke, and I could live without my drink—times have been when I’ve lived without eating, too; but I can’t fancy my wife without a tea-pot.”

“Not altogether without eating, I hope. Take some cake now,” said Lady Markham, smiling, “to make amends.”

“I will have the cake—but yes, altogether without eating—for as long as it lasted—that was two days; the time is apt to feel long when you’ve nothing to eat. I’ve always thought the more of breakfast and dinner and all the little bits of ornamental eating and drinking that we make no account of, since then. Oh, I’ve told all about it to the boys. I’m getting to an end of my stories,” said the colonel. “Roland begins to know them better than I; he says, ‘That’s not how you told it before.’ That boy is as sharp as a needle; he’s the one you should make a lawyer of, my dear lady. Now Harry’s a born soldier; he’s up to everything that wants doing with the hands. Put him before a lion, and he’ll face it, that little fellow; and he takes in every word you say to him. But Roland, by Jove, cross-examines you as if you were in a witness-box: ‘You said so-and-so before,’ or ‘How

could you do that when you had just done so-and-so?' He's as keen as an east wind."

"That is a very biting metaphor," said Lady Markham; but it did not occur to her that the colonel was talking against time to beguile her attention and keep the conversation which was going on at the other side of the room undisturbed. There it was Sir William who was serving Mrs. Lenny with the tea his wife had poured out.

"She knows nothing," he said, in a low tone. "I did not think it was worth while telling her. For God's sake do not let her surprise it now."

"I wouldn't if I could help it, Will; but the boy—there's the boy."

"What boy? You mean Philip's boy?"

Mrs. Lenny put out her hand and grasped his.

"Haven't you heard? Philip's dead, and the property all sold up, and nothing left for one belonging to him. He never learnt, like the rest of us, to scrape and save. It's all gone—every penny. There was not so much to begin with, when you think upon it; and there he is, without a sou."

"My God!" said Sir William under his breath. He was not a man given to oaths, but he was suddenly overwhelmed by the danger that overshadowed him which he had not thought of before. The evil he had feared was as nothing in comparison. He grew pale to his very finger-nails. "This is why you have come to me?" he said.

"Nothing but that—do I want to bother you? but *he* must be thought of, too. Will, the boy must not lose his rights."

"He must be provided for," said the baronet, gloomily; "but he has no rights."

"Will! do you mean to bring his mother out of her grave? No rights! We came in friendship, but we'll go in anger if there is any meaning in you to disown the boy."

"I cannot say any more now," said

Sir William, hastily. "I will talk to Lenny to-night."

"I don't put my faith in Lenny for that matter. Will, you must satisfy me."

"I will, I will, Katey! For God's sake no more."

Alice had come up to them in her easy grace of youth. She heard, if not the words, yet the tone in which they were said; and her father got up hastily and got behind the stranger to whom he was speaking so seriously, but who smiled upon the girl from her great chair.

"Come and talk to me, my pretty," Mrs. Lenny said. "Your father and I have been reminding each other of things we had both forgotten, and they're not such pleasant things as you. Come and cheer us up, my bonnie dear."

Lady Markham was very well content to see the close conversation that was going on between her husband and this new guest. It took a great burden off her mind. This time she had made no mistake—the claim of the old friendship was real. No suspicion of any kind entered her thoughts. She leaned back in her chair with a grateful sense of relief, and felt glad that she had sent orders by Brown that Mrs. Lenny was to be put into one of the best rooms, thus promoting the colonel too. There remained only one little difficulty: Mrs. Lenny's pink bonnet was a very fine article indeed, but she could not come to dinner in it. Where was she to find a toilette for the evening, since all her luggage, Lady Markham knew, consisted of a bag which she had left with the lodge-keeper? Lady Markham herself was somewhat particular about dress. She wondered privately what it would be best to do, as she leant back in her chair and listened to the colonel talking of Roland and Harry. She must put on, she concluded, the plainest article in her wardrobe, that Mrs. Lenny might not feel uncomfortable, and she must give Alice a hint to do the same. Thus the alarming

sensations aroused by this meeting subsided, to all appearance.

"Yes, you did quite right; they are old friends, very old friends," Sir William said from his dressing-room, in answer to his wife's question. "Did I never tell you I spent two years in Barbadoes? Indeed I suppose I had almost forgotten myself. My uncle had left some property there, and not being of much consequence then I was sent out to look after it. It came to nothing, like most West Indian property. The Gavestons were a family of handsome girls. I—saw a good deal of them; most of the young Englishmen who were there frequented their house, Lenny among the rest. I scarcely recollected his name; but Katey Gaveston of course I was bound to know."

"She implied, I think, that there once had been some—flirtation between you," said Lady Markham, with a smile.

"Ah!" said Sir William—his voice sounded harsher than usual, though he was painfully civil and ready to explain—"perhaps there might have been—something. It is nearly forty years ago—it is not of much consequence to any one now."

"No—you don't think I mind," she said, this time with a soft laugh. But he did not respond. He had not finished dressing, and *he* was very particular in his attire. His wife had taken a slight liberty, she felt, in disturbing him. Did she not know that he liked perfect tranquillity in that moment of preparation for dinner? It would not have occurred to him to put on a black neck-tie, or change the usual solemn dignity of his appearance, on account of any visitor. Lady Markham was glad that her own very simple dress escaped notice, at least.

The other pair meanwhile were comparing notes in their rooms, where Mrs. Lenny's preparations for dinner were by no means so simple as Lady Markham had supposed. The bag, on being opened, had proved to contain what she called "an evening body,"

much trimmed with lace and ribbons. She regarded this article with great complacency as she pinned the ribbons across her bosom.

"I hope you don't feel that you've any call to be ashamed of your wife, Lenny," she said. "I hope I'm fit to sit down with my lady, or the Queen herself if she were to think of asking us. There's the good of a real, excellent black silk, it does for anything; in the morning it's one dress, in the evening it's another. My Lady Markham will think I have trunks full when she sees me. She's a sweet woman; I thought so before, but I think so more than ever now, to see the handsome room she's put us in. That proves her sense. She can see I'm not one of the common sort. She doesn't know anything about the connection, and she sha'n't know it through me, to vex her, the pretty dear. She doesn't even know he was ever in the island. After all, it's a long time ago. She shall never hear a word of it through me."

"That would be all very well," said the colonel, "if there was only you and I; but you forget there's another to think of."

"I don't forget; but there's a deal more to think of than I supposed. Why shouldn't he stay where he is? It's the life he's used to. And what would he do here? Money will never be wanting; and a little money would make him a great man where he is. Don't interrupt me with your reasons, Lenny. He's my flesh and blood, not yours; and I won't do it, I haven't the heart to do it. A lovely woman, and a pretty family as you could see. Don't you know there's the heir grown up—Paul they call him? If it had been but a small boy I shouldn't have minded. And the other, what does he know about it? It can't hurt him, what he doesn't know. And he isn't at an age to change his habits. He's no lad—he's a man as old as you or I."

"Twenty years younger, and more."

"What's twenty years?" said Mrs.

Lenny, indignantly. "He's not an old man, if you please, but neither is he young. He's a man at his best—or his worst, perhaps. We haven't seen him since he was a boy. All's fixed and settled about him. And to change his country, and his condition, and his way of living all in a moment!—who could do that? scarcely the best man that ever was. He wouldn't know how to behave; he wouldn't understand what was expected of him. He'd be miserable—and so would the others too."

"I can't argue with you, Katey," said her husband; "you're so used to having your own way. I won't attempt to argue with you; but I know what's justice—and justice must surely be the best."

"Oh, justice!" cried the colonel's wife, "where do you find it in this world? Is it justice that you're only lieutenant-colonel of a West India regiment, when you ought to have been a general in the army? Don't speak to me. I know you better than any one else does, and when I say that's what you're fit for you may be sure I'm not flattering. Does a man get flattery from his wife? We may get justice in another world, and I for one hope for it; but not here. And here's just a case where justice would do more harm than good. It would do harm to both sides, and punish everybody. It would be real injustice and cruelty, and all that's bad; and would you be the one to force it—and I to recommend it? No, no; I tell you no!"

"I can't argue with you, Katey," her husband repeated. "Have it your own way. It's not my flesh and blood, as you say, but yours. But if it turns out badly, and you repent after—"

"Bless us all," cried Mrs. Lenny, starting to her feet, "there's the dinner bell!"

"I would advise you to put your cap on straight," was all the colonel said.

When this couple entered the dining-room, Mrs. Lenny felt proudly that

she had achieved one of the successes of her life. Lady Markham looking up at her as she marched in on her husband's arm, with flowers rustling on her cap and lace on her shoulders, gave one look of bewildered admiration, Mrs. Lenny thought, then glanced at Alice to communicate her wonder. ("I knew she'd think I'd brought my whole wardrobe," she said to the colonel after, "and for that matter, that is fit to be seen, so I have.") The "evening body," the lace, and the ribbons took Lady Markham altogether by surprise; and it cannot be said that her own simple toilet was appreciated by her visitor. But Mrs. Lenny was very kind after dinner, and explained the simple artifice to her hostess, by way of giving a lesson to one of the best dressed of women.

"You look very nice in your muslin, my dear," she said, "and so does that pretty darling, that would look well in anything; but when you come to my time of life it makes a difference; and roaming about from place to place how could I have room for muslins? not to say that washing is a ruination. I have one evening body made with good black silk. It costs a little more at the time, but what does that matter? And there you are, both for morning and evening, quite set up."

"It is a very admirable plan, I am sure," Lady Markham said, with great seriousness, checking with a look the laugh that was in Alice's eyes. The children were in the drawing-room, all four of them, very ready to make friends with their beloved colonel's wife.

"I feel as if I had something to do with them. I feel as if I were their grandmother, though I never had a child of my own," she said. Thus everything went harmoniously in the drawing-room, though the ladies were all a little curious to know what kept the gentlemen so long over their wine. Sir William's coffee grew cold; he had never been known to be so late before.

THE RUSSIAN GIPSIES.

MOSCOW.

I HAD no friends in Moscow to direct me where to find gipsies *en famille*, and the inquiries which I made of chance acquaintances simply convinced me that the world at large was as ignorant of their ways as it was prejudiced against them. At last the good-natured old porter of our hotel told me in his rough Baltic German how to meet these mysterious minstrels to advantage. "You must take a sleigh," he said, "and go out to Petrovka. That is a place in the country where there are grand cafés at considerable distance one from the other. Pay the driver three roubles for four hours. Enter a café, call for something to drink, listen to the gipsies singing, and when they pass round a plate, put some money in it. That's all." This was explicit, and at ten o'clock in the evening I hired a sleigh and went.

If the cold which I had experienced in the general's troika in Saint Petersburg might be compared to a moderate rheumatism, that which I encountered in the sleigh outside the walls of Moscow on Christmas Eve, 1876, was like a fierce gout. The ride was in all conscience Russian enough to have its ending among gipsies, Tartars, or Cosacks. To go at a headlong pace over the creaking snow behind an *istvostshik*, named Vassili, the round cold moon overhead, church-spires tipped with great inverted golden turnips in the distance, and this on a night when the frost seemed almost to scream in its intensity, is as much of a sensation in the suburbs of Moscow as it could be out on the steppes. A few wolves,

more or less, make no difference—and even wolves come sometimes within three hours' walk of the Kremlin. *Et ego inter lupos*—I too have been among wolves in my time, by night, and thought nothing of such rides compared to the one I had when I went gipsying from Moscow.

In half-an-hour Vassili brought me to a house which I entered. A "proud porter," a vast creature in uniform suggestive of embassies and kings' palaces, relieved me of my *shuba*, and I found my way into a very large and high hall, brilliantly lighted as if for a thousand guests, while the only occupants were four couples "spooning" *sans gêne*, one in each corner, and a small party of men and girls drinking in the middle. I called a waiter; he spoke nothing but Russian, and Russian is of all languages the most useless to him who only speaks it "a little." A little Arabic, or even a little Chippeway, I have found of great service, but a fair vocabulary and weeks of study of the grammar are of no avail in a country where even men of gentlemanly appearance turn away with childish impatience the instant they detect the foreigner, resolving apparently that they cannot and *will not* understand him. In matters like this the ordinary Russian is more impatient and less intelligent than any Oriental, or even Red Indian. The result of my interview with the waiter was that we were soon involved in the completest misunderstanding on the subject of gipsies. The question was settled by reference to a fat and fair damsel, one of the "spoons" already referred to, who spoke German. She explained to me that as it was

Christmas Eve no gipsies would be there, or at any other café. This was disappointing. I called Vassili, and he drove on to another "garden," deeply buried in snow.

When I entered the rooms at this place, I perceived at a glance that matters had mended. There was the hum of many voices, the perfume of much tea and many *papiross* or cigarettes, with a prompt sense of society and of enjoyment. I was dazzled at first by the glare of the lights, and could distinguish nothing unless it was that the numerous company regarded me with utter amazement. For it was an "off night," when no business was expected, few were there save "professionals" and their friends, and I was manifestly an unexpected intruder on Bohemia. As luck would have it, that which I believed was the one worst night in the year to find the gipsy minstrels proved to be the exceptional occasion when they only were assembled, and I had hit upon it. All of this struck me pleasantly enough as I looked around, for I knew that at a touch the spell would be broken, and with one word I should have the warmest welcome from all. I had literally not one speaking acquaintance within a thousand miles, and yet here was a room crowded with gay and festive strangers, whom the slightest utterance would convert into friends.

I was not disappointed. Seeking for a beginning, I saw a young man of gentlemanly appearance, well dressed, and with a mild and amiable air. Speaking to him in German, I asked the very needless question if there were any gipsies present.

"You wish to hear them sing?" he inquired.

"I do not. I only want to talk with one—with *any* one."

He appeared to be astonished, but pointing to a handsome, slender young lady, a very dark brunette, elegantly attired in black silk, said—

"There is one."

I stepped across to the girl, who rose to meet me. I said nothing for a few seconds, but looked at her intently, and then asked—

"*Rakessa tu Romanes, miri pen?*"
"Do you talk Rommany, my sister?"

She gave one deep long glance of utter astonishment—drew one long breath, and, with a cry of delight and wonder, said—

"*Romanichal!*"

That word awoke the entire company, and with it they found out who the intruder was. "Then might you hear them cry aloud—'The Moringer is here!'"—for I began to feel like the long lost lord returned, so warm was my welcome. They flocked around me; they cried aloud in Rommany, and one good-natured, smiling man, who looked like a German gipsy, mounting a chair, waved a guitar by its neck high in the air as a signal of discovery to those at a distance, repeating rapidly—

"*Av'akai, ava'kai, Romanichal!*"
"Come here—here's a gipsy!"

And they came, dark and light, great and small, and got round me and shook hands, and held to my arms, and asked where I came from, and how I did, and if it wasn't jolly, and what would I take to drink, and said how glad they were to see me; and when conversation flagged for an instant, somebody said to his next neighbour, with an air of wisdom—"American Rommany," and everybody repeated it with delight. Then it occurred to the guitarist and the young lady that we had better sit down. So my first acquaintance and discoverer, whose name was Liubasha, was placed, in right of pre-emption, at my right hand, the *belle des belles*, Miss Sarsha, at my left, a sprinkling of damsels all around these, and then three or four circles of gipsies of different ages and tints standing up, surrounded us all. In the outer ring were several fast-looking and pretty Russian or German blonde girls, whose mission it is, I believe, to dance

—and flirt—with visitors, and a few gentlemanly-looking Russians—*view garçons*—evidently of the kind who are at home behind the scenes, and who knew where to come to enjoy themselves. Altogether there must have been about fifty present, and I soon observed that every word I uttered was promptly repeated, while every eye was fixed on me.

I could converse in Rommany with the guitarist, and without much difficulty, but with the charming, heedless young ladies, I had as much trouble to talk as with their sisters in Saint Petersburg. The young gentleman already referred to, to whom in my fancy I promptly gave the Offenbachian name of Prince Paul, translated whenever there was a misunderstanding, and in a few minutes we were all intimate. Miss Sarsha, who had a slight cast in one of her wild black eyes, which added something to the gipsiness and roguery of her smiles, and who wore in a ring a large diamond, which seemed as if it might be the right eye in the wrong place, was what is called an earnest young lady, with plenty to say and great energy wherewith to say it. What with her eyes, her diamond, her smiles, and her tongue, she constituted altogether a fine specimen of irrepressible fireworks, and Prince Paul had enough to do in facilitating conversation. There was no end to his politeness, but it was an impossible task for him now and then promptly to carry over a long sentence from German to Russian, and he would give it up like an invincible conundrum, with the patient smile and head-wag and hand-wave of an amiable Dundreary. Yet I began to surmise a mystery even in him. More than once he inadvertently betrayed a knowledge of Rommany, though he invariably spoke of his friends around in a patronising manner as “these gipsies.” This was very odd, for in appearance he was a Gorgio of the Gorgios and did not seem, despite any talent

for languages which he might possess, likely to trouble himself to acquire Rommany while Russian would answer every purpose of conversation. All of this was, however, explained to me afterwards.

“Prince Paul” again asked me if I had come out to hear a concert. I said, “No—that I had simply come out to see my brothers and sisters and talk with them, just as I hoped they would come to see me if I were in my own country.” This speech produced a most favourable impression, and there was, in a quiet way, a little private conversation among the leaders, after which Prince Paul said to me, in a very pleasant manner, that “these gipsies” being delighted at the visit from the gentleman from a distant country, would like to offer me a song in token of welcome. To this I answered, with many thanks, that such kindness was more than I had expected, for I was well aware of the great value of such a compliment from singers whose fame had reached me even in America. It was evident that my grain of a reply did not fall upon stony ground, for I never was among people who seemed to be so quickly impressed by any act of politeness, however trifling. A bow, a squeeze of the hand, a smile, or a glance, would gratify them, and this gratification their lively black eyes expressed in the most unmistakable manner.

So we had the song, wild and wonderful like all of its kind, given with all that delightful *abandon* which attains perfection only among gipsies. I had enjoyed the singing in Saint Petersburg, but there was a *laissez aller*, a completely gay spirit, in this Christmas-eve gipsy-party in Moscow which was much more “whirling away.” For at Dorot the gipsies had been on exhibition; here at Petrovka they were frolicking *en famille* with a favoured guest—a Rommany rye from a far land to astonish and delight—and he took good care to let them feel that they were achieving a

splendid success, for I declared many times that it was *bŭtsi shŭkár*, or very beautiful. Then I called for tea and lemon, and after that, the gipsies sung for their own amusement, Miss Sarsha, as the incarnation of fun and jollity, taking the lead, and making me join in. Then the crowd made way, and in the space appeared a very pretty little girl in the graceful old gipsy Oriental dress. This child danced charmingly indeed, in a style strikingly like that of the Almeah of Egypt, but without any of the erotic expressions which abound in Eastern pantomime. This little Rommany girl was to me enchanting, being altogether unaffected and graceful. It was evident that her dancing, like the singing of her elder sisters, was not an art which had been drilled in by instruction. They had fallen into it in infancy, and perfected themselves by such continual practice, that what they did was as natural as walking or talking. When the dancing was over, I begged that the little girl would come to me, and kissing her tiny gipsy hand, I said: "*Spassibo tute kamli, eto hi bŭtsi shŭkár*"—"Thank you, dear; that is very pretty," with which the rest were evidently pleased. I had observed among the singers, at a little distance, a very remarkable and rather handsome old woman—a good study for an artist—and she, as I also noticed, had sung with a powerful and clear voice. "She is our grandmother," said one of the girls. Now, as every student of gipsies knows, the first thing to do in England or Germany, on entering a tent-gipsy encampment, is to be polite to "the old woman." Unless you can win her good opinion you had better be gone. The Russian city Roms have apparently no such fancies. On the road, however, life is patriarchal, and the grandmother is a power to be feared. As a fortune-teller she is a witch, ever at warfare with the police-world; she has a bitter tongue and is quick to wrath. This was not the style or

fashion of the old gipsy singer; but as soon as I saw the *puri babali dye*, I requested that she would shake hands with me, and by the impression which this created I saw that the Rommany of the city had not lost all the feelings of the road.

I spoke of Waramoff's beautiful song of the *Krasneya Sarafan*, which Miss Sarsha began at once to warble. The characteristic of Russian gipsy girl voices is a peculiarly delicate metallic tone—like that of the two silver bells of the tower of Ivan Velikoi when heard from afar—yet always marked with fineness and strength. This is sometimes startling in the wilder effects, but it is always agreeable. These Moscow gipsy girls have a great name in their art, and it was round the shoulders of one of them—for aught I know it may have been Sarsha's great-grandmother—that Catalani threw the cashmere shawl which had been given to her by the Pope, as "to the best singer in the world." "It is not mine by right," said the generous Italian; "it belongs to the gipsy."

The gipsies were desirous of learning something about the songs of their kindred in distant lands, and though no singer I did my best to please them, the guitarist easily improvising accompaniments, while the girls joined in. As all were in a gay mood, faults were easily excused, and the airs were much liked, Miss Tuckey's lyrics, set by Virginia Gabriel, being even more admired in Moscow than in Saint Petersburg, *à propos* of which I may mention that when I afterwards visited the gipsy family in their own home, the first request from Sarsha was, "*Eto gilyo rya!*"—"That song, sir,"—referring to *Rommany*, which has been heard at several concerts in London. And so after much discussion of the affairs of Egypt, I took my leave amid a chorus of kind farewells. Then Vassili, loudly called for, reappeared from some nook with his elegantly frosted horse, and in a few

minutes we were dashing homewards. Cold! it was as severe as in Western New York or Minnesota, where the thermometer for many days every winter sinks lower than in Saint Petersburg, but where there are no such incredible precautions taken as in the land of double windows cemented down, and fur-lined shubas. It is remarkable that the gipsies, who are Hindus by origin, are said to surpass the Russians in enduring cold; and there is a marvellous story told about a Rommany who for a wager undertook to sleep naked against a clothed Muscovite on the ice of a river during an unusually cold night. In the morning the Russian was found frozen stiff, while the gipsy was snoring away unharmed. As we returned, I saw in the town something which recalled this story in more than one moujik, who, well wrapped up, lay sleeping in the open air, under the lee of a house. Passing through silent Moscow on the early Christmas morn, under the stars, as I gazed at the marvellous city which yields neither to Edinburgh, Cairo, nor Prague in picturesqueness, and thought over the strange evening I had spent among the gipsies, I felt as if I were in a melodrama with striking scenery. The pleasing finale was the utter amazement and almost speechless gratitude of Vassili at getting an extra half-rouble as an early Christmas gift.

As I had received a pressing invitation from the gipsies to come again, I resolved to pay them a visit on Christmas afternoon in their own house if I could find it. Having ascertained that the gipsy street was in a distant quarter, called the *Grouszini*, I engaged a sleigh, standing before the door of the Slavanski-Bazar Hotel, and the usual close bargain with the driver was effected with the aid of a Russian gentleman, a stranger passing by, who reduced the rouble (100 kopecks) at first demanded, to seventy kopecks. After a very long drive we found ourselves in the gipsy street,

and the *istvostshik* asked me "to what house?"

"I don't know," I replied. "Gipsies live here, don't they?"

"Gipsies and no others."

"Well, I want to find a gipsy."

The driver laughed, and just at that instant I saw, as if awaiting me on the side walk, Sarsha, Liubasha, and another young lady with a good-looking youth, their brother.

"This will do," I said to the driver, who appeared utterly amazed at seeing me greeted like an old friend by the Zigani, but who grinned with delight, as all Russians of the lower class invariably do, at anything like sociability and fraternity. The damsels were faultlessly attired in Russian style, with full fur-lined glossy black-satin cloaks and fine Orenberg scarfs, which are, I believe, the finest woollen fabrics in the world. The party were particularly anxious to know if I had come specially to visit *them*, for I have passed over the fact that I had also made the acquaintance of another very large family of gipsies who sang at a rival *café*, and who had also treated me very kindly. I was at once conducted to a house, which we entered in a rather gipsy way, not in front, but through a court, a back door, and up a staircase, very much in the style of certain dwellings in the Potteries in London. But having entered, I was led through one or two neat rooms, where I saw lying sound asleep on beds, but dressed, one or two very dark Rommanis, whose faces I remembered. Then we passed into a sitting-room, which was very well furnished. I observed hanging up over the chimney-piece a good collection of photographs, nearly all of gipsies, and indicating that close resemblance to Hindus which comes out so strongly in such pictures, being, in fact, more apparent in the pictures than in the models; just as the photographs of the old Ufilas manuscript revealed curious characteristics not visible in the original. In the centre of the

group was a cabinet-size portrait of Sarsha, and by it another of an Englishman of *very* high rank. I thought this odd, but asked no questions.

My hosts were very kind, offering me promptly a rich kind of Russian cake, begging to know what else I would like to eat or drink, and apparently deeply concerned that I could really partake of nothing, as I had just come from luncheon. They were all light-hearted and gay, so that the music began at once, as wild and as bewitching as ever. And here I observed, even more than before, how thoroughly sincere these gipsies were in their art, and to what a degree they enjoyed and were excited by their own singing. Here in their own home, warbling like birds and frolicking like children, their performance was even more delightful than it had been in the concert-room. There was evidently a great source of excitement in the fact that I must enjoy it far more than an ordinary stranger, because I understood Rommany and sympathised with gipsy ways, and regarded them not as the *Gaji* or Gentiles do, but as brothers and sisters. I confess that I was indeed moved by the simple kindness with which I was treated, and I knew that with the wonderfully keen perception of character in which gipsies excel, they perfectly understood my liking for them. It is this ready intuition of feelings which, when it is raised from an instinct to an art by practice, enables shrewd old women to tell fortunes with so much skill.

I was here introduced to the mother of the girls. She was a neat, pleasant-looking woman, of perhaps forty years, in appearance and manners irresistibly reminding me of some respectable Cuban lady. Like the others, she displayed an intelligent curiosity as to my knowledge of Rommany, and I was pleased at finding that she knew much more of the language than her children did. Then there entered a young Russian gentleman, but not "Prince Paul." He

was, however, a very agreeable person, as all Russians can be when so minded, and they are always so-minded when they gather from information or conjecture the fact that the stranger whom they meet is of education or position. This young gentleman spoke French, and undertook the part of occasional translator.

I asked Liubasba if any of them understood fortune-telling.

"No—we have quite lost the art of *dorriki*.¹ None of us know anything about it. But we hear that you Rommanichals over the Black Water understand it. Oh, *rya*," she cried, eagerly, "you know so much—you're such a deep Rommany—can't *you* tell fortunes?"

"I should indeed know very little about Rommany ways," I replied, gravely, "if I could not *pen dorriki*. But I tell you beforehand, *terni pen*, '*dorrikipen hi hokanipen*,' Little Sister—fortune-telling is deceiving. Yet what the lines say, I can read."

In an instant six as pretty little gipsy hands as I ever beheld were thrust before me, and I heard as many cries of delight. "Tell *my* fortune, *rya*! tell mine! and mine!" exclaimed the damsels, and I complied. It was all very well to tell them there was nothing in it—they knew a trick worth two of that. I perceived at once that the faith which endures beyond its own knowledge was placed in all I said. In England the gipsy woman who at home ridicules her own fortune-telling and her dupes, still puts faith in a *gusveri mush*, or some "wise man," who with crystal or magical apparatus professes occult knowledge, for she thinks that her own false art is an imitation of a true one. It is really amusing to see the reverence with which an old gipsy will look at the awful hieroglyphics in Cornelius Agrippa's *Occult Philosophy*, or, better still, *Trihemius*, and, as a

¹ In old English Rommany this is called *dorrikin*, in common parlance *dukkerin*. Both forms are really old.

gift, any ordinary fortune-telling book is esteemed by them beyond rubies. It is true that they cannot read it, but the precious volume is treasured like a *fetish*, and the owner is happy in the thought of at least possessing dark-some and forbidden lore, though it be of no earthly use to her. After all the kindness they had shown me, I could not find it in my heart to refuse to tell these gentle Zingari their little fortunes. It is not, I admit, exactly in the order of things that the chicken should dress the cook, or the Gorgio tell fortunes to gipsies, but he who wanders in strange lands meets with strange adventures. So, with a full knowledge of the legal penalties attached in England to palmistry and other conjuration, and with the then pending Slade case knocking heavily on my conscience, I proceeded to examine and predict. When I afterwards narrated this incident to the late G. H. Lewes, he expressed himself to the effect that to tell fortunes to gipsies struck him as the very *ne plus ultra* of cheek. Which shows how extremes meet, for verily it was with great modesty and proper diffidence that I ventured to foretell the lives of these little ladies, having an antipathy to the practice of chiro-mancing as to other romancing.

I have observed that as among men of great and varied culture, and of extensive experience, there are more complex and delicate shades and half-shades of light in the face, so in the palm the lines are correspondingly varied and broken. Take a man of intellect and a peasant of equal excellence of figure according to the literal rules of art or of anatomy, and this subtle multiplicity and variety shows itself in the whole body in favour of the "gentleman," so that it would almost seem as if every book we read is republished in the person. The first thing that struck me in these gipsy hands was the very remarkable fewness of the lines, their clearly defined sweep and their simplicity. In

every one the line of life was unbroken, and in fine, one might think from a drawing of the hand, and without knowing who its owner might be, that he or she was of a type of character unknown in most great European cities, a being gifted with special culture, and in a certain simple sense refined, but not endowed with experience in a thousand confused phases of life. To avoid mistakes I told the fortunes in French which was translated into Russian. I need not say that every word was listened to with earnest attention; or that the group of dark but young and comely faces as they gathered around and bent over would have made a good subject for a picture. After the girls, the mother must needs hear her *dorriki* also, and last of all the young Russian gentleman, who seemed to take as earnest an interest in his future as even the gipsies. As he alone understood French, and as he appeared to be *un peu gaillard*, and finally as the lines of his hand said nothing to the contrary, I predicted for him in detail a fortune in which *bonnes fortunes* were not at all wanting. I think he was pleased, but when I asked him if he would translate what I said of his future into Russian, he replied with a slight wink and a scarcely perceptible negative. I suppose he had his reasons.

Then we had singing again, and Christopher, the brother, a wild and gay young gipsy, became so excited that while playing the guitar he also danced and carolled, and the sweet voices of the girls rose in chorus, and I was again importuned for the *Rommany* song, and we had altogether a very Bohemian frolic. I was sorry when the early twilight faded into night, and I was obliged, notwithstanding many entreaties to the contrary, to take my leave. These gipsies had been very friendly and kind to me in a strange city where I had not an acquaintance, and where I had expected none. They had given

me of their very best—for they gave me songs which I can never forget, and which were better to me than all the opera could bestow. The young Russian, polite to the last, went bare-headed with me into the street, and hailing a sleigh-driver, began to bargain for me. In Moscow, as in other places, it makes a great difference in the fare, whether one takes a public conveyance from before the first hotel, or from a house in the gipsy quarter. I had paid seventy kopecks to come, and I at once found that my new friend and the driver were engaged in wild and fierce dispute whether I should pay twenty or thirty to return.

"Oh, give him thirty," I exclaimed. "It's little enough."

"*Non*," replied the Russian, with the air of a man of principles. "*Il ne faut pas gâter ces gens-là*." But I gave the driver thirty all the same when we got home, and thereby earned the usual shower of blessings.

A few days afterwards, while going from Moscow to Saint Petersburg, I made the acquaintance of a young Russian noble and diplomat who was well informed on all current gossip,

and learned from him some curious facts. The first young gentleman whom I had seen among the Rommanies of Moscow was the son of a Russian prince by a gipsy mother, and the very noble Englishman whose photograph I had seen in Sarsha's collection, had not long ago (as rumour averred) paid desperate attentions to the *belle* of the Rommanies without obtaining the least success. My informant did not know her name. Putting this and that together, I think it highly probable that Sarsha was the young lady, and that the *latcho bar*, or diamond, which sparkled on her finger had been paid for with British gold, while the donor had gained the same "unluck" which befell one of his type in the Spanish gipsy song as given by George Borrow.

"Loud sang the Spanish cavalier,
And thus his ditty ran—
'God send the gipsy maiden here
But not the gipsy man.'

"On high arose the moon so bright,
The gipsy 'gan to sing,
I see a Spaniard coming here,
I must be on the wing.'"

CHARLES G. LELAND.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COLOUR-SENSE.

It would be difficult to find another natural phenomenon which at the present time possesses so great a fascination for people of the most diverse tastes and occupations as colour. And yet history shows that colour has by no means always been held in such high esteem as now. The Greeks, for reasons which will be specified in the course of this article, regarded it with eyes of indifference, and have contributed little to our scientific knowledge of it. The middle ages present a still greater void; and only with the revival of letters, when the senses were released from the ascetic ban which had so long rested on them, did a hearty and healthy love of colour begin to manifest itself in science, art, and literature. And the nearer we come to our own day, the more prominent colour becomes as an object of speculation and experiment. The last fifteen or twenty years are so remarkable in this respect that in a history of science they might not inaptly be alluded to as the Age of Colour. The problem was found to be so complex and comprehensive that a division of labour had to be resorted to. Goethe, by writing no less than a thousand pages on the phenomena and history of colour, had already endeavoured to break up the monopoly held by the man of physical science. Helmholtz next appeared, in the name of physiology, to revive and improve the theory of Young, and by its aid to bring to light many new and important facts. More recently, the anatomist, F. Boll, discovered the retinal purple, which points to the conclusion that the act of vision is a photo-chemical process, and that we do not see external objects directly, but only their images in the eye. Max Schultze had already preceded him with the discovery of the

difference in functions between the rods and the cones in the retina, thereby, as we shall see, enabling us to ascertain the condition of the colour-sense of prehistoric man with almost absolute certainty. Ever since the discovery was made that the examination through the spectroscope of the colour of incandescent gases and metallic vapours is one of the most delicate methods of chemical analysis, the chemist and astronomer have also given much attention to colour. Nor has the naturalist remained in the background. By their theories of Sexual Selection, of protective, warning, and imitative colours, Mr. Darwin and Mr. Wallace have shown what a valuable auxiliary colour is to the student of natural history in his investigations. By a curious coincidence colour-blindness next became a prominent subject of discussion, just a hundred years subsequent to the time when the phenomenon was first recorded. These discussions have brought to light the curious fact that on an average one male out of every twenty is colour-blind, *i.e.* unable to discriminate all the principal colours of the spectrum, and therefore liable to confound the colour of a ripe strawberry with that of its surrounding leaves, or to make analogous mistakes.

The statistical proof that such a large proportion of us, without being aware of it, have an imperfect colour-sense, seems curious enough to satisfy the most insatiate lover of sensational science. But the philologists, eager to make their contribution to the many-sided colour question, have now come forward with a theory which throws everything else in the shade. Basing their argument on the occurrence in ancient literary records of certain peculiarities in the use or

absence of epithets of colour, these philologists would have us believe that the colour-sense of *all* men was once in a rudimentary condition, from which it has been gradually developed within a period accessible to philological research. Previous to this period the world must then have presented to man the appearance of a photograph, or rather a good stereoscopic view. It was the fertile imagination of Mr. Gladstone that first suggested the idea that the organ of colour was but partially developed among the Greeks of the heroic age (*Homer and the Homeric Age*, 1858, vol. iii. pp. 457-500). Two years ago he restated his views in a magazine article: and that none of the counter-arguments hitherto advanced have shaken his conviction is evinced by his more recent summary in the *Primer of Homer*, where he still insists (p. 150) that Homer "knew but little and vaguely of the differences of colour, except as approximations to the opposite ideas of light and darkness, both of which he grasped firmly, and turned very largely to poetic use. He never gives an epithet of colour to a flower; never calls the skies blue; and there is no word in the poems which would justify an assertion that he had any approach to a distinct perception either of green or blue."

In a lecture delivered at Frankfort in 1867, Dr. Lazarus Geiger adopts Mr. Gladstone's theory, and extends it to other ancient peoples besides the Greeks. The same peculiarities that Mr. Gladstone had noticed in the Homeric poems, Dr. Geiger found again in the Vedas, the Zendavesta, the Bible, yea, even in the Koran and the songs of the Edda. Dr. Geiger is even convinced that within a period open to the investigations of the comparative philologist, there has been a progress in the development of the colour-sense of man exactly corresponding to the scheme of the spectrum, from red through orange, yellow, green, blue, and indigo, to violet. The first period of colour-perception was the Black-red Age; then came

the Black-red-golden Age, and so on. For the sake of simplicity I shall overlook these additions of Geiger, and consider the theory simply in relation to the Greeks, as put forward by Mr. Gladstone. The nature of my argument is such that what we find to be true of the Greeks must also hold in the case of other ancient peoples, *mutatis mutandis*. I wish to add a word or two, however, in regard to the supposed analogy between the colour-sense of Homer, and the phenomenon known as colour-blindness. This analogy was timidly hinted at by Geiger, and has been recently made the subject of several communications to *Nature* by Dr. W. Pole. According to this view, modern colour-blindness would be a form of reversion or atavism, recalling a time when all men were colour-blind. Dr. Pole's arguments bear witness to an ingenuity worthy of a metaphysician of the Hegelian school; but his hypothesis is contradicted by numerous facts, from which I will select only two. It is a general law of evolution that in cases of degeneration the last and highest acquisitions are lost first. Now, if there had been within historical times a regular development of the colour-sense from red to violet, it would follow that a majority of colour-blind persons must be violet-blind. But in reality we find that violet-blindness is so infrequent that some physicians entirely doubt its existence, and even Professor Holmgren, who has examined thousands of persons afflicted with dichromatic vision, records only two such cases. The other fact is still more conclusive against Dr. Pole. It is well known that colour-blind persons chiefly fail in discriminating between red and green. Blue and yellow are seen by them as by normal persons, and are never confounded. If, therefore, Homer had been colour-blind, he would yet have seen blue as we see it; and being, besides yellow, the only colour of which he had a distinct perception, he would certainly have made the most of it in his descriptions. But

it is precisely in regard to blue that not only the Homeric poems, but all the other ancient literary records referred to, present the most striking anomaly; and hence for my part I cannot believe that Homer and his contemporaries were colour-blind.

This, however, does not by any means dispose of the whole question. The point to be decided is this: Has the colour-sense of man undergone *any sort* of modification, or in any way been improved, since the time when the Homeric poems were written? Mr. Gladstone believes it has, and the grounds of his belief are these: (1) Homer uses only a limited number of colour adjectives; (2) he applies the same adjectives to objects which present to our eyes essentially different colours or hues; (3) he gives different and incompatible colour-epithets to the same object; (4) white and black vastly predominate over the colours properly so called; and (5) slight use is made of colour as compared with other elements of beauty. These, it must be admitted, are very curious facts, and if no other explanation were possible besides the one proposed by Mr. Gladstone, his argument would seem plausible enough. But while admitting the facts to be correctly stated, I cannot admit the correctness of the logical inference from them, as long as another explanation is at hand which not only has the advantage of greater simplicity, but is much more in harmony with scientific facts. Instead of a defective colour-sense we have only to assume, with Mr. Wallace, a defective colour-nomenclature, and the difficulties disappear. Mr. Gladstone himself points out the paucity of the Homeric colour-terms; and these, we must now add, were not yet sufficiently specialized to save from confusion. If we examine our own epithets of colour, we come across a few which appear to be taken from the objects to which they belong, such as rose, orange, indigo. Among the Greeks this practice was much more common, as is shown by the great number of

words like fire-colour, wine-colour, straw-colour, bronze-colour, &c.; and such a nomenclature would naturally lead to confusion in language and ideas, since under different conditions natural objects do not always present the same appearance. The Greeks, moreover, had no adequate scientific theory of colour. Besides black and white, red and yellow were generally named as the primary colours, and this for no other reason, apparently, than because red and yellow are more glaring and less common than other colours. Green and blue were so omnipresent in vegetation, in the sky and the ocean, that they were not considered worthy of mention. Hence it is, that in all the most ancient literary records names are first invented for yellow and red. That this is the correct explanation may be seen by observing children, peasants, savages, and in short all persons whose education in relation to colour has been neglected. Glaring red and yellow are their favourite hues, while the more subdued blue of the sky, and the numerous delicate shades of green which may be observed in any forest of mixed trees, seem not to exist for them. Even in regard to red and yellow a great deal of confusion exists in the mind of modern Europeans, educated as well as uneducated. Nothing is more common than a habit of confounding with each other perfectly distinct colours, such as red, purple, violet, crimson, carmine, lilac, rose, simply because the individuals in question have not been taught the proper names of these colours with sufficient accuracy. Why then should we wonder that Homer, who lived so many years before Newton, Young, and Helmholtz, and who had only a few abstract colour-terms, should have been guilty of some inaccuracy in his use of them? That I have not exaggerated the confusion in the use of colour adjectives at the present day is proved by positive experiments that have been recently made. For example, M. Delboeuf asked various persons to name

the colour of a certain flower (*Digitalis purpurea*), and was told it was violet, purple, rose, lilac, and several other colours. Mr. R. C. A. Prior also records several experiments (*Nature*, No. 476), in one of which forty-four different persons wrote down fourteen different names for the colour of flowers placed before them; and in the other there were eight different names among twelve replies.

That the want of a precise colour nomenclature affords a satisfactory explanation of the new "Homeric question" is also made evident if we examine the precisely analogous case afforded in our own days by the sense of Smell. In regard to this much-neglected sense we have at present arrived at a philological and psychological stage closely corresponding to that which Homer had reached in regard to the colour-sense. Neither science nor popular usage has as yet supplied us with special and definite abstract terms for the various classes of odours which constantly affect our olfactory nerve. If we wish to be definite we have to imitate the practice of Homer when he speaks of wine-colour, fire-colour, &c. A few abstract words for odours we have, it is true, and what do we do with them? Precisely what Homer did with the few abstract colour-terms which he had: we apply them indiscriminately to objects whose odours no more resemble each other qualitatively than did the objects on which Homer bestowed the same epithets of colour. We speak of the sweet scent of freshly-mown hay, no less than of the sweet scent of a pink, or of a fair maiden's sweet breath; of aromatic tobacco, no less than aromatic incense. Now, in a couple of centuries or more, perhaps some new philological Gladstone or Geiger will arise, and, basing his arguments on our confusion in the use of epithets of odour, demonstrate to an astonished posterity that we poor benighted barbarians of the nineteenth century had a very defective sense of smell, and also a defective sense of

taste, since we could not distinguish between the odour of a pear and a rose, or the flavour of honey and a kiss, all of which we indiscriminately called "sweet."

The error of supposing that the inability to correctly *name* an object implies an inability to correctly *see* it, has not been committed by philologists alone, but also by some of the physicians who have investigated the subject of colour-blindness. Dr. Favre believes that three millions of the inhabitants of France, or almost ten per cent, are colour-blind, while Professor Holmgren, Dr. Magnus, Dr. Jeffries, and other authorities in their respective countries, found less than five per cent of the persons examined thus afflicted. Shall we suppose, therefore, that Daltonism is more prevalent in France than in Sweden, Germany, and America? Not at all. The difference in results is entirely due to the different methods used in the examination of subjects. The authorities last mentioned class those only among the Daltonists who show by their *actions* in choosing wrong duplicates of a given sample from among objects of various colours, that they cannot physically distinguish between certain colours. But Dr. Favre, as pointed out by Professor Holmgren in his admirable recent work on colour-blindness, tests his subjects by asking them to *name* the colours of various objects placed before them, and bases his decision on the answer given. It is evident that with such a method many must be put down as colour-blind who are perfectly competent to *see* the difference between any two colours, but who, from want of experience and training, do not know when to *use the word* purple and when violet, or orange, and so forth. It would be difficult to find a better illustration than this of the exactly analogous mistake made by Mr. Gladstone in his diagnosis of the Homeric colour-sense. And there are two very important lessons which philologists may learn from this:—First, that sensations and ideas often exist for untold

ages before special epithets are invented for them; and secondly, that there are some problems of philosophy while lie beyond the field of vision of the comparative philologist.

If, therefore, Max Müller's statement, that all philosophy of the future will be exclusively philosophy of language, could be substantiated, we could never hope to solve the problem when the colour-sense first made its appearance. Philology is altogether incompetent to settle the matter. Nor, of course, do I claim that the preceding remarks absolutely prove that the organ of colour three thousand years ago was so fully developed as it is now. Our result, so far, is negative, although, certainly, the presumption is decidedly in our favour. But we must now inquire if there are any positive facts which enable us to infer that the colour-sense of primitive man was equal to our own in physical development. It has been suggested by Mr. Wallace and others, that since we now know "that both flowers and fruits have become diversely coloured in adaptation to the visual power of insects, birds, and mammals," the origin of the colour-sense must be placed lower in the scale of life than man, so that it would follow that "man's perception of colour, in the time of Homer, was little, if any, inferior to what it is now." Let us see what this argument amounts to.

Certainly few scientific theories rest on a more secure basis than that first put forward by Mr. Darwin in regard to the agency of birds and insects in stimulating the development of brilliant colours in flowers. He discovered that for many species of plants it is a great advantage to be fertilized with the pollen of other individuals of the same species rather than their own pollen. This cross-fertilization is secured in two different ways, either through the agency of the wind or of birds and insects. Now he found—and this is the important point—that in all those plants which are wind-fertilized, colour is absent, and exists only

in those cases where cross-fertilization is accomplished through the visits of birds and insects. In many of these plants the most complex and wonderful arrangements are found for facilitating cross and preventing self-fertilization, as well as for keeping away "unbidden guests," *i.e.* wingless visitors who would eat the nectar without paying for it by promoting the cause of cross-fertilization. Primarily, of course, what attracts the birds and insects to these flowers is the pollen and the honey secreted by them, as a sort of bait. But some sort of a signal is needed to attract the winged visitors from a distance; and such signals are the coloured petals. Accordingly, those flowers which through spontaneous variation possess colours of greater brilliancy than their rivals, gain an advantage over them for their offspring; and this ultimately leads to the predominance of gaily-coloured over dull-coloured flowers. This chain of reasoning leaves no doubt whatsoever that at least some species of animals must possess a more or less refined chromatic sense, enabling them to distinguish petals of various colours from green leaves.

Not so unconditionally can we accept as evidence in our favour the other theory of Mr. Darwin, that of Sexual Selection, which was framed to account for the brilliant colours and other ornaments of many species of *animals*. Against this theory, at least in so far as it relates to colour, Mr. Wallace has recently advanced such weighty objections that it will be safest to leave it alone for the present.¹ Mr. Wallace maintains that colour is a normal product in the integuments

¹ Mr. Grant Allen, in his interesting work on the Colour-Sense, endeavours to defend Sexual Selection by limiting its sphere to those animals whose taste for colour had already been developed by the bright hues of flowers and fruits, their habitual food. But I fail to see that he satisfactorily answers Mr. Wallace's objections, since he does not sufficiently bear in mind the fatal fact that in the majority of cases the gaily-coloured males themselves, and not the females, make the

of animals, varying in brilliancy with the health and vigour of the males, so that the females by simply selecting, or rather yielding to the most vigorous of the males, unconsciously bring about the result which Mr. Darwin attributes to their deliberate choice and aesthetic love of colour. According to this view colour would have a sexual value only in so far as it renders the individuals endowed with it more conspicuous than others. Irrespective of the large number of facts adduced by Mr. Wallace, his theory has this in its favour, that it demands of birds simply the power of *physically* distinguishing colours, while Sexual Selection would force us to assume that some birds, as peahens, birds of paradise, and humming-birds, have a most exquisitely refined *aesthetic* taste for colour and its harmonies, such as even among the most civilized races of man at the present day is of very rare occurrence.

No such objections apply to the theories which Mr. Wallace himself has advanced to account for certain peculiarities in the *variation* of colour in animals. Two of these theories, at least, have as secure a basis as that of cross-fertilization. As I may take for granted that Mr. Wallace's admirable essays on colour are still fresh in the reader's memory, I need not say anything here in explanation of his views on protective, warning, and imitative colours, except that they supply us with additional indubitable evidence of the existence of a colour-sense among the lower animals. But now I wish to point out an objection to the use which has been made of this evidence to determine the question of the development of the colour-sense of man. Brilliant colours in the animal kingdom are more or less confined to the inhabitants of the air, being particularly noticeable in the

plumage of birds. Mammals do not take part in the process of cross-fertilization, nor do their integuments ever approach the plumage of birds in ornamental colouring. "We do not," says Mr. Darwin, "in this class meet with the splendid red, blue, yellow, and green tints, so common with male birds and many other animals." It appears, therefore, not improbable that birds may have a more perfect colour-sense than mammals. Mr. Wallace somewhere remarks, though with some hesitation, that this is indeed "just possible;" but I shall directly show with reference to the anatomical structure of the retina of birds, that it is not simply "just possible," but almost absolutely certain that their colour-sense is superior to that of mammals, and perhaps even of man himself. If this be true, it is clear that we are not entitled to the inference that, since birds already have a well-developed sense of colour, therefore prehistoric man must have been similarly endowed. Such an inference would rest on the erroneous notion that the higher types of animals must be superior, or at least equal, to the lower in the development of *all* their faculties — a notion which is contradicted by numerous facts of comparative psychology, such as the intellectual and social superiority of ants over most birds and mammals, and the superiority of many of the lower animals to man in the acuteness of their senses of smell, sight, and hearing. It must also be kept in mind that the colour-sense is of much greater importance to birds than to mammals, for various reasons, the most important of which is, that birds on the wing are obliged to discern objects at immense distances: and it can be shown by means of a simple experiment that the colour of an object can be distinguished at a much greater distance than its exact outlines. What then is to prevent us from supposing that, owing to the effects of continued use, the colour-sense of birds has reached a high degree of perfection, while

selection, while even in those cases where the females are known to exercise a choice, there is no evidence that the peculiarities of colouration in the male have anything to do with the matter.

mammals, including man, again lost their early acquisition, not to regain it until a few thousand years ago, as our philologists would have us believe? It must be frankly admitted that natural history unaided is as incompetent to crack the nut as philology has been shown to be.

Fortunately there is still another avenue by which the problem can be approached, and on it we must now bring forward our heavy artillery, which we borrow for the occasion from the head-quarters of comparative anatomy. It may seem somewhat paradoxical to assert that the microscopic examination of the retinae of owls, bats, falcons, chameleons, dogs, apes, and modern Englishmen or Germans, enables us to ascertain the nature of the colour-sense of Homer and the authors of the *Vedas* and the *Zendavesta*; yet such is nevertheless the case, and if the reader will carefully digest the following facts he cannot fail to be convinced.

The human eye, as we all know, consists of about thirty constituent parts. But of these we are here concerned with only one, the retina, or the network which is formed by the ramification of the optic nerve, and on which are received the rays of objective light after having passed through the cornea, the aqueous humour, crystalline lens, and vitreous humour. The retina itself consists of ten different layers, and of these again we are concerned with only one, that which lies farthest away from the source of light,—the layer of rods and cones. These are very minute nervous elements, whose shape is indicated by their names. They exist in immense numbers in the retina, and constitute a mosaic of semi-circular rows, somewhat resembling the engine-turning on the back of a watch. The diameter of the smallest cones coincides with the smallest distance we can perceive between any two points with the naked eye. That the layer of rods and cones is the part of the eye in which waves of ether are converted into sensations of

light and colour has long been known, and the proofs of it may be found in any good text-book of physiology. That there is a difference in function between the rods and the cones is, however, a more recent discovery, by which Max Schultze has immortalized himself. This distinguished anatomist, in the course of his histological investigations, came across a large number of very curious facts, which led him to set up the theory that both the rods and the cones can serve as elements of light, although the perception of light is more especially a function of the rods, while the perception of colour is rendered possible exclusively by means of the cones. If this theory be true, we are entitled to assume the existence of a colour-sense wherever we find the cones, and to mark it as absent whenever the cones are absent. I may add that some recent observations strongly support Schultze's theory, so that if we take these in connection with his arguments and with the results of H. Müller's analysis of the retina of the chameleon, the last doubts of its correctness must vanish.

The safest test of the theory will consist in inquiring if, in all those cases where natural history and other sources of information lead us to look for a colour-sense, there the cones exist in greater numbers and of greater length than where we have no such reasons for postulating a colour-sense. Of the immense number of facts which fit into the theory in a wonderful manner, I shall have space for only a few of the more striking ones, which, however, will suffice for our purpose. Let us begin with the human retina. The reader is aware that near the central region of the retina is a place called the *macula lutea*, or yellow spot, which we always use in direct vision, *i.e.* when we sharply fix an object. *With this part of the retina all the colours of the spectrum can be perceived.* But, as we pass from this central region towards the periphery, we suddenly come to a zone in which one of

the primary colours, red, suddenly disappears. Here all persons are red-blind. If we proceed still farther in the same direction we reach a zone where green also disappears, and finally, at the extreme periphery, we are *totally* colour-blind, though still able to see the outlines of objects. Now all these peculiarities are accounted for by the arrangement and structure of the cones. In the yellow spot, which is the most favourable place for the perception of colour, we find nothing but cones, very closely crowded together, and comparatively very long. A little beyond the macula the rods, or elements of light, begin to make their appearance, and soon gain in numbers, until they exceed the cones in the proportion of about three to one. As the cones become fewer and *shorter* the colour-sense, as we have seen, becomes poorer, until, at the region where we are totally colour-blind, we find that the cones have altogether lost their outer limbs, and are otherwise degenerated. On the other hand, we find that as the rods gain in numbers over the cones, the light-sense is improved. This can be shown by means of a very simple experiment which anybody can make for himself. After turning off your gas, some dark night, fix your eyes suddenly on the window, at which a faint ray of light must be assumed to enter. You will not see anything, because you have looked at the window with the yellow spot. Now turn your head aside, so that the window will be seen with a part of the retina where the rods predominate over the cones, and at once the window will be quite distinctly visible. I have tried the experiment scores of times, invariably with the same result.

Still more decisive are the facts which we obtain from a comparison of the human retina with the retinae of other animals. Most mammals have the same arrangement of retinal rods and cones as man, with the exception that they have no yellow spot. We may infer therefore that the lower mammals are inferior to man in the

perception of colour, at least in so far as the yellow spot is superior in this respect to the other parts of the retina. But there is one class of animals which have no need of a colour-sense. These are the nocturnal animals, such as moles, mice, bats, &c. They have no need of a colour-sense, because we know that even in the twilight colours already disappear, and only differences of light and darkness remain visible. We should therefore expect a corresponding difference in the arrangement and relative numbers of the rods and cones; and indeed the difference which we do find is very striking. All these animals of nocturnal habits have in their retinae immense numbers of rods, which must enable them to catch the faintest rays of light (as in our window experiment), but *cones are entirely absent*, since there would be no use for them in the dark.

Surely all these remarkable coincidences cannot be mere freaks of chance, and devoid of all meaning. Yet, if any one should think so, let him further hear what we have to say about birds. Natural history has supplied us with good reasons for considering the colour-sense of birds superior to that of mammals; and this view is confirmed by comparative anatomy. While in mammals the general proportion of rods to cones is as three to one, in birds this proportion is reversed, so that we find a great many more cones than rods. And while the lower mammalians, with one exception, to be mentioned later, have no yellow spot, birds generally have its equivalent; and some which like the falcon are noted for their power of seeing objects at immense distances, even have two of these spots in each eye. And among birds there are also some species of nocturnal habits to which a colour-sense would be useless, and whose retinae accordingly present the same peculiarities that distinguish their colleagues of the mammalian persuasion. The owl is a good instance. Its retina contains immense numbers

of rods, while the cones are rare, and so buried beneath the rods that they must be next to useless. In these few cones, however, are found little fat-globules of a light yellow colour, through which all rays of light must pass before reaching the outer limbs of the cones, which are supposed to be the sensitive parts. Since yellow disappears in the twilight last of all colours, it is probable that these globules exist for the purpose of collecting or intensifying the last traces of this colour for the benefit of the owl on its nocturnal expeditions. Similar globules of various colours, such as light and dark green, yellowish-green, yellow, orange, brown, red (carmine), light blue, or colourless, are found in the cones of other birds, varying with the species and with different regions of the retina. As these globules are never found in the cones of mammals, man included, we may infer from this, either that the eye of birds is more specialised and therefore more perfect than the human, since each cone with them serves for the perception of only one colour; or else we may infer that the retina of the birds is inferior to our own, on the ground that they may have a distinct perception of those colours only which are represented among the coloured globules. Our data are insufficient to determine this point, but it appears to me that this line of investigation might help to decide the question of Sexual Selection over which Messrs. Darwin and Wallace are now breaking lances, and therefore deserves more attention than it has so far received. One thing, however, is clear. The occurrence of the coloured fat-globules only in the cones and never in the rods, gives additional weight to the theory that the cones alone are the colour-elements.

It may seem superfluous to adduce more evidence, but the chameleon is such a fine illustration of our theory, that I cannot resist the temptation to say a word or two about it. If there is any animal to which observation

would induce us to ascribe a highly developed colour-sense, it is the chameleon, which, being very sluggish, depends for its safety on its power of modifying its natural whitish tint to brown, yellow, bluish, or green, so as to bring it into harmony with its surroundings. And sure enough, in relation to the size, structure, and numbers of its cones, the eye of the chameleon is, for the perception of colour, the most perfect organism known. Without having any idea of the difference in function between the rods and cones, and therefore free from subjective influences, H. Müller has left us a most minute and valuable description of the eye of this animal, from which we gather the facts that the whole sensitive region of the chameleon's retina contains solely cones, so that, so far, the whole retina is on a par with the yellow spot of the human retina. But this is not all. The cones of the chameleon are much thinner than ours, so that a great many more find place in the same space, and, in spite of the diminutive size of the chameleon's eye, they are longer than the cones in the yellow spot of man. And length, as we already know, is an advantage, since everywhere, in the *macula* of man, birds, &c., the cones are longer than in the peripheral parts.

Perhaps the reader is ready to object here that, after all, comparative anatomy leaves us in the same predicament as natural history: "we have only been collecting evidence that birds and the chameleon have a finer organ of colour than the lower mammals." So we have. But in referring to the absence of the yellow spot in the retina of the lower mammals, I said there was one exception; and it is on this that my whole argument is based. Were it not for this exception, the present article would never have been written; nor do I think that we could have ever determined the exact nature of the colour-sense of prehistoric man, except in so far as the analogy with the visual powers of

modern savages might warrant us in drawing an inference. The exception alluded to is our cousin, the ape. Monkeys are the only mammals, besides man, which have a *macula lutea*. And Max Schultze has ascertained that in every essential microscopic detail this *macula* is identical with the yellow spot of the human retina. Now, as we have seen that with our macula we can perceive all colours, it follows that monkeys must have the same power. That the same anatomical structure here implies the same physiological function is made certain by the curious fact that just as monkeys alone of the lower mammals have a yellow spot, so they alone of mammals resemble birds in being adorned in many cases with brilliant red, yellow, green, and blue sexual colours, which can have no other use than that of making the males conspicuous to their companions, or attractive to their mates. If, therefore, the colour-sense of Homer and his contemporaries had been limited to an imperfect perception of one or two hues of the spectrum, their retina would have been inferior in anatomical development to the retina of monkeys, which, as every student of science knows, is impossible, since the macula could not have been lost and subsequently regained by man in so very brief a period. And thus our paradox, that the microscopic examination of the retinæ of owls, bats, chameleons, monkeys, and modern Englishmen, enables us to determine the nature of the colour-sense of prehistoric man, is shown to be a simple truth of science. To avoid misapprehension, let me add that, whatever may be thought of the origin of man's intellectual and moral faculties, the controversy in regard to his development from some lower animal form, as Mr. Wallace reminds us, is now almost at an end, since even Mr. Mivart, the distinguished Catholic anatomist, fully adopts the theory in regard to physical structure; and, as vision is a purely physiological process, the perception of colour could

not possibly form an exception. But even the small minority who may possibly still believe in the resurrection of the late special-creation hypothesis would be loth to admit that the authors of the Old Testament were created with a less perfect retina than almost all other vertebrate, and many invertebrate, animals.

If, then, all these various considerations compel us to believe that prehistoric man cannot have essentially differed from us in his power of discriminating colours, the question nevertheless remains why the ancient writers, especially the Greeks, whose language is in other respects so perfect and so full of nice distinctions, should have been so slow in establishing a satisfactory chromatic nomenclature. I have, indeed, alluded to the absence of a scientific theory or classification of colours, and the paucity of abstract terms, as among the causes of this phenomenon; but it is evident that these causes must themselves be the result of some more profound reason. *Why* did the Greeks have but a few abstract terms for colour, and *why* had they no satisfactory scientific classification of them? In answering this question we come upon the root of the whole difficulty. A mistake has been made, I venture to think, by all previous writers on this subject, in not distinguishing between the physical and the aesthetic development of the colour-sense. It is not the retina, the physical organ of colour, which was defective two thousand years ago, but simply the aesthetic taste for colour. Aesthetic culture is a matter of intellectual training, and may therefore undergo great changes in a score of centuries; but the power of physically perceiving colour is a result of anatomical structure, which could not be perceptibly modified within so brief a period. It may seem bold to accuse the Greeks, the aesthetic nation *par excellence*, of defective aesthetic culture in regard to colour; but my theory is in perfect accord with everything we know of

Greek life and habits of thought. The Greeks did not care for colour; it had not the charms for them that it has for us; and of this strange indifference we must now seek the real causes. Mr. Gladstone himself has written a most admirable passage, which, while not at all proving his own theory, so neatly fits in here that I beg leave to quote it. Among the factors which combined to retard the development—not of the organ, as Mr. Gladstone would have it, but of the aesthetic taste for colour,—were the following:—

“The olive hue of the skin kept down the play of white and red. The hair tended much more uniformly, than with us, to darkness. The sense of colour was less exercised by the culture of flowers. The sun sooner changed the spring-greens of the earth into brown. Glass, one of our instruments of instruction, did not exist. The rainbow would much more rarely meet the view. The art of painting was wholly, that of dyeing was almost, unknown; and we may estimate the importance of this element of the case by recollecting how much, with the advance of chemistry, the taste of this country in colour has improved within the last twenty years.”

Instructive as these remarks are, they nevertheless do not quite touch the bottom of the question. The fundamental cause of the Greek indifference to colour was the *anthropomorphic tendency of the Hellenic mind*. Impersonal Nature had not yet in the heart of Homer and his successors secured that sacred place which she has found in the heart of modern poets; and in revenge she concealed her greatest charms, her beautiful hues and tints, from the eyes of the all-personifying bard. The human element in natural scenery alone had an interest for the Greek. He transformed not merely the grand and awe-inspiring powers of nature into manifestations of a personal will, but he invested every river, brook, and fountain, every tree and every mountain, with a *genius loci*, a daemon, a nymph, or some other male or female deity. This preference for

the human element is shown in their literature and art as well as in their mythology. Epic and dramatic poetry, which have man for their subject, reached with them a degree of perfection that has never been surpassed; while of the poetry of nature, of lyrical and descriptive verse, the best is decidedly modern, like the love of colour. Descriptive poetry, indeed, as late even as Virgil, is extremely rare, vague, and imperfect. And the same may be said of Greek painting. In spite of the extraordinary stories told of some painters, art-critics are agreed that the pictorial art among the ancient Greeks was far inferior to the other plastic arts. They were ignorant of the more refined artistic uses of perspective; they had no oil-colours; and even as late as Alexander's time, black, white, red, and yellow were the only colours used in their paintings. The absence of green and blue might be attributed to the want of proper pigments, but it is evident that the ingenious Greeks, if they had really felt the need of such pigments, would have soon discovered them somewhere. Hence the absence of green and blue is more probably due to the fact that they are primarily the colours of nature, and were therefore not wanted, since in Greek paintings nature occupied as subordinate a position as it does in their literature. Looking at the whole matter in a philosophical spirit, we ought perhaps to be thankful that the laws of mental growth retarded the aesthetic development of the colour-sense among the Greeks. For, in consequence of their indifference to colour, the attention of their artists was almost entirely concentrated on beauty of form and proportion, which resulted in making them the greatest sculptors and architects the world has ever seen or perhaps ever will see.

HENRY T. FINCK.

ELECTION EXPENSES.

No more striking improvement has taken place in the House of Commons during the last hundred and thirty years than the banishment of corruption from within its walls. The manner in which the House is disposed to deal with those who attempt to thrust upon its members the dead habits of the past, has been illustrated by a very recent case, in which a member of a committee was made the subject of experiment. To what causes this change may be due it might be worth while to inquire. Meanwhile we must take care not to be misled by the fact that there are fewer poor men in Parliament than in former times, and jump to the conclusion that since money, like water, must have a fall to make a flow, the level is kept uniform by the more equal distribution of wealth among its members.

The contrast between the corrupt Commons of last century, and Members of Parliament of our own day, can by no means be wholly explained by any difference in the wealth of the House at that time and at this. An assembly of labourers in our day would probably show greater aversion to bribes than the Commons in the reign of George II. Yet in affairs of trade and commerce, dishonesty and bad faith have prevailed within recent years to a disastrous extent. How is it that the morality of politics stands so high above that of commerce? Where lies the dominant cause and where the difference; in the men themselves or in their stars? May not the change have come from the Reform of Parliament, and the greater responsibility of members to their constituents? Or has the strong light of publicity helped to drive forth the creeping things of darkness? We look across the ocean and shake our heads. Is it not then rather some

mighty inner power which shows itself in the thoroughness characteristic of so much of the work of our times, and without which not all the wealth of the Indies could save individuals from making their personal whims the petty thieves of the world's welfare? Certainly the good old rule would sit ill on the new era. But whatever the causes may be, we have this great fact on the right side, that the House of Commons is honest; and we cannot forget the inestimable advantage which we enjoy of a Parliament free from cupidity, free to hear, to ponder, and to speak. We have no grounds for fearing that any change which may be made in future in the conditions of elections, intended to give facilities for the entrance of men of all degrees of wealth into Parliament, would produce any bad effect upon the purity of that assembly. And further, we have good grounds for believing that such change cannot affect to any extent worth considering the average social status and culture of Members of the House of Commons. In any case, no valid objection is likely to be raised on these points to save from destruction the pernicious abuse we are about to discuss, an abuse of that kind which lives the longer for being widely acknowledged and silently lamented.

We should be blind to a great and dangerous evil if we did not admit that the present House of Commons exhibits in one respect at least an unhealthy contrast with Parliaments of a past generation. Reform is urgently required, and happily the causes of what is wrong lie on the surface, and the obvious remedy may be applied without any violent or unnatural disturbance of the constitution. The chief and glaring defect in the

composition of the House of Commons is its unrepresentative character. Local respectability overrides every other quality. Political distinction yields to broad acres, philosophy to gindistilling, talent in letters to talent in trade. There is a great excess of the class of local magnates and of rich men, old and young; while young and comparatively poor men of the upper and middle part of society, citizens of large towns, and men specially concerned with the farming interest and with the needs of the labouring class, form respectively a very small fraction of the representative body. Members of professions other than legal, military, and naval, are scarce among the Commons. The debating power of the House has not increased as might have been expected in a reformed, freely-constituted assembly, and has been equalled, if not surpassed, by the eloquence of the House of Lords. The rude infraction by a certain group of Irish Members of the courteous code of Parliamentary procedure need not be treated as a permanent characteristic of the Parliaments of our day. But the long, feeble, and quibbling conversations, which now not unfrequently usurp the place of debates, declare significantly the faulty composition of the House of Commons, and, among others, we find one obvious cause of weakness in a very unjust and exclusive method of election, demanding immediate alteration, as far as the law can be brought to bear upon the evil.

We shall be told at once that the House of Commons was never intended to represent classes or sections, but rather the common sense of the great body of electors, and that it matters little to what class the chosen representatives may belong. We admit the proposition, but add the corollary, that elections ought to take place under conditions depriving them as far as possible of vitiating external influences. For the want of so much conspicuous talent in the House as might have been hoped for the present generation is not alone or chiefly to

blame. Within the memory of many living persons, restrictions were placed upon the choice of candidates in respect of pecuniary possessions or income; bribery and corruption crushed the less wealthy aspirant out of the field, and while the patronage of rich men of influence became less and less extended, it grew more necessary for candidates to spend large sums in order to secure their return. The owner of political property no longer removed or pauperised a whole mass of voters to get his nominee elected; but the question of the candidate's weight in gold came in as a potent factor to turn the scale more than it had ever done before. In some cases, no doubt, money was lent for election purposes by relations and friends, but in more a seat in parliament was coveted and won by wealthy men without much interest in political affairs. Examples are frequently cited of the vast sums spent by rival candidates in the hope of making amends for what was wanting in the coinage of their intellectual mint. It was a scandal that the law permitted a competition of mere length of purse on the one hand, and sordid venality on the other, to disgrace the stately avenues of Parliament, and poison the primary constituents of the legislature in the performance of a duty which ought to be one of the most honourable of their lives. True, in spite of this temptation, not a few constituencies preserved a degree of electoral purity which could hardly have been expected to continue in quieter times, and men of mark were frequently requested to stand for the larger boroughs; but the chance of losing much and gaining nothing kept back even ardent politicians of slender income. The cost of living in town, which might by itself have been cheerfully borne, was rendered too grave a consideration when it followed a large outlay upon bills and polling-booths. In short, it was very difficult for a man of moderate means to obtain a seat. How many minds formed for the

career of a statesman were turned by these miserable obstacles to the study of uncongenial arts ! How much class obstruction would have been speedily overcome if men belonging to all classes had possessed not only the franchise, but the means necessary for obtaining a seat ! We are now reaping an impoverished harvest where the ground was imperfectly prepared for the nurture of good seed of every kind.

The House of Commons is the only efficient school for the training of statesmen. By throwing it open to the whole nation, we should have obtained a greater number of students of the right stamp than by making the payment of a heavy entrance fee the first qualification for permission to join in the running. To establish a competitive examination in statecraft before a man could enter the House would be deemed the height of folly ; but is not a competition in the power of distributing cash a condition even more monstrous ? In the year 1761, the market price of a seat was only a thousand pounds, and the bargain was made between the investor and the owner, the corporation, or the body of electors. In 1807, prices had risen to five or six thousand pounds, and the owner sometimes stipulated that the purchaser should not visit his property lest the preserve should be disturbed. An extensive sale, conducted both privately and in the open market, continued, together with other shameful practices, till the year 1832. Acts to prevent bribery were passed in 1841, 1842, and 1852, and during the last forty years the attention of Parliament has been frequently given to the subject. But, incredible as it would seem in these halcyon days, if the fact were not palpable before us, the main source of the great evil upon which we have remarked has never been touched. The ineffectual law requiring a property qualification was abolished in 1858, but the effectual custom still remains to mock the just and equal spirit of the constitution, and flaunt

in our eyes an obstruction to the full growth of a liberty which waits for the suppression of disorderly luxuriance to assert its beneficial power.

The great preponderance of wealth and ease may be noted from these facts :—In the beginning of 1878, 239 Members of the House were connected with the land and sea forces ; 286 with the magistracy ; 176 with the aristocracy ; and 145 were chairmen or directors of railway companies. Beyond the natural philoputocracism of the British people, do we not here trace the potent influence of our electoral tolls in maintaining a sort of protection against imports not derived from a particular quarter ? More remarkable still is the absence of men connected with educational, medical, and literary professions, with architecture, engineering, and publishing, or engaged in trade or commerce ; and of men belonging to that great part of the nation which lives by manual labour. The last, indeed, have not yet fully entered into the political life of the country, and for the most part greatly neglect to avail themselves of the opportunities for political education which they possess ; yet are there not among them many more than three or four who might by their presence in Parliament help much to explain the opinions of their fellows, and to raise their position ? But the peremptory "Pay here" at the Parliamentary turnstile drives back all but some few popular leaders of powerful Trades Unions. It may be said that if the people of England prefer to have representatives nearly all drawn from the same portion of the community in respect of wealth, we must abide by their predilections. But the evil we contend against is the removable obstacle in the conditions of election to the free candidature of all classes of men, on equal terms, by which equality these predilections would by no means lose their due effect.

Out of every hundred men of good education, ninety-nine cannot afford the cost of a seat in the House of

Commons. The choice of a representative ought not to be thus limited in a civilised country. Rivalry and anxiety raise the expenditure of candidates far beyond what would be required from a general fund. Corruption grows rife at the very time when it is most important for the welfare of the community that selfish passions should be reduced to the lowest level.

What is the actual state of things encountered by the majority of candidates in a contested election, and what is expected of them? Meetings must be held, agents employed, bills printed, placards posted, and voters conveyed to the poll, and for all these things candidates must pay. The adoption of the ballot has increased the number of polling-places, polling-clerks, &c., required, and consequently the candi-

date, who must pay for them, finds his burden by no means reduced. A sharp rivalry between the candidates raises the cost of these items far beyond what would be required if provided for from a common fund. In some boroughs these expenses are in great part defrayed by the party organisations, but in general they form too serious a charge for any but wealthy men to bear. The expenses of a candidate contesting a county generally amount to several thousand pounds, and the laws against bribery and corruption are, so to speak, lifted off their feet by a wide-flowing stream of bounty. The following examples of expenditure at elections, quoted from the report to the House of Commons of election expenses in 1874, indicate the urgency of the need for reform:—

North Durham	4	Candidates	More than £28,000
South East Lancashire	4	”	13,000
South Durham	3	”	20,000
Middlesex	4	”	16,000
North Wiltshire	3	”	11,800
West Riding (N. Division)	4	”	20,000

Some of these are extreme instances of their class, but the average expense of each candidate for a county in a contested election exceeds 2,000*l.*, and even the return of a member without opposition may generally cost him several hundred pounds. The elections of the counties of England alone, excluding Wales, entailed a cost upon candidates of more than 350,000*l.* in 1874. In large boroughs the charges may be estimated at something between one and two thousand pounds, and in the smaller boroughs at three or four hundred pounds per candidate; but these figures do not give a correct idea of the total outlay which a contested election involves. Besides all this, the unhappy representative of a small borough must often pay a heavy yearly rent in aid of local charities and vanities, else it will cry out for some tenderer nurse to please its humours. To defray such charges exceeds the pecuniary capacity of all but a small proportion of the

community, and the representation of counties may be truly described as confined almost exclusively to the landed interest. Unless, therefore, the counties can evoke a spirit of united action, like that which animates some of the northern boroughs, they cannot have anything like freedom of choice among the worthies, either of their respective counties, or of the whole country. In several constituencies, a man may come in at the cost of his party in the locality. But he must be invited by the Association or Executive Body of the place, in order to obtain this advantage. Moreover, since the practice is not general, some men might feel an objection to incur an obligation which custom commonly lays upon the multitude. Nothing like a powerful organisation yet prevails in agricultural counties, and there can be no object in waiting for them to work out separately the emancipation which it is the duty of the state to declare without delay.

It must be remembered that of all the candidates incurring these heavy fines from no fault of their own, but by supposition through an honourable desire to serve their country, the greater number fail to gain the object of their ambition, and that the successful candidates must be prepared for similar sacrifices at intervals not exceeding four years on an average, during the remainder of their political life. How can defenders be found for a system so unjust? We must refuse to look upon the position of a Member of Parliament as a luxury and social distinction so important to him who enjoys it as to be properly set at a high money value, and endeavour to rid our legislature of every member who chiefly esteems the acquisition of a seat as a mercantile or sporting transaction.

The Government of the country is carried on for the good of the whole country; yet the nation permits its deputies to pay for admission to the High Court of Parliament as if it were a mere club for the delectation of superfluous ease; the office of a legislator transcends every other in weight and in dignity; yet the nation allows no fair field to merit without money-bags, no encouragement to the struggles of lowly genius, no opportunity to worth, wisdom, patriotism, zeal, and talent, to contend with equal arms against inheritors of land and money; the days of tyrannical amercement and confiscation are long ago past and gone; yet the nation allows her more fortunate sons, for the mere desire to serve her to the best of their ability, for no crime, no rebellion, no ill-gotten gain, to suffer heavy loss in a doubtful struggle undertaken at the request, and for the benefit, of his countrymen. We are reminded of the melancholy dirge of the poet when we think how blank must be the despair of some village Hampden, if such there chance to be, when he learns that to attain the citadel to which a true ambition points, he must not only climb the mountains of knowledge, but descend

into the mines for the acquisition by long uncongenial toil of mere mineral treasure. And too often before he emerges into fame the fires of ambition diequenched in the choke-damp evolved from subterranean obscurity.

Or else when the time comes at which his means enable him to realise his long-cherished hopes, he feels often and keenly the truth of the maxim that he who enters Parliament when his youth is passed will never rise to great distinction. That State shows little wisdom which fears the mixture among its grave senators or its contented foxhunters of some of the ardour and decisiveness of youth. The chief and great reform which ought immediately to be accomplished is the abolition of the material influence of money in elections. No matter how rarely talent for government may be found in the lower orders of the people, nobody can deny that facilities ought to be given for the state to be well served by men of every class, and that we have no abstract right to add to the many hindrances which beset the path of poor men a single unnecessary barrier. In past times some of the most astute ministers of princes rose from a very low rank. By throwing open the way to Parliament, and making the choice of a member depend more on the will of a constituency than on the smiles of fortune, we shall be doing an act of justice, the benefit of which may not immediately appear, but the country will never repent of the fuller freedom thus given to the spirit of the constitution.

We are so much accustomed to regard as a harmless conventionality the iniquity of putting a heavy tax on the men we elect and the men we reject as governors, that the hardship suffered by the less wealthy, and the loss entailed upon the nation not only in election extravagances, but in efficiency of representation, by no means impress us in their real magnitude. We are, in point of fact, shutting out almost every man whose wits bear a large proportion to his fortune.

Instead of paying our legislators for the time and trouble they sacrifice to the commonwealth, as we pay all our office-holders great and small from the Sovereign downwards, both in Church and State, we actually demand from them a heavy premium for the privilege of doing our business. The propriety of paying members regular salaries may well be disputed. It may be right in some countries and wrong in others, depending mainly on the circumstances of the Assembly as a whole. But that a governing body should suffer for a necessary part of the ordinary expenses of government is too great an injustice and too great an error of policy to be defended by any disinterested man; unless he be haunted by the idea that the British people are still floating on the waters of Upper Niagara, and must catch at any twig, however frail, that may check their progress. Our Parliament knows how to attend to business without any such inducement, and an addition of a small allowance to large incomes would make little difference to anybody. The fact is that in many cases the position of a member in England brings him on the whole about as much gain as loss, and he can often continue his ordinary occupation without detriment.

When a rival candidate for a county is sought for, the question asked is not so often "Who is fit?" as "Who is able and willing to bear the cost?" Sometimes no such man comes forward.

The prominence now given to wealth, as a matter of course, in selecting candidates, and the rival streams of money flowing into a place during the time of election, constitute in themselves a moral evil sufficient to indicate the urgency of a thorough reform.

The English people have a strong belief in the greater aptitude of wealthy men for national affairs. But the very prevalence of this notion, ingrained as it is in the minds of the people, should incline us to remove without hesitation the unjust privilege, not the natural advantage, of a class. The House of Commons ought to be

equally accessible to all who can gain the confidence of a majority of electors. In these days we can hardly listen with patience to the old arguments about the representation of property, how none should enter the legislative assembly but men having a large "stake in the country;" how we must have security for the stability of our institutions by barring the door as far as possible to demagogues and revolutionary enthusiasts; as if the British nation would ever tolerate visionary legislation, and as if, supposing it possible that the national character should so change, its representatives ought not to partake of the transformation. But indeed the whole tenor of our laws, customs, traditions, manners, habits of thought, and habits of thoughtlessness, sets off the supposed danger of democratic excesses as a ridiculous phantom, and even if it were real, no miserable barricade like this high entrance fee would arrest the rising tide of revolution. It is high time that the "stake-in-the-country" idol should cease to occupy the pedestal on which it has so long stood, attracting the worship of unworthy timidity. It has served its purpose, decay has begun, and a few wholesome breezes of public opinion will bring it to the ground. The commonwealth is strong enough to dispense with the moats and drawbridges of bygone insecurity. Englishmen have no cause to fear one another, and no vestige of old suspicions should mar the happy results of a confidence which ought to be reciprocal through all ranks. The law of elections ought to affirm by positive provisions the equality of all men who may choose to submit themselves, and who are chosen, as candidates. The phrase "a stake in the country," in point of fact, expressed something not exactly equivalent to what many of those who used it may have supposed. A "stake in the land" was the kernel of the idea. As long as things remained as they were, the prosperous would continue to prosper, and if any chance were to be given to men having no

very obvious stake in their prosperity, their prosperity might stand in danger. The stake of a landowner may be his land, of a carpenter his tools, of a fisherman his boat and his net. Obviously, all good citizens have always had a stake in their country, and whatever their profession or trade, they will give their sympathy to the land of their birth before any other. The phrase actually meant that the House of Commons must be accessible to those only whose interest it is to maintain the existing order, and merely served as a defence of the rich against a dreaded invasion of their privileges by the advocates of democracy and new social theories. Supposing the extreme case of the return of a majority in a freely-elected Parliament favouring great changes in the tenure of land, that majority, being duly elected, would be fully entitled to make such changes, and to claim to represent the prevailing opinion of the country. It would be idle to say that such a Parliament would act against the best interests of the country. They would simply execute measures deemed by a majority of electors favourable to its happiness. The welfare of the people ought not to be assumed to be best consulted by those whose interest it is to preserve their own abundant prosperity, when the reason of that assumption arises from a fear that if the doors were to be thrown open to men of all degrees, the constituencies might desire reforms trenching upon the present rights of the rich. It might as well be asserted at once that if electors were to choose their representatives freely, regardless of their spending capacity, they would be more likely to damage the true interests of the country. If this be so, they are not fit to govern themselves, and ought to be deprived of the franchise. But if this view were general, the Tory party would not have passed the Reform Bill of 1867, nor would the Liberal party desire the County Franchise, and we should hear objections against those constituencies which pay their candidates' expenses. A fair

and liberal consideration of the subject will lead us to a very different conclusion. The people of England enjoy a constitution excellent in design, or rather in construction, and hitherto very successful in practice; a system of law impartially distributing justice among rich and poor, and a sensitive representation of public opinion through the press which will year by year attain a fuller development; and reason, common sense, and common morality require that we should abolish those rude and barbaric obstacles to the free candidature of any man who may be worthy of the suffrages of his countrymen. However true the assertion that the lower orders of England are less intelligent than their equals in France and Germany, in spite of enormous efforts made to dispel their ignorance, we ought boldly to take the consequences of our present extended franchise, for it was granted on the assumption of the fitness of the new electorate. To counterpoise unlettered opinion with confidence will be wiser than to outweigh ignorance with money. A money qualification, though an unsatisfactory test, may be useful in the case of an elector, and Parliament may be justified in drawing the boundary of the franchise, wherever it thinks right, on this basis. But having once defined the body of electors, those electors ought to be free to choose their candidate, regardless of all questions of money. Briefly, the necessary expenses of Parliamentary Government ought to be defrayed, not by Parliament, but by the country at large.

If the House of Commons were to represent a little more truly the varied features of the country, and not so extravagantly that native respect for wealth which springs perennial in the British breast, we should still have the comfort, if necessary, of a steady majority of the House of Lords to block and turn aside every large measure of progress designed for the elevation and benefit of the people. History relates that the principles

which have marked the present century as the most illuminated epoch in the records of the world were in almost every instance opposed by the House of Lords; and a majority of the House of Lords still finds a congenial task in withstanding extensions which to a majority of the people appear to be extensions of justice, generosity, liberty, and peace. Such obstruction has hitherto been invariably by some means eventually overcome, but to us, in our time at least, the ascendancy of a similar single interest in the other and more powerful assembly wears an ugly and threatening aspect, indicating, if the cause be not removed, a sweeping reaction in the future to establish a new social equilibrium. May we not hope that the permanence of both Houses may be ensured by timely reforms?

Liberal in act as the House of Commons has on the whole shown itself in home politics during late years, we must not despise the danger of allowing the whole power to rest in the hands of a plutocracy, however generously disposed. At this moment the majorities both of Lords and Commons would without doubt behave rather as the delegates of a class than as representatives of the people, if any measure affecting in their view adversely the interests of landed proprietors were to come before them. The superficial liberalism with which the dry soil of Conservatism has been sprinkled would quickly evaporate under the rays of a burning question touching their present privileges. In no country in the world are the upper classes so well fitted to govern the people as in England; but while they are deservedly popular, and the nation delights to entrust to them the chief share of power, it is an unwise superfluity of favour to exclude, by doors opening only to a golden key, those poorer men of talent who by their presence in Parliament could but infuse a new element of strength into its debates, and increase the stability of our institutions.

The private expenditure of candi-

dates at elections can be defended on no just grounds, and leads to much evil. But the return of members must involve a certain cost. How is this cost to be defrayed? No difficulty presents itself in answer to this question. No frivolous pretext of impracticability can stand for a moment against the argument for equality. For if it is necessary that money be spent in order to a return of members to Parliament, that money should clearly be expended by the State, because the State is directly concerned in providing the machinery of government; and where unnecessary expenditure takes place, it can only be a cause of corruption, and ought to be made unlawful. Nothing can be simpler than to prohibit by law all expenditure except what is personal on the part of the candidate; to reduce and regulate the expenses of elections, and defray what is necessary from a local or national fund. Or a definite proportion, fixed according to conditions of population, might be charged on the national exchequer, and the remainder on the local rates. Members would thus be relieved from an unjust impost, and the nation from a scandal, and a hindrance to the perfection and efficiency of Parliament would be removed.

Several weighty reasons combine to make it expedient that the whole cost of elections should fall upon the State, and not upon the locality. It would otherwise be to the interest of a county or borough to avoid a contested election; cases of jobbing and squabbling would be likely to arise, and the sense of independence in a representative might be less complete.

Though at present the expenses of members are sufficient to produce a very great and serious effect, the charge upon the revenue or consolidated fund of electoral liabilities would scarcely be felt by the people of this country. Taking the whole present expenditure of candidates at a million pounds at each general election and at bye-elections, the State could probably do all that is necessary for half that

sum. If elections take place on an average every four years, this would give an annual rate of 125,000*l.*, less than a third of what is annually voted for the Civil List (about 405,000*l.*), and representing something less than twopence per head of the population, or about the price of a pint of beer.

The reduction of election expenses would be an easy matter if once undertaken by the State. True that a few years ago an act was passed prohibiting candidates from providing conveyances at borough elections, and failed in its object. When lately in the House of Commons a member proposed that this law should be enforced, Government rejected the idea of requiring any observance of the law from members of that assembly, and the proposal was resisted by a large majority. Nothing of this kind could occur if the community, and not the candidate, were to suffer by extravagance. Disorder, uncertainty, and corruption would give way to order and uniformity. By our prevailing custom, hundreds of electors are dragged to the poll through the argument, entreaty, and voluble eloquence of affectionate friends, whom they have never seen before, but whose pictures of the opinions of their candidate glow so brightly in their ingenuous eyes, that a respectable and passive ignorance wonders at its new perceptions, and puts on an activity not its own. Far better were it if the man who believes himself to be not sufficiently conversant with political affairs to exercise his right, were left in peace at home. He who shrinks from a long walk and the loss of a day's pay once in several years may well be disregarded. Many would be carried to the poll at a cheap rate by a well-planned system of conveyances, others by political zeal alone.

It may be objected that if candidates were to be enabled to stand without personal expense, they would come

forward in too large numbers. This drawback, however, would be met by an extension of the methods of preliminary ballot, arbitration, or other expedients.

To lovers of the picturesque another objection would be the diminution of visible interest and excitement under State supervision. But a certain sum might in all cases be allowed to candidates to be spent in whatever legitimate manner their fancy might direct, care being taken that strict account should be given of every item of expenditure.

With respect to charitable and other subscriptions to local institutions, some persons would go so far as to recommend the suppression by law of all contributions by members to the needs of their constituencies, but this at all events must be regarded as a separate question from the assumption by the State of pecuniary responsibility in a department as strictly within its own sphere as the examinations for the Army, Navy, and Civil Service. A matter so delicate can hardly be interfered with until it has attained very obnoxious proportions.

Much has been done in England during years not long gone by for the cause of equality, and when we compare the order and fairness of most of our institutions with the natural ruggedness which distinguishes our Parliamentary elections, the hope of change seems by no means Utopian. But since the privilege of spending is a very precious one, and a proposed change in our own line of action always meets with a hearty resistance, it would be a mistake to be too sanguine, and expect a very speedy reform to come from those who are immediately and personally concerned. When at length a Parliamentary career is opened to all talent, improvements of higher political interest in our representative system will not wait long for their fulfilment.

F. A. R. RUSSELL.

A CONSERVATOIRE OF MUSIC FOR ENGLAND.¹

No one can view without surprise and, —unless he is of Théophile Gautier's opinion, that music is the only noise that one is expected to pay for—without regret, the astonishing musical deficiencies of the provincial towns of England. Places like Liverpool, Bradford, and Birmingham—not to mention such towns as Hull, Exeter, or Derby—have no local orchestra, opera, or orchestral concerts of their own. In fact the great provincial towns are practically dependent for their music upon the Manchester band of Mr. Charles Hallé, which even had to provide the orchestra for the last Bristol Festival. The good work, so spiritedly begun in the latter city by Mr. George Riseley, may in time grow into a permanent enterprise if it meets with the encouragement it deserves. At present, however, it is a mere individual experiment. Contrast this state of things with that of German towns such as Breslau, which, with not half the population of Liverpool, has a regular opera, a regular series of orchestral concerts on the same scale and in the same style as those at the Crystal Palace, and several sets of independent chamber concerts; or, with many a smaller place, which, though able to boast only some 10,000 to 20,000 inhabitants, has in its measure nearly the same musical advantages as Breslau. The weekly list of concerts in the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt* of Leipsic for Nov. 14 shows a long series of German towns of all sizes, each with its well-established concerts, performing both old and new works of the highest character, such as we can only hear as a rule in London, Manchester, or Liver-

pool. Again, look at our pleasure towns—Brighton, Hastings, Cheltenham, Eastbourne, Margate, Ramsgate, or Torquay, and contrast their barren musical state with the rich provision made for visitors at Wiesbaden or Homburg. No watering-place in England has any permanent systematic means of music. That is to say, no one of them has any institution providing music for the town which is not dependent on mere private enterprise, or which is kept up by the municipality, as the opera and orchestra in German towns are kept up by the authorities for the enjoyment and culture of the inhabitants. No doubt one of the places mentioned, Brighton, is indebted to that excellent and enterprising musician, Mr. Kuhe, for an annual festival and for occasional concerts; but supposing Mr. Kuhe were to leave, where would Brighton get its music? In fact, our pleasure towns, like many of our large provincial cities; are too often dependent on the leading musicseller of the place, who gives a periodical concert with a starring company, at which the modern ballad forms the staple fare; or at best gets down an eminent pianist for a couple of recitals on spec; and if an orchestra were wanted for a concert in aid of the local musicmaster, few among the crowded resorts just mentioned, could provide anything but that excellent and martial body the local volunteer band, of which, although adequate for its own purposes, the bass-drum solo forms a rather too prominent feature. It is too true that, except in rare cases, our noblest cities have no organized, permanent means of providing music for their inhabitants.

Still, great as are our deficiencies, the opportunities of hearing music, and

¹ Report of the Proceedings of Prince Christian's Executive Committee since its formation by the Prince of Wales.

good music too, have increased enormously during the last quarter of a century. And so, too, have the various choirs and societies for the practice of music. The Madrigal Society of London was founded in 1741, and was soon afterwards followed by the Madrigal Societies of Bristol and Exeter, which may be regarded as the true product of the growth of English taste for a class of music which had taken a firm root in our country. During the whole of last century and the beginning of the present, musical societies and concerts multiplied largely. Amongst them may be mentioned the Academy of Antient Music, the Castle Society, the Concert of Antient Music, and the Professional Concerts. The Philharmonic Society, a body of true English growth, whose timely munificence cheered the dying bed of Beethoven, was founded in 1814, and the Three Choirs Festival dates from a still earlier time. The Sacred Harmonic Society, the great Hullah and Mainzer movement, and the Tonic-sol-fa effort, came later. Even in our own day societies and concerts have multiplied till they are almost too numerous to mention. A stranger coming to London would find there, if not in the provinces, so much going on in the way of music that he would be almost inclined to doubt whether the popular impression that the English are an unmusical people is a correct one.

The fact is, that the instincts of the English people are very far from being unmusical. They have great aptitude for music; but they have had very little opportunity up to this time of cultivating that aptitude, and they have had no means of education. The interest in music has recently increased so largely in response to the demand, that concerts and amateur choirs abound, and even amateur orchestras are not wanting; but it cannot be said that means of education in music have advanced with the same strides with which the taste itself has advanced. We have many opportunities

now of cultivating our taste, and, if our ambition goes no further than the ambition of an amateur generally goes, of educating ourselves. This, in the case of the ambitious amateur, means paying an eminent professor at the rate of one guinea for a lesson of three-quarters of an hour; and in that of a less ambitious amateur, joining one of the many excellent choirs or orchestral societies which have been started in London of late years. For the professional musician the case is different—he will find it very difficult to attain success by an education exclusively pursued in England. He may obtain a certain amount of preliminary teaching; but he knows that sooner or later he must go to one of the foreign Conservatoires, for which he very likely has not the means, and must therefore, unless he be a Macfarren or a Hullah, content himself with remaining in the second or third rank of his profession. To be sure, up to the beginning of the present century, he would have been still worse off, for he would have had even more difficulty in obtaining instruction. Indeed, almost the only persons who at that time gave anything like teaching for professional pupils were the organists of the cathedrals, who took articulated pupils, and trained their choirs at the same time. Oxford and Cambridge, it is true, gave musical degrees, but the candidates were few, and the standard of proficiency was not high. Now, however, we have two institutions which profess to give a complete education to a professional pupil—namely, the Royal Academy of Music, founded in 1822, and the National Training School for Music at Kensington, opened in 1876. Of both these institutions we shall have something to say further on, but neither of them can yet be said to fill the gap quite satisfactorily, or to do away with the necessity of a foreign education. The Royal Academy has many pupils of whom it has good reason to be proud, and who have made names for themselves. Among these

Sullivan, having at an early age obtained the Mendelssohn scholarship, went to Leipzig for his systematic education, while Blagrove, Carrodus, and Holmes, our three leading native violinists, Mr. Cusins, conductor to the Philharmonic Society, and master of the Queen's Band, Madame Goddard, Franklin Taylor, the Baches, J. F. Barnett, Cowen, and C. V. Stanford, among our pianists and composers—all received or added to their musical training abroad. Among our vocalists it is sufficient to point to Lemmens-Sherrington, Sims Reeves, Santley, and Shakespeare, every one of whom was educated on the Continent. It is certainly strange that a nation which has recognised music as one of the elements of education by an Act of Parliament, and which grants capitation fees for attendance at musical instruction, should have no institution which is recognised by all as a National musical centre. It is a significant fact as showing the liking of the people for music that ninety-nine per cent of the pupils in the Elementary Schools receive musical instruction, and that the capitation grant on this head alone amounts to over 100,000*l.* per annum. It will be remembered, too, that the Public Schools Commission, of which Lord Clarendon was chairman, recommended that music should be taught as well as drawing; a suggestion which was adopted by Harrow, Rugby, and Uppingham, and latterly by Eton, where the knowledge of the rudiments of music is now obligatory, and where that branch of education is under the able direction of Mr. Barnby.

It would seem then that in England it is the non-professional or listening element that is strong, and the professional or performing element that is weak, with many exceptions, which will occur to every one without its being necessary to mention them. Our professional musicians are, with few exceptions, confined to the large centres, and the cathedral towns; and

are very unequally distributed, or, it is hardly an exaggeration to say, not distributed at all, over the rest of England. Every conductor of a band knows the difficulty and sometimes the impossibility of finding a substitute for a contumacious or incapacitated second violin or violoncello in many of our largest provincial towns.

The mass of the people show their taste for music by the eagerness with which they attend any musical entertainment provided for them. They show their aptitude for music by the excellence of their performance with the easiest, if not the most beautiful of instruments, the human voice. The excellence of our choral singing no one will deny. For vigour of tone and intonation it will bear comparison with that of any nation, as every one who has any experience of choral singing would testify. Mendelssohn, writing to the Sacred Harmonic Society after a performance of *St. Paul* at Exeter Hall in 1837, at which he was for the first time a listener, is a strong witness on this point. "I can hardly express," says he, "the gratification I felt in hearing my work performed in so beautiful a manner. The power of the choruses—this large body of good and musical voices—and the style in which they sang the whole of my music gave me the highest and most heartfelt treat; while I thought on the immense improvement which such a number of *real amateurs* must necessarily produce in the country which may boast of it." The excellence and finish of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir is matter of common notoriety. Mr. Hullah, in his report to the Committee of Council for Education for 1870, says that the Training Colleges whose students are derived from the West Riding of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Wales, present bodies of voices which for quality and force he does not find equalled anywhere.

It is very interesting to read through Mr. Hullah's reports from the first to the last, and to remark how the

gift for music which he recognises in every one is developed by opportunities of learning and a proper system of teaching. Mr. Hullah more than once complains of the want of knowledge of music shown by the pupils on entering the Training Colleges, but the very satisfactory results obtained before leaving appear at any rate to show that at least one class of English men and women have a real aptitude for this study.

If, then, it is a fact that the mass of the people have this gift, the question arises, How is it that we have not done better? The answer is not far to seek. Because as yet we have had no chance. Where we have had a chance, we have done as well as any nation. Let us first take Church music, which formerly was the only school in which an English composer had much opportunity. In this—not to speak of the living—we can show names like Tallis, Byrd, Farrant, Gibbons, Blow, Pelham Humphreys, Wise, Purcell, Croft, Greene, Boyce, Attwood, Crotch, and the Wesleys. In madrigals, we have Wilbye, Morley, Weelkes, Benet, Bateson, and Ward; in glees, Webbe, Calcott, Mornington, Spofforth, Stevens, Horsley, Walmisley, and Pearsall; in opera, Arne, Hook, Dibdin, Bishop, Barnett, Balfe, Wallace, are our principal writers, though we have practically no operatic stage of our own; while for orchestral and chamber music no better name can be wished than that of Sterndale Bennett.

In the department of execution—a thing of modern date—we are perhaps not so strong in the past. But even here we may claim some names of renown—John Field, Cipriani Potter, Mrs. Anderson, and Sterndale Bennett; Parish Alvars and Balsir Chatterton; the Wesleys, Adams, Gauntlett, the younger Walmisley, George Cooper, and Henry Smart; Lindley and Lucas; Mrs. Billington, Bartleman, Henry Phillips, and Braham; and as conductors, Joah Bates and Sir George Smart.

We have surely then this aptitude for music, and we have done well in the exact proportion in which there has been demand for a particular class of music, just as on the accession of Charles the Second, Pelham Humphreys, Purcell, and Blow came to the front in response to the changed tastes of the court. Now our taste is more catholic, and although in obedience to it English musicians are increasing in number and reputation, it is to be deplored that we have no system of education which gives a fair chance to native talent, especially if the possessor of the talent be, as is too often the case, both here and elsewhere, unblest with much of this world's goods.

Let us see what are our appliances for scientific teaching. There has been a good deal of talk lately about a National Theatre, and a very sensible letter of Mr. Hare to the *Times* showed that what is wanted by the profession is not so much a theatre as a school. True musicians are better off than actors, but can it be said that England possesses at this moment any musical institution which commands at once the confidence of the profession and the public, and to which we can point with pride as worthy of the country? As regards the profession, the proof of this, as we have endeavoured to show, is that few of our musicians receive at best more than a portion of their education in England. For instrumental and general musical study they go to Germany, for vocal instruction to Italy. But why should English men and women be forced to the expense of travelling to Germany and Italy to obtain that which our wealth and our practical power would easily enable us to command at home? What is wanted in this country is a central Institution corresponding to the State Conservatoire in the capitals of Europe, but adapted to English wants and requirements. Such an Institution ought to be to music what our public schools and universities are to their own branches of

education, offering to all comers the highest and most complete instruction in music and the kindred studies, such as modern languages, musical history and literature, and declamation; it should be also a centre for all matters connected with music, and for the settling of such questions as the long-disputed one of musical pitch. It should hold examinations and grant certificates; and last, but not least, it should fix the standard for what is to be taught in Elementary schools, and should control them by efficient inspection.

Such an institution we have not got, and to form it on a fresh basis would be about as difficult as the foundation and endowment of a National Theatre; but it happens that at the present time there is an opportunity which has never occurred before, and is very unlikely to occur again. We mean the project for the formation of a new Musical College on the basis of a union between the Royal Academy of Music and the National Training School for Music, the negotiations for which have been going on for a long time. The consent of both bodies has been obtained; the support of all the most influential persons, both professional and lay, in the kingdom has been given; large pecuniary assistance has been promised, and more may be counted on.

Let us glance briefly at the constitution and position of the two bodies referred to. The Royal Academy of Music was, as we have seen, founded in 1822, chiefly through the instrumentality of Lord Burghersh—better known as the Earl of Westmoreland; and at first the system of education contemplated, and for some time carried out, was exactly the same as that which afterwards formed the leading idea in the foundation of the National Training School, namely, that a complete and almost gratuitous instruction should be provided for deserving pupils. The scheme contemplated a literary as well as a musical education, and that pupils

should be boarded in the house. The success of the Academy does not, however, seem to have been equal to its aims, for fees did not abound, and it was driven to collect funds by various shifts, amongst which even fancy balls are said to have taken their place. At present it derives its support from donations and subscriptions—including a hundred guineas a year from her most gracious Majesty—from fees paid by pupils, and from a contribution by the Government to the extent of 500*l.* per annum in lieu of a house. There is a Board of Directors, with Lord Dudley as president, and a Professional Committee of Management with Professor Macfarren as chairman, which latter has the entire management and superintendence of the students, appointment and removal of the professors and teachers, and regulation of expenditure. The body corporate consists of members, associates, and honorary members. All branches of music are taught, as well as elocution and modern languages. There are about fourteen scholarships and prizes competed for by the pupils, the most valuable of which does not exceed thirty guineas, while some are of very small amount. A few of these are funded, but the majority are provided by annual subscriptions, and may cease at any time. It will be seen therefore that the Royal Academy is essentially an institution at which no one can be educated who has not private means.

The National Training School for Music at Kensington is an offspring of the Society of Arts, and is situated on ground granted for the purpose by the Royal Commissioners of 1851. Its successful establishment was due mainly to the personal interest and exertions of the Duke of Edinburgh, whose practical devotion to music is well known, and who received the warm support of the Prince of Wales at the great meeting at Marlborough House in 1875, when, as will be fresh in the recollection of my readers, the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the

city of London attended in support of the project. The building was erected by Mr. Freake, and munificently presented by him to the Prince of Wales in trust for the nation. The fundamental principle of the School is the institution of free scholarships for all ranks of society, endowed by individuals and public bodies in all parts of the country. Her Majesty the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the City of London, many of the City Companies, the Society of Arts, Mr. Freake, and many distinguished individuals and institutions are amongst the founders.

In 1876, fifty scholarships having been established of an amount of 40% each, and upwards of twenty more promised, the school was opened for study. A Committee of Management was formed with the Duke of Edinburgh at its head, consisting of the representatives of the Commissioners of 1851, of the Royal Albert Hall, of the Society of Arts, and of the donors of scholarships. The Principal is Dr. Arthur Sullivan, and there is a large staff of professors and examiners. The educational course contemplated seems very complete, and includes all branches of music, elocution, foreign languages, deportment, history and literature of music; and the institution differs from others in this most material point—that while on the one hand it grants by open competition a free education to real talent, it, at the same time, obliges the student to remain under strict control until the course of education is fully completed. The weak point in the scheme is evidently the fact that the scholarships are only promised for five years, and it is stated that the income is insufficient to give the highest education to the best pupils.

Surely then, if what we require is a Central Institution, an amalgamation of these two academies is the obvious starting point. The older, the Royal Academy of Music, would bring to the new College the advan-

tage of experience. It has had some fair results, and although its system of teaching has failed to leave that definite impress upon the character and cultivation of music in England which it is desirable that a National Academy should produce, yet its success has been satisfactory according to the means at its disposal, and it has a certain following amongst the professional musicians who have been educated at it. From the younger, the National Training School of Music, though started so recently, the results, if we may judge from the concerts given by the pupils, have been progressively encouraging. It represents the true principle of granting an opportunity of free education to real talent—taking up indeed the original idea of the Royal Academy; and in the shape of its scholarships, which have now reached sixty-six, it has received an immense amount of active support and sympathy.

The amalgamation has been under consideration for some time. In June 1878, a number of gentlemen obeyed the summons of the Prince of Wales to attend a meeting at Marlborough House, to take into consideration the advancement of the art of music by the establishment of a Central Musical Institution. A proposal was made to secure this end by effecting a union between the two leading academies. The scheme being cordially endorsed by the meeting, an Executive Committee was formed, with Prince Christian and Lord Spencer as Chairman and Vice-Chairman. Negotiations were entered upon between the two institutions, and in response to a letter from Prince Christian, the directors of the Royal Academy held a meeting in July 1878, when the following resolutions were adopted:—

- I.—That it is expedient to promote the further advancement of the art of music in the United Kingdom by the establishment of a Royal and National College of Music on a more permanent basis than any existing institution.

II.—That it is expedient that a union should be effected between the Royal Academy of Music and the National Training School on terms that may be agreed upon as a basis for the constitution of the new college, and that a Committee be appointed to confer with the Executive Committee of the proposed College as to terms of union; the terms of union when agreed upon to be submitted to the Directors for approval.

A similar letter having been addressed to the Committee of Management of the National Training School, that body, at a meeting held later in the same month, adopted similar resolutions to those passed by the Royal Academy. Members of the committees of both institutions were appointed to confer with Prince Christian's Committee.

The principle of amalgamation has thus been assented to by both bodies. Numerous meetings were held between the Executive Committee and the representatives of the institutions, to arrange the details and terms of union; and a draft charter was drawn up and submitted to both, which provides carefully for saving the existing rights of the various officials and members of the two bodies, and placing the new corporation on a satisfactory legal footing. To this draft the National Training School seems to have agreed without demur. By the Royal Academy, however, various objections were raised; but it would appear that in the end the only material point at issue was as to the name, the Royal Academy making it evident that they regarded the retention of their name as a *sine qua non*, while the Executive Committee maintained that the question must be left to her Majesty for decision.

Various further meetings were held, and in May last, the charter was finally amended, and copies were again forwarded to the two institutions, accompanied in each case by a letter from the Executive Committee, stating that the charter was now sent in the form in which it was intended finally

to recommend it for adoption, and asking each whether it was prepared to resign its present constitution, and accept the new charter in the event of a sum of 3,000*l.* per annum being provided within a limited time, for the purpose of carrying into effect the special objects of the Committee. These were stated to be—

- I.—The sufficient payment of the staff of the new institution.
- II.—The establishment of open scholarships.
- III.—The establishment of studentships involving the maintenance (either wholly or to a great extent) as well as the free education of pupils who are unable to maintain themselves, and carry out their education.

The letter further intimated to the Royal Academy that the National Training School consented to the name of the Royal Academy of Music being retained, but that the Executive Committee deemed it more in accordance with precedent to leave it to her Majesty to name an institution of which the Prince of Wales had accepted the presidency.

Soon after this the National Training School passed a resolution agreeing to the proposal, but owing to the illness of Lord Dudley, the President of the Academy, no answer has yet been received from that body, with whom it only now remains to confirm their resolutions of July 1878.

An institution to be formed upon this amalgamation would start under peculiarly favourable circumstances.

First let us take the pecuniary prospects. There is reason to hope that the 3,000*l.* a year mentioned in Prince Christian's letter will be furnished by the Commissioners of 1851, provided that the new charter is accepted by both institutions; further, we may expect that the existing scholarships of the Training School, amounting to about 3,200*l.* a year, will be renewed, if sufficient stability and permanency are obtained to ensure the results which the donors have a right to expect. We may also hope that the

Government will continue and possibly increase the sum of 500*l.* a year which it at present contributes to the support of the Royal Academy.

In looking to the money point of view, it must not be forgotten that the pecuniary success of our institution would probably be much assisted by the opportunity which it would give to the large and increasing class of earnest and wealthy amateurs already mentioned, of obtaining the instruction of which they are in search, on more moderate terms than those of private teachers.

One point has not been touched upon—the absolute necessity of a proper building for the institution. A school of music requires a larger physical space than any other school. Separate rooms must be provided for singing and playing, and a building which would contain one hundred pupils for a grammar school would scarcely be adequate to contain twenty-five for a musical school.

It is impossible to view with satisfaction the situation of the existing site of the Royal Academy. The rooms are known to be inadequate for the requirements of a school of music, and yet it is situated in a locality where expansion is impossible, and where space for the recreation of the pupils cannot be obtained. One place only would seem to be specially adapted for a College adequate to the present state of music—the estate of the Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851 at South Kensington. There are to be found there the two great requisites—space for adequate buildings, and a garden in which the students could obtain healthful recreation without expense or interference. The Commissioners are understood to be well-disposed towards the creation of a new College, and we may therefore hope that they would not be unfavourable to granting a site on their estate for the erection of the necessary buildings. Why should not a portion of those long corridors that surround the vast building of the Albert Hall, be used for

secondary purposes? Where could practising and even refreshment rooms be found better adapted for the use of a large school such as that which we are now advocating?

As regards support, the proposed Executive Committee is composed, besides the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught, and Cambridge, and Prince Christian, of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York; Lords Aberdare, Beaconsfield, E. Bruce, Spencer, Dudley, Coleridge, Carnarvon, Granville, Hampton, Hartington, Ripon, and Wilton; Sir Stafford Northcote, Sir R. Wallace, Mr. Lyon Playfair, and the Presidents of the Royal Academy and of the Royal Society. Amongst professional musicians, Sir M. Costa, Sir F. Gore Ouseley, Sir Robt. Stewart, Professor Macfarren, Dr. Sullivan, and Messrs. Cusins, O. Goldschmidt, Hallé, Hullah, Leslie, and Stainer. Amongst outsiders, Messrs. Chappell, De la Rue, Grove, Samuel Morley, M.P., and Kellow Pye. With such a Committee the success of any institution is assured.

There is one other thing which is essential to the complete success of an English Conservatoire, namely, that it should be recognised by the State on the same principle, though perhaps not exactly in the same manner, as foreign Conservatoires are recognised by their respective Governments. If the success of the institution is such as we have every reason to hope it will be, there will not be any necessity for any very large subsidy; for it will be to a great extent self-supporting. The subsidy need only cover what may be termed extra expenses—such as prizes, including one or two corresponding to the *Prix de Rome* of the French Conservatoire; purchase of pianos and instruments for the orchestra, foundation and maintenance of a museum and library of music. But the moral value of recognition by the State would be enormous, especially if the Government were to make it a condition that the institution should

undertake the important task of controlling and inspecting the musical instruction in the Elementary Schools of the country. The Institution would itself be inspected, and its arrangements as to the Elementary Schools reviewed by officials appointed by the Government. It is satisfactory to know that such a plan is considered feasible by the first authority on the subject, Mr. Hullah; for in a memorandum subjoined to the official report of his foreign tour during the present year, and addressed to the Executive Committee of the proposed Conservatoire, he suggests that a limited number of the Training College students be annually selected and placed for a certain period at the Conservatoire, to be transferred at the end of their residence to large towns or other centres, in which they might assist in teaching music in the Elementary Schools; and further, that the annual inspection of schools so taught be made by or under the direction of the professors of the Conservatoire, and that the annual grant of the Education Department be in future awarded to each school on the reports of such professors.

With reference to the movement on foot amongst some of the leading English actors for the establishment of a school of declamation, we may suggest that they could not do better, in order

to place it on a permanent footing, than affiliate it to the English Conservatoire in the same way in which the French school of elocution is connected with the French Conservatoire. A Conservatoire must have elocution classes, and it would be to the advantage of both to combine.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, in the *Nineteenth Century* for last August, urges the organisation of the English theatre, and remarks that we have left it to take its chance. This is very nearly what the country has done with music. We have had great musicians as well as great actors. We have many good musicians, and English music is, in spite of difficulties, in a better state than the English theatre, but in both it is our organisation which has been defective. This we propose to remedy by the establishment of an institution which will appeal to the sympathies of every class. The theatre, as Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt says, may be "irresistible," but music is even more irresistible, and appeals to a wider class than the theatre can ever appeal to. Some people may have scruples about voting public money for a National Theatre, but none could object to the kind of State recognition which we ask for the National College of Music. Our project appeals to all.

CHARLES SUMNER MAINE.

A DOUBTING HEART.

CHAPTER XLI.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

WYNARD, meanwhile, had taken the road into the valley, making his way at a rapid pace through the little pine-wood, and down a steep winding-path, to the heart of the ravine. He passed the entrance to Antoine Barbou's house on the hill without noticing it, and was equally oblivious of the picturesque winding-path he had once helped Emmie West to climb, which led to the Orange-tree house. The original purpose of his walk had entirely passed from his mind, and he was now only anxious to be alone with his own thoughts, and to find a spot where he should be free from every possibility of interruption before he proceeded to examine the letters that had come into his possession by such a strange chance. Poor Ralph! The touch of the paper upon which his fingers had rested so long ago was like the unexpected clasp of a vanished hand held across a dark gulf of silence. But it was not that thought that kept Wynyard's mind in a whirl of perplexity and agitation as he walked rapidly on. The prospect of having a last word from a lost friend, of receiving perhaps some small everyday request or trifling commission from one who had passed beyond the reach of service, would have been, not painful, but soothing, after the first shock of surprise was over. What really troubled Wynyard was the fact that these letters had been so long in coming to him. He hardly dared ask himself what motive had prompted the hand that dropped them into the bureau drawer out of his reach, possibly for ever! He had heard the conversation between Madame de Florimel and Madame Dallon, and he

understood quite distinctly that it was of Alma they spoke, and of what they accused her. The impression had come to him through the tumult of emotion, awakened by the first sight of Ralph's handwriting, a muffled blow which he had received half-dreamily, half-stupidly at first; then for a little while he fought hard against conviction, as the particulars related grew clear in his memory, and he perceived how they fitted in with other circumstances, and brought a complete explanation of many enigmas. Next came back the impression left on his eye, rather than on his mind, by the writing on the half-sheet of note-paper, entangled between his letters, "Your affectionate Constance Forrest," and something about a hint, and a wish. Ah, yes! and Constance Forrest had been one of the first people to hear about Ralph's death. Lawrence had told him that in his letter: the sentence hardly noticed at the time, recurred to his memory now with a bitter significance. Hateful as the suspicion was, facts pointed too clearly towards it to be kept at bay any longer. Alma, then, had heard of Lord Anstice's death some days before it was known to him. The tidings had evidently reached her in a letter from her sister on the very day they started on their journey up the mountain, and she had kept back his letters of that morning for fear they should convey the news to him, too soon for her purpose. That was the explanation of her love-confession by the river. She had known of his change of fortune all the time: when she shed those tears over her drawing that had moved him so deeply; when she had reproached him for misjudging her; when she had held up her tearful face for the betrothal kiss—it was the man who could make her

a countess she had kissed, not her old love. And he had sometimes been such a fool as to imagine that she had loved him the less for his prosperity ; that her late shyness and coldness had arisen solely from disappointment that she had lost the chance of proving her love to be disinterested, and must consent to receive more than she had bargained for, when she had accepted him ! He had deceived himself about her so far as that, and all the while she was rejoicing in having successfully manœuvred, which was the first consideration with her.

Wynyard came to a sudden pause in his rapid walk, as his mind reached this conclusion. He had been hurrying blindly on, as if rapid motion could carry him out of the reach of the conviction that was gaining on him. Now he stood still ; the worst was here, in his mind, and in his heart. For a little while the dark floods of anger and pain overwhelmed him, his head swam round, and his eyes darkened, and he was forced to lean against the friendly trunk of an old olive-tree, while he wrestled with himself and strove to recover a degree of calmness.

Once before his love had received, as he believed at the time, a death-blow ; and he had felt as if all that was best in himself must die with it. He had then seemed to see his love, the ideal of his youth, stricken down, and lying dead, a cold, discrowned corpse, in his heart. Here again was the same pain, not so sudden or so sharp perhaps—for had Alma ever quite regained her old empire over his imagination—but profounder, more despairing ; for, crowned or discrowned, loved or unloved, she was to be his wife before the week was out. That faint silver bow in the sky, which he could just see through the silvery olive-branches, would wax into their honeymoon ! He must go to meet the day that ought to be the crowning day of his life, with this doubt, this death in his heart, conscious all through his life, of deceit, of rottenness, where he would fain

trust most utterly. Wynyard tried hard to conquer his anger, and the sense of injury he felt, from having been so played upon, and to hush these into pity and forgiveness. Well, she should have what she had plotted to gain, and if the tender, adoring love, the high esteem, once hers, was now wounded to death, she would perhaps never discover the hurt to which it had been subject, never recognise it as a loss. Love had counted for nothing with her beside the wealth and the rank that would be hers all the same.

The gathering darkness in the ravine aroused Wynyard to a consciousness of where he was, and what had still to be done. He had determined to read Ralph's letter before he returned to the château, while he was out of reach of Madame de Florimel's kindly, if perhaps too inquisitive, eyes ; and he perceived that unless he betook himself to the task at once, there would not be light enough to make out the writing. The spot where he had stopped abruptly led to the end of the ravine, where the path turned, and sloped upwards through terraces of olives and belts of pines to the high mountain-road above, and before he took the letters from his pocket, he climbed the ascent to a point on the hill-side where the rays of the setting sun still lingered. There he found a seat on the felled trunk of a pine-tree, and settled himself to read. At the moment, this spot was somewhat less silent and solitary than all the rest of the road had been, for a flock of sheep and goats, led by a little shepherdess, had followed him up the ascent, and were now spreading over the brow of the hill. The barking of the dog, the tinkling of the sheep-bells, and the girl's voice, sometimes calling to her dog, sometimes breaking out into a monotonous song, filled the air, and awoke the mountain echoes with a harmony of rustic sounds that continued to be heard long after the last straggler of the flock had disappeared from sight. It was the very same flock of sheep Emmie West had watched

coming down to the valley, through the olive-grove, eight months ago, on the evening when she left her careless girlhood behind her. They and their little guardian had made the ascent and descent from hill-top to valley every day since, tinkling the same bells, singing the same song, without any sense of monotony.

To the little shepherdess these eight months had been just like any other spring, summer, and autumn of her quiet life, bringing no changes but the necessary changes of the season; and there was nothing special in her thoughts to-day, as she climbed and sang, except perhaps an under-consciousness that to-day was the day of the great *fête*, and that all the candles on the altars were lighted for benediction in the church below. That, with her, was cause enough for another louder repetition of the refrain of her canticle, as she gained the brow of the hill, and caught a distant glimpse of the church tower—"Ave, ave, Maria!"

The monotonous sounds reaching him again and again had a soothing effect on Wynyard's ear—bringing a sense of peace, of wider interests than his own, of some One above all, embracing all, on Whom to rest, even if the framework of his own private existence was reeling around him—which steadied him for his reading. He first opened the larger packet, directed to him from his London chambers, and found, as he expected, among the collection of letters of no particular interest, the telegram from Scotland announcing his cousin's death, and a letter from the friends, with whom Mrs. Anstice was staying, urging him to come immediately to Scotland. He could not look at them without a question flashing through his mind as to how far the circumstances of his life would have been changed if they had come to him in their natural course. He should certainly have obeyed the urgent letter that summoned him to Scotland, and hurried home by the most direct route, thus avoiding the mountain journey that had thrown him again

with Alma. She would never probably have given him that explanation of her relations to Horace Kirkman which he now believed to be untrue. The aura of that evening walk through the valley with the village bride, the scent of the gathered quince blossoms would have been lingering round his heart when he first realised his changed fortunes; and the question that would have come spontaneously—he knew it now—would have been, not how the change would affect Alma, but what sort of a look of wondering love and glorified gratitude would dawn on Emmie West's gentle, true face, when he told her about it, and asked her to share it with him. It was worse than useless to picture that look now; he must never allow himself to realise that he had thrown away the true jewel to take the false. The past was past, and the possibilities of eight months ago could not be recalled now, any more than the reading of these words of Ralph's, written in full strength and youthful vigour, could bring back the writer to the living world, and to the eager purposes and emotions that had pulsed in his heart while he indited them. It was a long letter for Ralph, Wynyard saw that, when he unfolded the sheet, written over, in the well-remembered dashing scrawl. What sort of revelation of the dead man's last thoughts would it be?

"DEAR WYNYARD,—Once more I write to you to help me out of a difficulty; you will call it the worst scrape I've ever got myself into as yet, and I answer triumphantly that at all events it is the last I shall ever ask your good offices to tide me through. For I have taken unto myself another helper and conscience-keeper, who will have to bear the responsibility of my escapades for the future. There! the murder is out—and I see the dark frown of alarm and anxiety that furrows your brow as you read.

"Dear old fellow, you are in a great

fright; you think I have done for myself altogether now, and that you and my mother will have to sit in sack-cloth and ashes over me for the rest of your lives. Cheer up, and you will see 'tis not so bad when you come to look at it, as it sounds at first. I am married—it is true—married a month ago, and I have not had courage to tell my mother about it yet, but it is going to be the making of me; and I feel myself another man from the one you have known so long, as I write. Do you remember one evening last November, when you and I got involved in a street row, in which a young lady was knocked down and injured? Do you remember her sister, the pale, blue-eyed girl we had noticed before the row began? Perhaps not, for I recollect you had nothing to the purpose to say about her, when a little time before you went abroad, I turned the conversation on the two Miss Moores, intending to throw out a feeler. I should, perhaps, have confided in you then, if you had shown more discrimination, and a clearer impression of the individuality of the little red-haired sister, as you chose to call her. It is she who is my wife now; we were married in London on the fifth of last month, at St. Saviour's Church, Marylebone, and you must not suppose that the secrecy with which I have conducted my grand *coup* is due in the smallest degree to my being ashamed of my choice. I glory in it, and would have the whole world to know, except my mother; the only person, you will say, who has any right to complain of not having been consulted beforehand. Well, you know her, and you know how utterly useless it would have been to hope for her consent or sympathy. What is more, I had always, whenever such a thought as marriage crossed my mind, set my heart on having just such a mufti wedding, and just such a honeymoon journey as I absolutely attained. Don't ever let us say again that nobody ever realised the summit of his wishes. I don't deserve such

happiness, that's the truth. It has, you will be glad to hear, opened my eyes a little to my own shortcomings, and caused me to make sundry resolutions, of which this letter to you is the first-fruit. You see I want to cut off from myself all chance of retreat, in case, when I am with my mother, and find her hard to come over, I should be disposed to repent my present purpose, and revert to my original design of keeping my marriage quiet for a year or two. It would be the best, or at all events, the pleasantest course for me, if my conscience and Christabel would let me stick to it. You will keep me up to the mark, I know, and I hope be sufficiently interested and excited by what I have told you to make it convenient to hurry back to England, and come on here as soon as you can to see the end of the game. My mother has perhaps told you that she left Leigh two months ago, in a fit of high disgust with me, for my frequent absences from home, and other misdemeanours. I was courting Miss Christabel Moore, you see, at the time, in the orthodox guise of a young artist, *vide* the *Lord of Burleigh*, and could not be expected to keep up appearances in other quarters. My mother went off to stay with her friends the Macphersons, who, for the last two summers have, on her invitation, occupied my old fishing-lodge at Tarver, and effectually shut me out of it. As that is about the worst possible place for my poor mother to go to, in her present state of health, there she went, to spite me, I suppose, and bring me to my senses. And so the other day, on returning from my quiet wedding journey, I found a telegram to say she was taken worse, and wanted me to come to her at once. I hope the increased illness is only an overture to reconciliation, but I can't be sure; and any way I am sorry for the delay, and have hurried on at inconvenient speed to lessen it, as far as possible.

"I write this letter while I am waiting at the little inn at Strome for a boat to take me across, and shall give

my letter to the waiter to post before I sail. After that I shall look for you to put in an appearance at Tarver shortly, and, as I said before, keep me up to the mark. You may wash your hands after that, of your Benedict cousin,

“ANSTICE.

“P.S.—I long for you to see HER, Christabel. She does not know yet that I am anything but a rather unsuccessful artist, whom she will have, all her life, to keep up to his work. Though you mayn't believe it, I dread telling her the truth almost as much as I dread telling my mother, lest my courting and winning and marrying her in character should not seem so legitimate a joke to her, as it did to me when I planned it. She is worth a hundred of me, remember that, and stand up for her, through thick and thin everywhere, and before every one whenever you have the chance, ‘an you love me.’”

Before Wynyard reached the last words the shock of surprise was over, and his thoughts were busied, looking back through a variety of small incidents and signs that had come under his notice during the past year. With the light of this sudden revelation on them, they now seemed significant enough to have prepared him for the news, or, indeed, to have brought it to his knowledge long ere this.

Christabel Moore—the dull drizzling November evening of Katherine Moore's accident, with all its varied incidents, flashed back on his memory with more vividness of interest than the reality had had at the time. It was the beginning of his intimacy with the Wests, of a great deal else it seemed, but the bearing of what he had just read, on his own future fortunes, did not suggest itself yet. He was not ready for that; his thoughts were busily engaged in an effort to straighten out the past, and make its mysteries plain. Yes, this was the true explanation of the appearance of the Moores at Leigh,

and of their interest in Mrs. Anstice. He recalled an expression he had seen on Katherine Moore's face one day, when Mrs. Anstice had been speaking of her son, and it struck him at the time to be too full of pity and comprehension to be natural, coming from a stranger. The little pictures too, so full of suggestion, the poor widowed bride had consoled herself by painting and sending to her fellow mourner, whom it seemed she dare not, or did not chose to approach in any other way. This news accounted too, for some words spoken by Katherine Moore, on the last occasion when he had seen her, on the day after Mrs. Anstice's death.

Wynyard had thought them, at the time, rather uncalled-for generalities against confidence in worldly prosperity, and the need in all human lives of preparedness for change, and had only accounted for Katherine Moore's addressing them to him on the supposition that her affection for Mrs. Anstice made her take it amiss that he should stick to his intention of starting on his journey to Italy immediately after the funeral.

Her warning words and evident wish for the postponement of his marriage took a fresh significance now, with this light on them, and brought him at last to the perception of a possible vital concern of his own in this new aspect of affairs. Then he remembered the letter from Katherine Moore, which the *facteur* had placed in his hands that day, and taking it out of his pocket, prepared to read it, with a foreknowledge in his mind of what it had to tell him. It did not surprise him that the letter began—

“DEAR Mr. ANSTICE,—The last ten days have been a time of bitter anxiety for me, ending in such an overwhelming grief, that I have hardly power left to reproach myself, as perhaps I ought, for not having managed to see you before you left Leigh, which I had fully intended. I make the first effort I am capable of, to write to you,

and I trust the letter will reach you a sufficiently long time before your approaching marriage to give you the time you will want for the consideration of its contents. Nothing I can now say will avail to lessen your right to reproach me for having kept the intelligence I have to give so long from you; I must bear your blame without any hope of forgiveness. The dead you will not reproach or blame, and so I will tell you at once that my beloved sister, Christabel Anstice, died in my arms yesterday evening, after having a few hours before given birth to a son, who is the posthumous child of your cousin Ralph, to whom she was privately married in the April of this year. The child is living, and as far as we can judge at present, likely to live. My sister has left in writing full particulars of her marriage, and an explanation which I trust you will think sufficient, of her motives for continuing to conceal it, after her husband's death. This, and other papers in connection with her affairs, I shall be ready to place in your hands whenever you shall ask for them. My sister learned from her husband to trust you utterly, and in this faith, supported by my own knowledge of your character, I fearlessly confide my little nephew's interest to you. He has no friends in the world but you and me. My sister expressed a last wish to be buried near her husband. I do not urge the request, as it may be out of your power to grant it on so short a notice. I leave it with you, feeling sure that you will do what you can to help me.

"Yours sincerely,

"KATHERINE MOORE."

The sunshine had left the side of the hill, and there was barely light enough to make out the words, when Wynyard finished reading this last of his letters, but it was still a long time before he bethought himself of leaving his seat upon the pine-stump, and beginning his walk back to the château. He was not thinking actively all this

time, nor even feeling very vividly, his prevailing sensation was that of one who, fancying himself other than he is, comes back to the sober realities of everyday life, and turns with relish to substance after so much shadow. Eight months—or was it only an hour? Was he like the barber in the *Arabian Nights* who dipped his head into a basin of water, and lifted it out again to find that in the interval he had lived through a year of Sultan life, and was a barber again? As Wynward sat looking down from the summit of the pinewood, over the valley of La Roquette, spread out far down beneath his feet, he could almost have believed something of the kind, and relegated all the events that had befallen him since he had last climbed the brow of the hill from the ravine to the phantasmagoria of an uneasy dream. He had never really been what he seemed, never really owned any of the possessions that he fancied were his—no more Alma's heart than anything else—it had all been an unreality, all a mistake together. He found to his surprise that he could just then bear to let the shadows go with astonishingly little pain. The station and wealth that he had called his own half-an-hour ago had not taken any very strong hold on him during the short time he had enjoyed them; they had always seemed more or less alien to his true life, and he had even occasionally looked back with regret to the self-chosen career on which he had once entered with such high hopes and such a joyful sense of independence. As for the promised wife who had come to him with the rank and wealth—he had suffered so much a few minutes ago from the thought of marrying her, while the discovery of the deceit was rankling in his mind, that the prospect of release from an engagement entered into on false pretences could only appear in the light of a reprieve from misery to both of them. As long as he could give Alma what she had longed for, he would have felt bound

to keep his word to her. He had loved her deeply once, however thoroughly he just now felt disabused of his love, and he would not have disappointed her and shamed her before the world, while he could give her what she valued so highly as to sell her truth for it. But now that all the glamour had vanished like a puff of vapour, what injustice could there be in reclaiming what she had never truly taken, what she had once turned away from, with indifference, if not contempt?

It was well, Wynyard thought, that the path before him was so plain. If he had learned nothing but the news contained in Ralph's and Katherine Moore's letters, how his heart would have bled for Alma to-night. He would have known even so that the collapse of his greatness would have been a severer blow to her than to himself, but he would not on that account have given her up.

The burden of decision would then have remained with her; she would have had to make up her mind whether to marry him in his changed circumstances, or to bear the onus of breaking an engagement a few days before marriage. Wynyard did not for a moment doubt which way her true wishes would turn, or that if, swayed by considerations of the moment, she had married him, the result would have been an unhappy one, a life of discontent, possibly bitterness for them both. It was well that he had it in his power to save her and himself from such a contingency, to tell her that he was aware of the false assumption under which the engagement had been entered upon, and that since she had accepted an earl, he held her free from any tie to Wynyard Anstice.

So far, the immediate future was a little plainer than it might have been; yet how he wished those eight months really had been dream months; that he could wake up and find himself situated precisely as he had been on that soft summer evening, when the scent of the May roses and the orange blossoms had filled the air, and Emmie West's

eyes had betrayed to him her confiding innocent love!

A growing chill in the air roused him at last to a perception of the length of time he had spent in these musings. The last rose tint had passed from the mountains, and all the valleys lay in deep shadow when he began his walk home, and with the renewed energy that came with motion, came also a keener sense of pain, a more vivid realisation of all that was involved for himself and others in the news he had just learned. No, the situation as it was eight months ago was far from being restored. Poor Ralph! poor Christabel Moore! whose pale face dawned back upon his memory, sweet and wan like the crescent moon beginning to show a wintry splendour in the sky—poor Christabel Anstice, who had slipped away without giving him an opportunity of fulfilling her husband's last request in her favour! Might not her fate have been different if she had known of that letter which ought to have reached him eight months ago? It would certainly have been different with him; he would have escaped much mortification and embarrassment in the career on which he was now thrown back, and which he certainly should not be able to take up at the point where he had left it. Above all, he would not have had the galling sense of having been deceived and made a dupe of, which would always embitter his memory and rankle in his mind. It was hard to forgive, even though it was Christmas Day, and the fête lights were only now being put out on the altars of the little church below; and the canticles he had heard in the morning, "Goodwill and peace, peace and goodwill," kept striving to make themselves heard through the angry tumult of his thoughts. Eight months ago he had suffered indeed; he had been disenchanted of first hopes and first love, but not beyond power of renewal—there had still been breaths of spring to which his heart could open. He had then been free, at least,

from the deep distrust of others and the self-contempt that threatened him now.

The bank covered with cactus leaves, jagged and flowerless, with the bare pomegranate hedge above, caught his eye as he passed, and brought a stinging recollection of the early desolate days when it had first photographed itself on his memory. All the discontents and disappointments of his life rose up and threatened to overwhelm him with bitterness in that dark hour. If Emmie had suffered, she was avenged. Then came back a recollection of the look of victory and peace on her face which he felt put her as far above him as Alma had sunk below, in his esteem. His eyes were opened, but only to his own discomfiture, and to a sense of loss and shame which looked as if it would be endless. Yes, it was hard to forgive: it was winter in the landscape, and winter in his heart as he strode down the hill and through the silent village to the magnolia terrace, where the trees looked dark and almost funereal in the faint moonlight.

It was not till he was close upon home that he remembered the Cairngorm brooch which he ought to have given to Madame Antoine Barbou that afternoon; and if there had been any hope of finding the good people of the valley awake at that hour he would willingly have retraced his steps the whole way to remedy his forgetfulness, so distasteful did the idea of going indoors and facing Madame de Florimel appear to him at the moment.

CHAPTER XLII.

FAREWELL.

MADAME DE FLORIMEL was accustomed to make something of a ceremony of her Christmas dinner even when she had to eat it alone, and the prospect of sharing it this year with an English guest and a relation had given zest to her preparations. The turkey, fattened under her own directions, the plum-pudding, concocted under her

own eyes, the relics of family plate from the old mansion at Leigh, which had accompanied her to La Roquette, and been aired only on great occasions since,—all had been duly ordered and arranged; and Madame's anxiety for Wynyard's return arose as much from care for the well-being of the dinner as from curiosity about the cause of his long absence. When he made his appearance at last, and she saw by her first glance at his face that whatever might be the news he had to tell it was something that had moved him deeply, and would require a great deal of talking about, she was ready to fall in with his suggestion that they should adjourn to the dining-room at once and eat their meal in peace, before any questions were asked.

As the dinner went on, Wynyard fell more and more kindly into the spirit of the entertainment. Madame de Florimel had too much tact to make any allusion to his own affairs; and the talk about hers, in which he forced himself to take part—the praises of Joseph Marie, the village gossip, the little every-day incidents of the quiet routine life Madame de Florimel found sufficient for her happiness—made precisely the sort of talk that was most soothing at the moment, and helped him better than anything else could have done, to struggle out of the bitter mood into which he had fallen. Here was some one whose life had been marred by deeper disappointments and infidelities than he had experienced, and who had contrived to keep a fresh, youthful heart and kindly faith through all. Here was the evidence of victory over pain, of sweet drawn from bitter, that ought to shame a fainting heart into courage. So, at least, Wynyard felt, looking across the dinner-table in the shabby, half-furnished *salle à manger*, towards Madame de Florimel's spirited old face, as she held up her glass to him, and drank good-will and prosperity to her neighbours, to their olive-grounds and vineyards, and poultry-yards, in a bumper of her own wine.

When they returned to the *salon* Wynyard put a fresh log on the fire, drew Madame's chair in front of it, and, taking his seat beside her, began cheerfully enough—

"Well, Madame, let us hope your lawyer—whoever he may be—is skilful enough to make successive alterations in your will without leaving it a trap for future litigation, for I believe you will have to add a new clause, rescinding your late disposition of *Terres Blanches*, and returning to your first intention after all. That, at least, is what I think will be the effect on you of the news *La Fermière* turned out of her cork-drawer this afternoon."

Madame de Florimel took a long considering look in his face before she spoke.

"So," she said slowly, at last, "that is it, then. Ralph is not dead, and has sent news of himself after all. I have had conjectures of the sort all along, and have never been able to feel that you, my poor Wynyard, were really Lord Anstice. A disappearance of a year or two, and a sudden return would be just what one might have expected of Ralph—the sort of practical joke he would like to play upon us all."

"No, no! nothing so dramatic; you forget that the letter is eight months' old; nothing so good as dear old Ralph's coming back—only a miserable little posthumous heir, who will keep us all in suspense and anxiety for the next twenty-one years, and never be worth half as much as his father after all—not so pleasant, at all events. There, read Ralph's letter first, and then this one, and tell me what you think of it."

Madame de Florimel interspersed her reading with many half-articulate exclamations of surprise, pity, and indignation, but when she had finished, she refolded the sheets, and, returning them to Wynyard in silence, sat looking at the fire, for once too much overwhelmed with disappointment to express herself with her usual volubility. Wynyard laid his hand over the soft,

finely-wrinkled fingers that lay half-hidden by her lace mittens on her knee, and said, "Cheer up, Madame! things are not so bad as might be, when one comes to look at them. There will be a long minority; remember—and you are the nearest, no, the only, female relation on our side. You will have to come to England and educate that baby. And only consider the good you and Joseph Marie might do, during twenty-one years' reign at Leigh! The secrets in husbandry and management you will impart to the ignorant tenant-farmers on the estate, and their still more ignorant wives—it will be something to live for."

"Wynyard, don't."

"Nay, dear Madame, you must do me the justice not to be too compassionate over me. If two experiences of the changes in public favour that follow such marked vicissitudes of fortune don't embitter me into a misanthrope, I really think I ought to be a great man."

"I was not thinking of you; you would not let me congratulate you, and I am not going to condole with you. It is not as if Leigh had remained just as I knew it, before it was vulgarised by my poor cousin's wealth and the habits and tastes he brought there with him from his old associations. I have never coveted the position as he had made it for you. You, by yourself, will do quite as well, and be of as much real consequence in the world, with *Terres Blanches*; but—poor Miss Rivers!"

Wynyard winced, and a bitter smile came on his face.

"Yes, you do well to pity her; you understand her well, I see—better than I did. She is to be pitied, since a chance of being made a countess does not come, even to such a beauty as Miss Rivers, every day. Yet there is some consolation for her, too, in the way things have fallen out; the news might have come a week after, instead of a week before, the wedding; and as it is, the game will not be altogether up for her. She must resign Leigh,

since its present possessor is only a week old. But there are other fine places in the world, and I have no doubt if she goes the right way to work she will have Mr. Horace Kirkman—with Golden Mount in his gift—at her feet again, long before another year is out.”

Madame de Florimel turned from the fire to look him fully in the face, and, as he met her keen, inquiring eyes, he felt sorry for the bitterness with which he had spoken; he had not meant to betray his discovery of Alma's purpose in hiding the letters from any one, least of all from Madame de Florimel, who was sure to be eager enough in following out any hints to her disparagement, and already had the clue in her hand. While he sat thinking what he could say to soften the effect of his hasty outburst Madame de Florimel showed him that his remorse was needless, since her surprise was caused by nothing else than finding him as well-informed as herself. She got up, took a little slip of paper from the ledge on the high carved mantel-shelf where it had been carefully deposited, unfolded it, and held it before his eyes.

“I have been hesitating all this afternoon whether to show you this or not; but now I have no doubt that you had better read and have your eyes opened. It is the half sheet of note-paper that was found with the letters in the cork drawer. You are too quick to miss its meaning, so I will spare you my comments; read and understand, that I may not be obliged to put into words what it has told me.”

“I do so want one of us to be quite happy.

“Your affectionate sister,

“CONSTANCE FORREST.”

Wynyard read the sentence on the paper aloud, with a sob in his voice. Madame de Florimel drew her chair a little closer to him.

“‘Quite happy,’” she said; “that is—rich, and a countess, with a man of

whom she could feel a degree of affection on other accounts. Wynyard, don't be too sorry that you cannot give her the perfect happiness she looked for when she accepted you. It would not have lasted, believe me, even for her; and I cannot imagine you even tolerably content in a marriage entered into with such views. You would have found out which part of the bargain was held of most account by your wife, sooner or later, and—you are an Anstice like myself—don't I know how hard it would have gone with you? Better live alone, if, indeed, there should be any necessity for living alone, than with some one you are continually tempted to dispise!”

“A million times better,” Wynyard answered. “Don't be afraid, Madame; we are quite in accord about what has to be done. There will be no wedding for me on New Year's Day. I had made up my mind about that before I left the pine-wood above Terres Blanches this afternoon. No, do not take the tell-tale paper out of my hand; it is neither yours nor mine. I shall restore it to its rightful owner to-morrow, and let it once more tell its own story. It will again save words that had better not be spoken.”

“You must not see her, Wynyard; take my advice as you would a mother's. I have had sorrowful experience enough in my life, and have learnt this one thing at least, that when two people who have loved each other are finally disenchanted, there is nothing so effectual to intensify their pain as meeting to talk about it. If, as is often the case, a good deal of surface emotion is called forth, and a kind of reconciliation patched up, which yet can never put things on the old footing, what is that but a miserable lengthening out of the struggle, and intensification of bitterness in the final rupture when it comes. On the other hand, if you confront each other, only to show how hopelessly the old love is dead, you have given a stab to past recollections that

you will regret, more and more, as years pass on. Believe one who has suffered from such interviews; and spare yourself and her all you can. Write to her, instead of meeting her, at San Remo to-morrow, and inclose the letters that have lain so long in Madame D'Allon's bureau drawer. Miss Rivers must surely sometimes have had a little curiosity about them, since she put them away there. She deserves to have it satisfied after eight months of suspense."

"Don't be sarcastic, Madame; it does not become you after all those good wishes to your neighbours on Christmas evening. Yes, you are right, we shall not meet; I will send her the letters with this strip of paper between them, just as Madame D'Allon gave them to me. An hour or two ago, I felt as if I should like to confront and shame her; but now—pax!—it is enough; there is sufficient mortification before her without that. I will go back to Leigh, and see if there is yet time to arrange for poor little Countess Anstice to have her last wish, and lie in our dreary mausoleum beside her husband of a month. That's about the only thing I can do to fulfil poor Ralph's request, and it will be well to begin at once, by putting things on a right footing; so you see it will be a funeral instead of a wedding that we Anstices shall begin the year with. Our white days are not to be yet; let us talk about other people's white days. Was it Bertrand *fils* or Merle *père* who, you said, was going to buy that little piece of ground of me, below the bosquet, and build a *maisonnette* upon it?"

They tried, both of them, to bring the conversation back to La Roquette interests, and to discuss them as earnestly as they had done a little while ago, but the effort was too great, their hearts were too full; and by degrees the talk glided into more natural channels—the changed aspect of affairs at Leigh; Wynyard's own prospects in the future; the young dead mother whom Wynyard, in

obedience to Ralph's last wish, tried hard to defend against Madame de Florimel's indignation; the baby heir and his aunt, whose letter, on second perusal, Madame de Florimel approved, and whom she already began to look upon with interest, as joint guardian and educator with herself, of the future head of the house of Anstice. The well built up logs of the wood fire blazed and fell apart, and smouldered into white ashes, while these topics followed one another, till at last the Louis Quatorze clock on the chimney-piece chimed an hour that quite startled and scandalised Madame de Florimel. Its midnight chimes had probably not been heard previously, by mortal ears, for a generation back.

CHAPTER XLIII.

CHRISTMAS AT SAN REMO.

"Is that really the bridal wreath that Madame Elise sent for you to wear in September, Alma? I should not have thought it possible that lying by, carefully packed in a box, for three months, could have made it look so *passée*. And the lace puffings on the dress—Ward may say what she likes, but I can't help suspecting that trimmings are worn a shade higher now. Turn round again, Alma, and let me look at you from the other side."

Lady Rivers was lying on a couch before a wood fire, in her dressing-room at San Remo, and Alma stood before her, crowned and veiled, with the light of two lamps judiciously disposed on opposite stands, falling on the dazzling white folds of her bridal dress.

Ward, who had just disinterred the wedding paraphernalia from a box, where she had bestowed them the day when the news of Frank's death had arrived, was kneeling at Alma's feet drawing out the long train, and the lace puffings, in an anxious effort to smooth away some creases that disgraced her skill as a packer; and two or three of the women servants of the

hotel, who had scented the trying on of bridal finery, were standing near the door, holding up their hands in admiration of Alma's tall, white-robed figure and veiled head, as seen from behind. The face was turned towards her mother's couch, and, to judge by its effect on Lady Rivers, could not have been so satisfactory.

"It's very distressing," that lady resumed, after a lengthened gaze, "and I'm sure I don't know what to do. When Mrs. Stamer's daughter went out to be married in India, and took her wedding dress with her, I consoled with her mother on the mortification she must feel at the idea of her daughter being married in a dress that had been turned out of the milliner's hands three months before; but I little thought then of experiencing a similar inconvenience in my own family. I really can't compliment you, Alma. I don't know whether it's the wreath, or the height of the trimmings; but there is a something, a want of freshness in the general effect, that disappoints me sadly."

"Let us hope that Lord Anstice will not be so critical," Alma answered in a somewhat weary tone. "I doubt whether he will notice it; freshness is perhaps hardly the effect he will look for in me at my wedding."

"What nonsense, Alma, as if waiting three months would make any difference in you, at your age. I can't think what has made you take to saying such self-depreciatory things. If the season were a little further advanced now, if it were February instead of December, we might have made you a wreath of real orange-blossom, and looped up the lace in front with sprays of natural flowers, just to give a different character to the dress. I hate going back to old things."

"I don't think you are singular there, mamma," said Alma, "a great many people find it unsatisfactory, I fancy. I begin to doubt whether it ever answers. However, I hardly think that waiting till February for the real

orange blossom would answer in my case."

"We might get the blossoms even now, if we took a little pains about it," Lady Rivers continued, in a ruminating tone, without noticing Alma's interruption. "I remember Emmie West talked of making a natural wreath for a girl at La Roquette, who was going to be married, and I can't help thinking that one of the kind would suit you better than that crushed artificial thing of Madame Elise's; you don't know how large and fine the sprays of orange blossoms are one can get here."

Yes, Alma did know. As her mother spoke, the exact shape and size of a spray of orange-blossom came back to her memory. She saw it lying in the sunshine, on the garden path of La Roquette, and herself coming down the steps from the *chalet*, picking it up and inhaling its fragrance, while the *facteur* was still on his way down the road, his letter-bag on his back—the spray that Emmie West was to have worn if uncle West had not died so opportunely, and she had not come to La Roquette just in time to stand on those steps and take in the letters on that particular morning. She had never voluntarily inhaled the scent of orange flowers since. Wynyard would give her a bouquet of them next week, but she need not keep it in her hand more than a few minutes, or multiply the odour about her person more than could be helped.

"No, no," she said, impatiently, "real flowers never do suit me, they always die directly I put them on. I am too artificial a person for anything but Madame Elise's performances. Ward and I will try to re-model this one, so as to satisfy you before the day comes, if it does come."

"Of course it will come, next week. You had a telegram from Paris to announce Wynyard's arrival there, and he will be at La Roquette to-night. What can you mean, Alma?"

"Not much, perhaps," said Alma, "only that I am tired of standing up

in my finery, between the lamps and the wood-fire. I am sorry you don't like me, mother," she added, in a softer tone; stooping down towards the couch and kissing Lady Rivers' hectic cheek; "I hoped I was giving you a pleasure on Christmas Eve, by consenting to be dressed up for you to see."

Lady Rivers's face took a piteous expression, and she threw her arms round her daughter, and clung to her, with a caressing, dependent clasp, such as Alma had never known from her before.

"Oh, my dear! I know I ought to be satisfied," she whispered, sobbing. "I know it ought to be a proud day, and a happy one to me, when I see you dressed up for such a marriage as you are going to make. If any one had told me, a year ago, that things would end for you as they are ending—that you would marry a man we can all of us like, your father and all, who was also as rich, and in as good a position as Wynyard is now, I should have looked forward to it as a great triumph, a great happiness. Oh, Alma! is it not hard on me, that I can't be happy to-day; that events should have fallen out to shake me so, and make me feel so nervous, that I can't look forward to your wedding, and feel proud and happy about it, even when you stand before me in your bride's dress? Don't start away from me, Alma, and leave me just when, for once, I want you to comfort me."

"I'm only going to send Ward to the next room," Alma answered; "let me go for one minute, mamma, and I will come back to you."

She knew the sort of talk she had to expect, and she was glad of a minute's respite to steady her nerves and steel her heart against the pain it would give her. Lady Rivers was wiping away a few tears when Alma returned.

"It makes life such a very perplexing thing," she began, "that one can't look forward and see a little what is going to happen; one would sometimes

act so very differently if one could foresee. This time last year, for example, when Mrs. Kirkman first spoke to me about Horace and you—if I could but have known that before Christmas came round again Wynyard would be an earl and owner of the great Leigh estate, what a difference it would have made in my feelings! That brings me to the question I want to ask you, Alma. When Wynyard was with us in London, after we heard of poor Frank's death, he was so kind to me that I used to think sometimes he could never have noticed the little slights—you know what I mean, Alma—the time when my duty to you obliged me to keep him at a distance, and perhaps to be a little inhospitable and rude sometimes. Do you know what he feels about all that now? do you suppose he remembers it and thinks about it still?"

"He will never show that he thinks about it; you may depend upon that, mamma," said Alma, in a hard voice. "He will always be very kind to all of us, whatever he thinks."

"And that is the great thing," answered Lady Rivers, re-assured. "I should not like to have another son-in-law who fancied he had a grudge against me, or to see another of my daughters afraid of her husband. Wynyard is your own choice, Alma; the man you have always loved. You can never cast it in my teeth that I persuaded you to take him, as poor Constance does, most unjustly, in speaking of Sir John. Of course it would have been as well if we could have always kept on friendly terms with him; but, after all, Wynyard is a sensible man—your father says so—and he will not perhaps blame me in his heart for not treating him as if he was a desirable match at a time when he was most undesirable. He will understand my conduct."

"Yes, he understands it."

"I am aware that all men over-value themselves; but he cannot think so highly of himself, can he, as to expect a mother who has her daughter's

true interest at heart to feel towards him while he was a poor barrister as she would naturally feel when his fortune changed? You might put it to him in that light if he should ever speak to you, Alma, on the subject of my past treatment of him."

"But he never will speak on that subject to me, mamma."

"Ah! but you don't know, my dear. If there is anything unpleasant a man can bring up to his wife after they are married, he is nearly sure, sooner or later, to find occasion to do it; and so, as I said before, I wish we could have foreseen what was to happen. People one thought one had got rid of, do seem to have such a knack of turning up again when one can least put up with them."

"Yes, mamma."

"You know what I am thinking of, Alma. You don't like me to refer to it, but I shall have no one to talk to when you are gone. And oh! my dear, I don't think I ever shall be able quite to put out of my mind the shock I felt at Monaco when we went to look at the gambling, and Horace Kirkman suddenly started up from the table at which Constance and young Lawrence had just sat down. The contemptuous way in which he pushed through our party, and the look he gave you in going out—quite savage. Whatever you say, I shall always believe that it was, somehow or other, through him those wicked reports reached Sir John that made him forbid poor Constance to stay on with us here till after your wedding."

"There is so little likelihood of the two coming across each other now."

"You don't know that, Alma. The Kirkmans are making their way everywhere, and are being taken up by all sorts of people—the very best. They aren't refined—I never thought they were—I have more discernment than to think so; but then they are immensely wealthy, and it tells, you see, with the very best people. We were perhaps early in the field, but, looking at things as they were a year ago I really can't see that we did anything

wrong, however much I may regret that I did not foresee what was going to happen to Wynyard Anstice."

Alma was silent. It seemed useless to begin pointing out the discrepancies between these regrets and any view of the subject that Wynyard might be supposed to take. Indeed, what could she say to her mother that would not still more forcibly hit herself, and she thought she did not need to put the deeper causes for regret into words to make herself feel them. Luckily Ward was impatient to begin the business of taking off and refolding the wedding-dress, and now put her head out of the inner room to remark that the hour for the *table d'hôte* was close at hand, and that there was hardly time left for Miss Rivers to change her dress before Sir Francis would come to take her down to dinner.

It was late when Alma came up stairs again; Lady Rivers had gone to bed and was asleep; and as Sir Francis had fallen in with a congenial companion below, she had their sitting-room to herself for the rest of the evening. A lonely Christmas Eve, in sharp contrast with past Christmas Eves, and to the way in which other people were passing the season; and yet there was nothing in such solitude that should depress a happy bride-elect, with a telegram in her possession to say that her bridegroom was on his way to join her, and would be with her the day after to-morrow. Alma chided herself for her gloom, and then took up Wynyard's last letter, written from Longhurst, and read it over again; while a soft wind blowing through the open window brought in the scent of the climbing roses round the balcony, and made the light of her lamp flicker on the page. These surroundings made her feel very remote from Longhurst, with its chilly, dark rooms, and windy avenues, as Wynyard described them; remote in feeling too, from him, when, in reading on and on, she caught the tone that

coloured his descriptions and ran through all his thoughts about the place—such, tender, regretful looking back to past days, so much dwelling with anxious loyalty on the old links between them. It was hardly being loved at all, Alma told herself bitterly, to owe all her lover's tenderness to recollections of the past; one could not live on past devotion any more than one could be warmed by last year's sunshine. And the case was so different with herself. There had been coldness, there had been pain since their re-union; but her love had been growing amid all the pain, gradually changing its character and its standpoint, through the self-humiliation that the knowledge of her fault had brought upon her. She had altogether abandoned the critical attitude in which she had half-distrusted, half-admired all in him that was higher in conduct or in thought than the standard to which she had been accustomed. But could she ever let him see this? Could she show him how her love had deepened and strengthened while the depressing persuasion grew upon her that she was lessened in his estimation, that his old tenderness was chilled into something hardly warmer than indulgent pity, and regret for what had been. It was hard, Alma thought, to have lost so much just when she seemed to have gained all; but men—or fate, was it,—did seem to be very hard on any vacillation or doubtfulness. Was it any use to go back and try to take up a love you had once chilled or wounded? Was complete forgiveness, complete healing, possible? Did you not most often, when you tried to take it back again, find it dead or changed into something unfamiliar, something in which, perhaps, all the old worth was transmuted into evil? Then her thoughts flew off to Constance, for whose fate her heart was now always aching. How lightly she had thrown away her early love, and now how the longing to be loved was revenging itself on her; now when the love, once so innocent and tender,

had turned into a terror, a guilt that yet had a fascination for her, from which her better self and the entreaties of her friends had hardly power to drag her back. What a struggle it had been and might again be! A struggle in which victory could only partially restore self-respect. Alma groaned in spirit, recalling looks, and words, and tones of voice that must always, she thought, dwell in Constance's memory like a blot or a stain, growing darker and more painful to look upon, in proportion as her vision cleared through repentance, and her sense of duty grew stronger. How was it that Constance did not perceive the different quality of the love which haunted her now that there was no longer respect, or tenderness, or even pity in it, that it was but the dark shadow of what she had cast from her when it was worth having? Oh! was it possible for slighted love to come back whole-hearted and pure, with the aura of tender, ideal worship that had breathed about it before its trust had been betrayed, its divinity dragged in the dust? Was there ever, under the best circumstances, any use in going back?

It was not the first time that Alma had wasted minutes and hours in questions and misgivings like these. The habit had grown upon her since Constance's visit, and to-night, with Wynyard's letter from Longhurst in her hand and the knowledge that he was now on his way to La Roquette in her mind, they came with fresh force and claimed the solitary hours as all their own. She had almost forgotten it was Christmas Eve, till in the midst of her bitter musings the sound of bells chiming from the churches in the town reached her through the open window, and she recalled the talk there had been at the *table d'hôte* that day about the midnight services that were to take place to-night.

Alma had refused to go to one when some one asked her; she did not like the thought of making a spectacle of

a service because it was in a foreign church; but now a great yearning to be one among the crowds approaching the lighted altars came over her. If she could have gone unknown, and lost herself among a crowd of poor people who were coming with simple-hearted, believing joy, to welcome the birth into the world of *that* love which, continually slighted, forgives continually, and offers from its very wounds healing for its outragers!

If she could have caught the contagion of their hope by kneeling with them and forgetting herself for a little while, what a rest it would be! Then, moved by an impulse such as she had never experienced before, Alma sank on her knees by the chair on which she had been sitting, and hid her face weeping: the midnight chimes reached her ears as she knelt, and, by and by, the tolling of a bell in a near church told that the central moment of the service had come, and that everywhere, throughout France, throughout Christendom, heads were bowed and hearts lifted up in joyful yearning. Oh! to feel it for a moment; yes, there was such a love if only her doubting heart could turn to it and find rest. *The* love that, slighted, comes near and offers itself still, that stands at the door and knocks until eventide, that can cover a multitude of sins against itself and remember them no more. For the first time in her life Alma saw it as the supreme good; her soul rose for a little while out of the mists of doubt and worldliness, and in the light that came to her then she saw, as she had never seen before, the nature of her errors, and knew against Whom she had sinned when she had paltered with her own heart and other hearts for the sake of wealth and worldly ambition. She recalled the expression of Horace Kirkman's face at their last unexpected meeting, and felt utterly self-condemned. Had she, by her selfish conduct towards him, robbed him of the one chance of rising to better things which a sincere love might have

brought him? If all his future career were marked by self-seeking, and he never again knew anything of love but its most selfish instincts, would not she be answerable for this, who had disabused him of any dawning idea of disinterestedness and purity he might have associated with the object of his first love? Could there be a future of honour and love and heart satisfaction for her who had wrought this? For a moment or two Alma was ready to pronounce against herself, and almost to wish that something might come to snatch from her the fruits of her wrong-doing, for just then no doom seemed so dreadful as the being left to possess them. It was but a momentary impulse, and her lips refused to translate it into the words of prayer that half rose in her; her ordinary mood returned even while she knelt; yet the better thought had been there, a ray of divine light had pierced the clouds of her self-will and an infinite help and comfort lay for her in the recollection in after times.

CHAPTER XLIV.

FORGIVEN.

SIR FRANCIS had, to all appearance, quite recovered the shock of his son's death by the time he rejoined his family at San Remo; he had resumed all his old habits, had had three months' full occupation in London where he had been living by himself, and he was now as ready as he had ever been in holiday times to fight over again his old battles, legal or political, with any one he fell in with who was inclined for such mental exercise.

He never spoke Frank's name now, either to his wife or to Alma, or alluded to the sorrow that three months ago appeared to overwhelm him. Perhaps Lady Rivers might have noticed, if it had been her way to notice, what could not be complained of, that he listened more patiently than formerly

to her talk about her own health, and indulged in fewer sarcastic remarks at her expense. Alma, at all events, observed a difference in her father before he had been with them twenty-four hours. He talked as energetically as was his wont, and seemed as entirely absorbed in business interests; but she saw that there was more of effort in the energy and absorption than there used to be—it was a determined will, not a craving intellect that now kept him busy—and, whenever he allowed himself to remit his exertions for a while, the eager light in his face died out into a weary greyness that made him look many years older than he had done a few months ago. Alma's heart was very much moved towards her father when she noticed this change, for she admired his resolution to get what solace and spiritual nourishment he could from his old sources of interest, and felt how much more sympathy she had with this attitude of mind than with her mother's constant complaining.

She spent a great part of Christmas Day with her father, who, now that the parting was so near, seemed disposed to take her into a closer companionship than any one of his children had hitherto enjoyed with him. They went to church together in the morning, and in the afternoon had a long solitary walk on the shore, while the level golden light lay over the sea, and the waves broke on their unchanging shore-line with gentle ripples that matched the mild air and the bright hues of the gardens overhanging the beach. The contrast between this and other Christmas afternoon walks at Longhurst was strong in their minds, but there was a careful avoidance on both sides of painful subjects. Sir Francis talked with resolute cheerfulness on one topic of family interest after another; the advantages of having Longhurst off their hands; the tolerably good appointment secured for Melville; the leisure which his solitude this winter afforded for taking up some long-

abandoned studies, and his good luck in still feeling something of the charm these had had for him in early years, when he was a struggling man and found study a refuge from pinching anxiety and the bitterness of deferred hopes. He was lucky indeed to be able to turn to them now with some remnant of the old zest—after all.

They were standing still, watching the sunset when Sir Francis said this, and Alma, glancing at her father's face in a short silence that followed, saw again the grey weariness she had noticed before, overspreading it, and thoughts he did not utter found an echo in her mind.

"After all"—all his successes, all his triumphs,—to be thankful above all things for the power of taking an interest still in the old relaxations! Had his splendid career brought him no greater satisfaction than that?

"Ah, well!" Sir Francis muttered, "it's a great thing to have such a resource to turn to when one gets hippered; but how poor West used to sneer at me when we were young for giving my time to such unprofitable speculations! Poor fellow! he was full then of very different sorts of speculations, and a poor thing he made of them in the end. Not that I would crow over him as having done so much better with my life than he with his, after all. Who knows? When one gets to the end, I suppose, it all looks pretty much the same—at least, as to the amount of pudding and praise one has laid hold on. Poor West! he and I spent some pleasant days together when we were boys; I wish he had not grown so cantankerous with his reverses, or that your mother had managed matters so that our families need not have stood so far apart in later times. You must see what you can do for Emmie, Alma, when you are Countess Anstice. I don't like to think of that nice little thing wearing out her best days as nursery governess to one of the Kirkmans; you might have her to live with you at Leigh by and by."

"She is very happy where she is, papa" said Alma; "she has written a very cheerful letter to mamma lately which I will show you when we go in."

Emmie West's name did not sound very pleasantly to Alma's ears on that day when she knew that Wynyard was at La Roquette in close proximity to the hidden letters, and surrounded by sights that must bring Emmie and the spring of his sojourn there to his memory. To-morrow the danger would be over and Wynyard by her side, not to leave her again and, after that, Alma thought that she should feel quite generously towards Emmie, and not allow herself another jealous thought ever again. The time of suspense and danger was lessening minute by minute.

Even while these thoughts were rankling in her heart, there went the last rim of the sun below the purple mountains, and now there was nothing further to look for, but the lighting up of the red after-glow, and its dusky reflection overspreading the darkening sea. Alma slipped her hand under her father's arm and they climbed the steep path to the hotel in silence; but when they had reached their own suite of apartments and Alma was about to leave him to take off her outdoor dress, Sir Francis surprised her very much by drawing her close to him and giving her, what it was very much against his wont to bestow, an uncalled-for kiss.

"You are happy, are you not, my child?" he said, still holding her fast, and looking wistfully on her face; "there is no drawback to your happiness? Nay, it is a foolish question, but humour your father to-night; let me have it from your own lips that all is well with you—that you are following your own wishes with an assured prospect of content. I was negligent about Constance, and I cannot afford to make another mistake. Tell me it is only a girl's natural sorrow at bidding good-bye to her old life that makes you look sad to-day.

There is nothing else on your mind, no drawback, or misgiving; I may be quite happy about you, my Alma, may I not?"

Oh! if she dared but have told him all, and given a pledge of future truthfulness by taking counsel with her father to-night—but it was too foreign to all old habits and family traditions to talk of feelings to him. She could not bring herself, all in a minute, to take such an unheard-of step; and while she hesitated a distressed look came into her face and she saw the answering disappointment in her father's; he bent and kissed her again, and then let go his hold on her hands, "Well, my dear, never mind, I have only startled and distressed you I see; run away to your mother, and get ready for dinner."

Alma went into the inner suite of rooms to find Ward busied, under her mother's directions, in choosing the prettiest of her evening dresses for her to wear to-night; there would be a larger party than usual at dinner and every one would be looking at the young English bride-elect who was to be made a countess in a day or two; it was time for her to throw off something of the plainness of attire that their period of mourning had imposed on her hitherto, and shine out in anticipation of the glory that was to be.

Strange to say, Alma's spirits and self-confidence rose under the business of dressing, and when she turned to the glass before leaving the room, the radiant figure that looked out from its depths seemed to give her reassuring glances, and to chide her for her depression and her fears. The exhilaration carried her triumphantly through the rest of the evening, drowning anxiety and restoring her charm of manner, and that happy consciousness of power to please which had somewhat deserted her since she had had cause to be displeased with herself. The company, that night comprised some foreigners of rank, and English visitors to San Remo, old acquaintance of the

Rivers's, who were interested in Alma's prospects, and glad to see her come out of the eclipse into which the gloom of the family bereavement had cast her of late. They gathered round her in the evening with congratulations and sympathetic curiosity about the ceremony fixed for New Year's Day, and for a few hours—while Wynyard and Madame de Florimel were having their lengthy talk over the dying firebrands in the *salon* at La Roquette—Alma's sceptre of power seemed to be given back to her, and she became once more the brilliant society queen who had dazzled Mr. Kirkman into coveting her for a daughter-in-law a year ago at Golden Mount. Her father seeing the homage paid to her and observing the brilliancy of her smile and the light in her eyes, felt happy and satisfied in all that concerned her, pleasing himself with the thought that at least one of his children would profit by the position to which his hard work had raised them, and reward his labours by giving him the spectacle of a happy prosperous life, in which his old age would have a share.

During *déjeuner* the next morning, Alma made an engagement to join a riding party who had planned a distant excursion and would not return to the hotel till a little before sunset. The early post had not brought her the note from Wynyard, fixing the hour of his arrival at San Remo, that she had hoped to receive, and she told herself that she should be able to meet him more easily and naturally, more as he would expect to be met, if she found him awaiting her on her return from her ride than if she spent the long morning hours in looking for him, and fretting herself with foolish conjectures about the cause of his detention at La Roquette, should he not appear at the earliest moment possible.

It was a gay party, and the ride in the exhilarating air had quite the effect Alma hoped for, in banishing anxious thoughts and making the hours fly swiftly.

There were little delays, lingerings

by some of the party to finish sketches at the place where they stopped for their mid-day rest, halts to watch the effects of changing lights and shadows on the snow-clad Alpine range in the distance; so that in spite of urgings from the more experienced members of the party the sun set whilst they were still some miles from the town.

There could not possibly be any waiting for her now, Alma thought cheerfully, while the horses were urged to a brisk canter during the last half-hour; suspense was virtually over; he would be there, most likely on the steps of the hotel, looking out for her. It would be the least formal greeting possible, for he would come forward to lift her from her horse, his arms would be round her before the glow of exercise had left her cheeks, and the thrill of joy would banish all misgivings, all self-questioning, all looking back, and make the future easy. While the rapid motion was bearing her joyfully nearer and nearer each minute to him, she would not allow herself to picture an expression on the face she should look down upon as his arms clasped her, that would not bring complete satisfaction to her heart.

There were figures on the hotel steps which Alma could not distinguish at the moment of drawing up before the door, but it was her father who came forward to lift her down.

"You are late," he said; "but no, don't look so penitent, no one has been waiting in a state of feverish impatience for your return. I went down to meet the train you mentioned as most likely, and had my walk for nothing; however, I see there is a letter for you in the sitting-room, just arrived, which will, no doubt, explain the delay, and let you know when we may expect him."

"A note, or a letter?" Alma could not help asking as she crossed the hall with her father. Sir Francis smiled playfully.

"I should think a note would do since you will see him so soon; but

so far as my observation, which was not scrutinising, went, I should say it was a thick letter;—but run on; my dear, as you are so curious; don't wait for me. Stairs are nothing to you; run on to the *salon*."

Alma carried off the letter to her own room, and let Ward take off her riding-habit and put her into her ordinary evening dress before she ventured to do more than glance at the outside. She even put it out of her hand on the dressing-table, and would not, for those few minutes, allow herself to realise how thick it was, and that the envelope must almost certainly hold an inclosure. She always thought afterwards that she had not felt any surprise, but had known the worst of the news from the moment when her father told her there was a letter awaiting her; and yet this certainty must, somehow or other, have admitted hope, or else feeling was suspended for a while, or she could not have spoken cheerfully to her mother through the open dressing-room door, and sent Ward away with a calm sentence when she had done with her.

At last she was alone, there was no further excuse for waiting; it must come—the sight that she now knew she had been expecting and dreading since May—those letters—and whatever Wynyard might choose to say to her about them. Reasonably she knew of nothing that would connect her with them, or induce him to send them on to her, supposing him to have received them. It was only her conscience that spoke, and that so loudly that every other power of her mind was silenced. She could not think of probabilities—she knew that her punishment had come.

It was Wynyard's handwriting on the envelope, however, and before she broke the seal she raised the letter softly, as she had done once before with one of his, and laid it against her lips, once more, before she knew for certain that he despised her. She had been used in old times when looking at her name in his handwriting to

remember words he had spoken long ago—foolish, tender words, about how he felt while framing those letters, the spell they were to him, the thrills the sight of them called up as they grew under his fingers. That *had* been, and she recalled it once more, while the envelope touched her lips, and then she turned the letter round and broke the seal. She drew out two letters directed to Wynyard Anstice, Esq., then a half sheet of paper in Constance's handwriting—the sight of which gave her as keen a pain as if the words which she read stupidly over and over again had been sharp instruments stabbing through her eyes and her brain to her heart. Last came a letter from Wynyard to herself, which she opened after a while, when an interval in her pain, a deadness stealing over her, gave her power to read—

"MY DEAR ALMA,—You will naturally be very much surprised to get a letter from me to-day instead of seeing me, but when you have read the two letters I herewith inclose, you will understand why, after much thought, I have determined rather to write than to come to you.

"After all we had hoped and planned there must needs have been great pain and bitterness in words of farewell spoken between you and me, and you will agree, I am sure, after reading these letters, that nothing but to exchange such words remains to us, and the least painful way of getting them said had better be chosen. Dear Alma, since it is a farewell I am writing I will not say a word of reproach to you for keeping back my cousin Ralph Anstice's letter from me last spring, or for letting me suppose that you were ignorant of his death when we had our explanation by the river at Clelles, and that I was misinformed about the relations that actually existed between you and Horace Kirkman. Thinking of you still with a lingering of my old belief about you, I feel almost ready to beg your

pardon for knowing what I know, and I have a strange reluctance to send you the slip of your sister's letter which has explained to me and Madame de Florimel the riddle of your concealment of my letters; yet in justice to myself, I must let you know that I know all, and that if the letters I inclose had not contained the news they will in a few moments reveal to you, I should have found myself in a great dilemma—the dilemma of having to fulfil a promise made under a misconception of the circumstances that called it forth. As it is, the man you accepted as your future husband no more exists than ever did the Alma whom I, Wynyard Anstice, then believed had been true to me through my adversity, and loved me enough to brave a struggling life at my side. Your misconception was, as you will see, even more complete than mine, and I suppose—painful as the writing of this letter is to me and as the reading of it will, I fear, be to you—we ought both to be thankful that events have so fallen out as to show us, before it was too late, the unreality on which we were building our hopes. Had the news contained in the letters I inclose reached us a week after, instead of a week before, our proposed marriage, you would have had the mortification of finding that you had been betrayed by your own act into accepting the fate you wished to avoid—marriage with a poor man—for my position after nearly a year's idleness will be much worse than it was when I wrote to you last January; and I should have had the still worse pain of witnessing your disappointment, and learning the little power I personally had to console you for the loss of the position you had coveted. It would not have been well for either of us. However painful our present circumstances may be, let us both be thankful that we have escaped a life of mutual recrimination and discontent. That last sentence, as I read it over, a quarter of an hour or so after writing, sounds bitter; but believe me,

dear Alma, I do not feel bitterly towards you as I write the concluding sentences of my letter. Why should I? After all, why should I ever have expected so much love from you that you should abandon, for my sake, what you have been taught to think the good of life? I have only my own folly and misunderstanding of your character to thank for my disappointment.

"You judged yourself more truly. You are made for the bright things, and the prosperous high places of the world; and since I cannot give them to you myself, let me at least hope that they will come to you through some one who will love you as well as I could have done, and make you as happy as I would fain have made you. Dear Alma, farewell! I go back to Leigh to-morrow to carry out a request you will read in Miss Moore's letter, and I will write to your father fully from thence. Tell him as much or as little as you please of the circumstances which caused the delay of Ralph Anstice's letter in reaching me. I shall, of course, be silent on that part of the matter so long as I live.

"WYNYARD ANSTICE."

The bewilderment caused by some sentences in this letter befriended Alma so far as to shield her from feeling at once all the pain it was calculated to give her. She turned breathlessly for explanation to the inclosed letters, and found a further relief in reading them. Just for the first few moments after their perusal, she could comfort herself by thinking that all might not be over—that he was giving her up mainly on account of the change in his circumstances, not because he was angry with her, and despised her for what she had done. This faint hope buoyed her up for a while, enabled her to speak cheerfully to her father when he summoned her to go down to dinner, and sustained her through the hour when it was absolutely necessary to keep up appearances; but minute by minute she felt that the hope she had

fastened upon was melting in her grasp, and the bitter waters of despair from which she strove to drag herself away, were nearing and nearing, and must, sooner or later, go over her head. It is never at the first moment of hearing it that an unexpected misfortune is felt in its full force. All its aspects of pain and mortification cannot be taken in at one glance; they present themselves usually one by one, each showing itself as a fresh foe to strike down the incredulities, or hopes, or old habits of thought, that the mind, in self-defence, at first opposes as barriers to the rising flood of woe. So it was with Alma, through that evening. She found herself fighting point by point for one outpost of hope after another, from which she was ever driven back by a fresh aspect of the harm she had done in keeping back the letters. At the end of her conflict she took a sudden resolution, without calculating the pain it would cost her to act upon it. She went to her father as soon as she knew him to be alone, and told him the whole story, beginning with her reading of Constance's letter in Madame de Florimel's store-room, and ending by placing Wynyard's letter, with the two inclosures, in his hands.

"I shall read in his face," she thought, "what hope there is for me. He is a man, with a man's way of understanding and looking at things, not a woman's. I shall read in his face what measure of condemnation my conduct merits in his opinion, and what degree of forgiveness and further affection he could mete out to one who had so offended against his sense of honour. He is not so strict, perhaps, and has not such a high idea of what a woman should be, as Wynyard has, but if he speaks as if I could be forgiven and loved again, I will hope."

Sir Francis was a person to whom it was not difficult to tell a painful story, for he had a habit of attentive listening, and he never interposed but with a question that helped the narrator in his progress to the end of his confession. Neither were there any

comments on what he heard, to be deciphered on his astute, listening face; no surprise, or indignation, nothing but interest and anxiety to learn the exact truth was to be read there, till he had attained that end. This quiet, business-like manner of his carried Alma on, and caused her confession to be fuller than perhaps she could have made it to any one else. She even spoke of her early doubts as to whether she could be happy with a man of so little worldly ambition as Wynyard, and confessed the coldness that had grown up between them since their engagement.

When she ceased to speak there was a long pause, and Alma felt the arm which her father had put round her waist at the beginning of the interview slightly relax its hold. She heard a heavy sigh, and, looking up, saw that her father's head was turned away from her. He was thinking, now that he knew all—judging her—looking at everything all round sorrowfully, but quite calmly—weighing what excuses there might be, and summing up for or against her in his mind. When he spoke it would not be to reproach, or bitterly blame: it would be a calm sentence; but Alma felt it would have all her life's welfare in it, for it would be a verdict she would have no courage to appeal against. If her father found her conduct inexcusable, she would never go to any other man for pardon for it; she could never have faith enough, or humility enough for that. If Alma had known how much she would suffer during these moments of suspense she would hardly have had courage to expose herself to such pain. Before her father spoke she was ready to fall on her knees at his feet, and beg him to break the silence, if only by an outburst of indignation against her, so terrible was it to her to watch the gradual settling of the lines of his face into hopelessness, and to hear repeated again and again the heavy sigh which never came from him but when he was trying to bring his mind

to contemplate a painful state of things for which he saw no remedy.

"You have told me everything?" he said at last.

"Yes, papa; everything. You think there is no hope for me?"

"I don't know exactly what hope you would have. You have read the letters; you know the state of mind he is in, and his circumstances now. No, Alma, I see what you are going to ask, but I cannot conscientiously do it for you. If, while he loved you and esteemed you—as I am afraid he never can again—you doubted whether you could endure poverty for his sake, how much less would you find it endurable when the love and trust that were to have stood in the place of riches have been lessened by such an experience as this? It would not answer, my dear. You must trust me, and believe my experience. You have been brought up in a certain way, you have certain views and a certain character, and you can't, whatever you may think now, get rid of all that suddenly. If you were to marry Wynyard next week, as, at this moment, you wish to do, your former dislike to narrow circumstances—the differences between your views of life and his—would reappear in a little while. Even if you kept back the expression of them, there would always be the recollection of this thing between you to make him suspect you of ambition and discontent, and to make you divine suspicion in him whenever a difference of opinion cropped up. You don't believe this of yourself, but you see he does; it might easily come to be as he describes it, a life of mutual recrimination and discontent. You must not ask me to help you to such a lot as that, and you know your mother will not."

"If I were to tell him myself that, in spite of all, I had always loved him——"

"But—my dear—I don't want to pain you; I am sorry enough for you, but the case is too serious for anything but perfect frankness; and, after what has passed, under the circumstances of

your refusal and your acceptance, I don't see how you can say that you have always loved him, expecting him to believe it. There are limits to the degree of vacillation a man can bear generously. You must believe me, Alma, there is nothing for you now but to accept his decision in silence. I know it is hard when one finds one has made a great mistake not to try to rectify it, but sometimes submission to blame and loss one has brought on oneself is all that is left to one; the only course that has any dignity in it." Then Sir Francis put the arm he had withdrawn round Alma's waist again, drew her close to him and kissed her. There was pitying kindness, fatherly protection, but not the old, proud love in his caress. Alma felt the difference down to the bottom of her proud heart, and it decided her conduct. If it was bitter to be caressed by a father who was disappointed in her, how could she bear the caresses of a husband in whose esteem she had been lessened, and before whom she must continually humble herself?

She did not withdraw from her father's pitying embrace; she crept even a little closer to him, telling herself that this love, this clasp was the best, the closest that remained to her, all, at least, that she had power to take; for, when her father's voice ceased, while she sat silent with her head on his shoulder, another voice seemed to sound in her ear—

"Life's light grows dim; let him never come back to us,
There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain."

She remembered the accents of Wynyard's voice as she had heard them in the sunshiny meadow at Clelles, repeating these words, and they carried the conviction with them now that she had forcibly put away from her then—it is the faithful heart that wins and keeps—but if one has not faith—?

There had been a relenting in his tone whilst reading the last verse—

"Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne,"

—she remembered that also. Yes, there might come the peace of forgiveness and reconciliation some time; but for that she felt she must wait a weary while, and even that would not restore to her the love that she had lost.

"You will bear it bravely," Sir Francis said, kissing her again. "I am glad you told me the whole truth, Alma. We will never refer to it again, my dear, even between ourselves. There is no need for any one else to hear more than that the sudden change in Wynyard's circumstances makes it impossible for him to marry. I am glad you told me the whole truth. You are the first of my children who has come to me frankly with the confession of a fault; and if it is any comfort to you to hear, my dear, I can tell you that the pleasure of having your confidence will go far to atone for the pain your story has caused me. I should have felt it keenly indeed had I heard it from any other than yourself."

Then there was another and a warmer kiss, and at last Alma went away, more comforted by her father's kindness than she could have believed possible an hour ago. She had suffered so much during the last eight months from telling herself that the affection to which she was about to trust her whole life had been won on a false pretence and might collapse at any moment, that the certainty of possessing one love that had survived the knowledge of her fault, to which she could henceforth turn for full sympathy and understanding of her mental troubles and remorse, brought with it rest and peace that had in them a promise of healing.

The next day the Rivers' family left the hotel at San Remo for Genoa, without taking leave of any of their acquaintance. The wonder they left behind them grew more and more intense for a day or two, and then found its solution in paragraphs which began to appear in *Galignani*, copied from the London papers.

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The history of Lord Anstice's private marriage and of the birth of his heir, had by this time become public property, and furnished, as might be expected, a nine day's wonder to the lovers of fashionable gossip, and afforded welcome incident to fill up vacant corners of evening papers. Some of these lengthened out the narrative with comments on the conduct of the actual possessor of the title and estate in resigning his honours without any effort to resist the unexpected claim upon them; and even went so far as to give some particulars respecting the antecedents of the man who had born the title of Lord Anstice during the last eight months; dwelling upon the cause of his quarrel with the old lord, his upright character, the promise of distinction which his short career at the bar and as a writer had held out, setting him forth, in fact, as the hero of a story which, for a little while awakened a considerable amount of public interest and sympathy.

Alma Rivers' name did not come into the public papers, to the great relief of her friends; but it was in everybody's mouth as they read and talked, and much conjecture was bestowed on the course of conduct that might be expected from Lady Rivers' daughter under such trying circumstances. Would she set an example of romantic constancy, and marry her lover in spite of his downfall, or would she act worthily of her bringing up, and throw him over courageously, now that he had nothing to offer befitting her just claims?

Opinions were much divided on the subject, some holding that Lady Rivers would never allow her favourite daughter to subside into a poor marriage, after all her ambitious hopes and schemes and the boasting to which she had committed herself of late years. Others, whom Alma's charms had fascinated, maintained that the daughter had a will and, it was averred, unlikely as such a supposition sounded, a heart of her own, capable of finding something lovable

in a man besides his fortune. The question served for discussion and conjecture for a longer time than such puzzles usually remain unsolved, for no authentic information was to be obtained from either of the sources who could have furnished it with authority.

Wynyard Anstice's old friends and acquaintance when he reappeared among them, in his former character, found that his usual frankness deserted him, and that he became extremely impenetrable whenever any approach to a question respecting his present relations with Miss Rivers was ventured upon by any one. And when, later in the same season, Lady Rivers returned to London in restored health, and the mother and daughter reappeared in their old circle, and resumed their long interrupted round of gaieties, the most curious of those who had discussed Alma's fate did not venture to address any question to herself on the subject. Hers was not a beauty to fade quickly, and she was as well received and as much admired as ever—perhaps a little more looked at and talked about for the romantic story attached to her name, and that shadow of a nearly acquired coronet which the imaginative among her acquaintance still saw hovering about her brow. A girl who had been within a week of becoming a countess could not fail to be regarded with a greater interest than attached to the generality of people.

Among the men of her acquaintance there was more than one who felt a nearer interest than curiosity in the question as to whether or not her hand was free, and who would have endeavoured to put an end to the doubt if the least opportunity for such a step had been given; but though Alma took some pains to sustain her reputation as a wit and beauty, and to hold the position of a popular favourite which she had long enjoyed, she never distinguished any of her admirers so far as to give him courage to approach her thus nearly. She remained an

enigma to most people; even those who thought they knew her well were puzzled to reconcile the energy with which she would at times throw herself into the amusement of the moment, and the keen interest in intellectual subjects her conversation always displayed, with a certain cold, proud apathy, which was the prevailing expression of her countenance. Yet as time went on, even in the superficial society she frequented, there came to be around her a little band of steadfast adherents and warm friends, who boasted that, through one circumstance or another occurring in ordinary social intercourse, they had penetrated beyond the brilliant, cold, outside crust that was all her ordinary acquaintance knew of her, and that they had found beneath, a large-hearted sympathy, a capacity for wise counsel, an energetic helpfulness that made her a very friend of friends. Foremost among these were some specially well-mated though not prosperous young married pairs, who were known to profess that they owed all their happiness to words of earnest sympathy and counsel, and deeds of help given in the crisis of their lives by the reputed worldly-wise Alma Rivers.

Wynyard's fears that his prospect of success in his profession would be materially damaged by his year of idleness were not fulfilled. On the contrary, whether because public attention had been turned to him during his brief elevation, or that he had really gained something of added force of character and intellect by what he had gone through, his resumption of work proved to be the turning point in his career. From a moderate, he passed to a rapid and distinguished success. Work of the kind he most liked flowed in upon him from many sources. His activity and mettle, if not his ambition, were roused to meet the claims upon him, and following in the wake of strenuous effort, came the reputation and money and chances of honourable preferment that had seemed a long way ahead of him only two

years ago. He told himself that these things had come just a little too late for him to take pride or pleasure in them. Yet there was truth in what Katharine Moore frequently told him when they discussed the reverses of his life together—that he would have found his change of fortune harder to bear, and been more apt to brood over all he had lost, if the life into which he had fallen, had not had so many stirring interests and been passed in such a stress of effort. He might have added the distractions of society to his other occupations had he so pleased, for his story had been much talked about, and he was too popular a person to be easily forgotten, or indifferently allowed to slip out of circles to which he had once been admitted; but though his temper did not become exactly soured, he never lost his disgust for the hollowness of worldly favour which his experience had shown him.

CHAPTER XLV.

MADELON'S RING.

RAIN has fallen heavily during the night, but now the sun is shining brightly, making the green leaves almost transparent in their freshness. For it is a bright May day at Leigh, and the sunshine, high above the trees, makes the slender jets of water from the dragons' mouths look like golden threads as they fall into their basin. Emmie West sits beside the fountain playing with little fair-haired Ralph.

Five years have passed lightly over Emmie; she looks older—more thoughtful perhaps—but her eyes are full of the old sweetness as she bends to kiss the child.

Emmie is surprised at herself: hitherto she has refused to come to Leigh during Madame de Florimel's annual visit, thereby incurring Madame's indignation and some covert hints about her perversity, in the letters which her kind friend occasionally sends her; for Madame de Florimel is firmly persuaded that

Emmie shrinks from meeting Wynyard Anstice at Leigh, and Wynyard always chooses the period of her own visit to come and see after the interests of his little ward.

Emmie likes to come when Katharine Moore is alone there, to sit at her feet, as she says, and learn how to educate. Katharine has put her ideas into practice; she is now a real educator.

When first Wynyard installed her at Leigh as guardian of the little heir, Katharine had resigned herself to give up all her aspirations for the sake of watching over Christabel's child; and just when Wynyard had begun to fear that she would droop, from the monotony of her small circle of duties, old David MacVie came to her full of an important discovery. Little by little he had managed to find out that an educational bequest for the boys and girls of the town in which he lived, had fallen into wrong hands, and that instead of establishing a foundation-school the money had been filling the pockets of private individuals. The persevering old man raked out all the particulars, and then, at a loss to make use of his information, he came to Katharine Moore. Katharine at once decided that the right must be reclaimed, and advised that they should seek legal counsel and help from Mr. Anstice.

Wynyard rose high in David's esteem when the bequest, so long diverted from its lawful purpose, was recovered by his efforts, and a couple of houses were secured in order that the founder's wishes might be carried out.

Katharine found, in the help she gave this school, a wide scope for the longing she had so long felt to benefit her fellow-women by raising the tone of their education, not only in the matter of mere head knowledge, but as members of the great human family. And besides this, she devoted much of her time daily to the Leigh schools for the poor. Emmie had, by her accounts of Katharine's doings, fired the Kirkmans to interest themselves in the

welfare and the teaching of their poorer neighbours—and as years went by, Katharine's presence made itself felt through the country around Leigh, wherever the education question was mooted. So far as society was concerned, she remained hidden like the stone flung into some stagnant pool, which rouses the sleeping water and spreads its waves in ever-increasing circles.

Sometimes Katharine summoned Wynyard Anstice down from London to hold counsel with her about fresh plans and projects either for the girls' grammar-school, or for some of the more strictly charitable works at Leigh itself; but these were not, as has been said, his visits of enjoyment; he liked so much better to be at Leigh when Madame de Florimel was there; and to-day he was sitting an amused listener while Madame and Katharine Moore were discussing Ralph's future education.

Madame de Florimel was in her gayest spirits, for to-day the wish of her heart was granted. Emmie West—self-willed, obstinate little Emmie, as Madame called her—had actually arrived last night, and after such a long separation Madame de Florimel had not been able to scold her favourite. This morning she was far too happy even to scold Wynyard for the obstinate neutrality he maintained during the animated discussion, of which he had already begun to tire. The talk had drifted from facts to suppositions, and Madame de Florimel was eager in support of her own theories on education.

"Come, now"—she looked at Wynyard with the bright smile that seemed to carry itself into the hearts of those she spoke to—"arouse yourself my friend, and tell Miss Moore that if Ralph had been a girl, he must not have been sent young to school; a small world is best and safest for a young girl; is it not so, Wynyard? though in my opinion, it is also best for a young boy like Ralph for some years to come."

"I have not seen the young boy in question since I arrived," answered Wynyard, and rose as he spoke. "I can better give you my opinion when I have seen Ralph, Madame."

He went out, and Madame de Florimel looked smilingly at Katharine. "He will not come back to us," she said. "I knew he would come to Leigh as soon as he heard of Emmie's visit. After all, there is not much use in our argument," she added, playfully. "Wynyard is the only responsible guardian; we cannot decide on anything of consequence without him."

Katharine smiled. "And as Ralph is only five years old, dear Madame, I believe we may leave him at present to Casabianca's teaching."

Meanwhile Wynyard had strolled on to the lower terrace of the flower-garden, and taken a seat by Emmie West on the porphyry edge of the fountain, just out of reach of the spray from the dragons' mouths, which, much as Madame de Florimel sneered at their meagre trickle, sufficed to keep up a pleasant pattering sound as of rain on the leaves of the water-lilies beneath.

"Well," he said, in answer to the upward glance of the brown eyes that shyly welcomed him, "I have escaped at last, you see, from the Council of Education. The discussion between the lady advocates of rival systems was becoming so hot that it would hardly have been reverent for male ears to listen longer; and all, you understand, on the supposition of how each educator ought to have acted if the young gentleman down there taking his first lesson in the great art of destruction from Casabianca, had chanced to be a young lady. They never take my feelings into consideration, or reflect on the bitterness they are stirring up in my heart by indulging in such tantalising imaginings."

"No," said Emmie, smiling; "but then, you see, they are not in earnest. I amuse myself sometimes by trying to

picture the dismay there would be on both faces if such a transformation as they are imagining could take place. Whatever they may have wished at one time, they are both so thoroughly fond of little Ralph now, they would grudge to have a hair of his head curled differently."

"He is a pretty little fellow."

"And what a merry laugh he has! Did you hear just now when the pop-gun went off, and now again as Casa hoists him on his shoulder to carry him to the house? I never expected to see Casabianca devote himself to a child as he does to little Ralph. It has altered him, being here so much with Katharine and Madame de Florimel."

"And turning out so unexpectedly a Grecian on our hands; he has only another term of yellow-stockings before him, he tells me, and then he goes to Cambridge. Who would have thought that sheer combativeness, untinged with any shade of love of learning whatever, would have carried him so far? What does your sister Mildie say?"

"She is immensely proud of him, of course, and flatters herself that she has had some little share in stimulating his combativeness by treading closely on his heels in all his studies, and taunting him continually with the danger of being surpassed by a woman."

"But how does she take this final victory? Has she no envious longings after Girton herself?"

"What do you think of Harry having generously offered to send her there, when he got that good appointment I told you of, through Dr. Urquhart? Are we not growing ambitious as a family? Mildie hesitates to accept his help, however; she wants to begin earning, and is fairly satisfied at having passed with first-class honours in her favourite subjects, physics and political economy."

"Physics and political economy! It sounds tremendous! And are you bent on bringing up the juvenile Kirkmans to like achievements? I

think I heard you say yesterday that you had grown fond of teaching?"

"Some things. Katharine Moore advised me to keep to a few subjects and to let those be what I could really care for. Luckily my pupils were very small when I first went to them and I just managed to keep ahead of them in one or two studies, French for example, which always takes me back to La Roquette, so that somehow or other, in teaching the children to speak it, I have managed to soften their rough Kirkman voices and gestures by inoculating them with some of Madelon's pretty, gracious tones, and ways of speaking. History, too, I can make something of; it is after all you know, chiefly people's lives; I can make *that* interesting, because I grow interested myself. But when it comes to pulling things to pieces to see what they are made of——" here Emmie laid a white water-lily which she had gathered, caressingly against her cheek as if in mute protest against the possibility of her ever being called upon to botanise it—"no, I have no capacity for studies of that kind. When the Kirkmans are ready for them, I shall have to leave them and look out for a fresh set of dunces to begin upon."

"Would *one* dunce do as well as several? Emmie, I wish you would come and teach me."

"What do you mean? how could I teach *you* anything? I know so little and you so much."

"As if one person's way of knowing were the least in the world like another's. I should very much like to get hold of your method of looking at history, for example, people's lives you say—but, with you, lives where all the noble thoughts, and all the good deeds, and the tender wise sayings come to the front with the full light of comprehension and sympathy upon them, and where the evil side, the meannesses, and deceptions, the deeds of all the water-people—of royal Cousin Almas and politic Aunt Riverses—are contemplated through such a mist of wonder and pity that half their

hideousness is lost. Emmie, will you come and teach me to look at——well, not at past, but at present life histories, yours and mine, in *that way*?"

"But it is a foolish rose-coloured way as you said."

"I did not say so, that is not what I meant. There is nothing false about it; it is *the way*—the way of victory, the way of love—the faith that conquers the world. I could not come to you with any hope for myself if I did not know that you had that power of a pure heart to see the best, and exercise faith beyond experience. I have no right to ask you to listen to me again, and but for that I dare not. Do you know what day of the month it is to-day, Emmie? You talked of sometimes being taken back to La Roquette—will you let me take you back?" He paused and looked at her anxiously for a moment, but the flush on her tender, downcast face, the quivering of the dark eyelashes, gave him hope, and he went on, "Emmie, imagine yourself for a minute or two under the quince trees on the hill, as you stood on this same spring evening, five years ago—let me take up a topic that was interrupted then. I have a great deal more to say about it now, dear, than I had five years ago, if only I dared hope you would hear me patiently." He paused again—there was no refusal to hear, though Emmie did not this time raise her eyes, even for a second, to meet those that sought hers, but Wynyard was so little dismayed by her silence that he drew nearer to her and took the little hand in which the water-lily was trembling. "I don't happen to have a full-grown, ripe quince in my hand to offer you, which would be the shortest way of telling the story of my life during the last five years—the story of the growth of my love to you, from that first stage when I had rather a presentiment than a knowledge of what I could feel for you, to

its full-grown power. Now I cannot trust myself to talk of what it is, but, failing the ripe quince, here is something else I want you to look at, since I see you will not look at me. There, —do you remember it? Madelon Barbou has never had her wedding present yet. The ring we were to have given her together has lain in a recess of my pocket-book ever since. I have never been able to bring myself to part with it, though I can tell you that for the first year or two of its being in my possession, the sight of it gave me nothing but pain and self-disgust, and a bitter, bitter feeling of what I had lost. I don't know how long it is since I began to ask myself if I might let a little ray of hope colour these memories. Four years—you see it has taken four years to give me courage to speak of it to you. Dearest, was that a tear falling upon the ring? You have forgiven me then—you mean me to hope—surely it is a token that the bitter memories are washed away, and that I may put it upon your finger now. And oh! with how much stronger and better love than I had to offer you on that other day when I showed it to you under the magnolias. Only put your hand in mine, dear, and I shall feel that a far higher happiness, greater than I ever conceived, is given back to me."

It was easier for Emmie to move her hand towards the ring than to speak or raise her eyes, for these were too full of tears at the moment; but, by and by, when the ring circled her finger, and her head was resting on Wynyard's shoulder, she whispered, "If you were speaking of my love when you said 'given back' you must not think so, or speak so again, for you have had it all the time, only the five years' waiting have made it perhaps a little better worth having. I do not wish for the May evening under the magnolias back again; this is so much, much better."

THE WATER SUPPLY OF LONDON.

If we were not the most long-suffering people in the universe we should not at the close of the nineteenth century, in a rainy climate and a land full of rivers and lakes, find ourselves puzzled about the means of securing an adequate water supply. Much has indeed been done of late years to remedy the lack of this prime necessary of life in our great provincial cities; and, thanks to the labours of the Pollution of Rivers Commission, many important improvements are actually making in towns of secondary size. But where there is the greatest need of pure, cheap, and abundant water, from the aggregation and over-crowding of human beings, much remains to be done to provide for the hourly and imperative want that every one feels and that none can cease to feel. There are alternatives to wheaten bread and mutton chops. Our great-grandfathers did not drink tea; and we are daily told by our food philosophers that lentils are as good or better than potatoes. But, next to sufficient air, the one thing indispensable for comfort, health, and purity, is good water, and plenty of it; and this we certainly do not all of us enjoy in the Ten Cities of the Thames. Very unequal indeed is our condition in these great contiguous hives of human industry; for very wide apart are the sources whence the supply for north and south, east and west is taken. Eight speculative companies, some of them wealthy and enterprising, others penurious and said to be poor, used to compete with one another, and now by compromise divide amongst them, the vast expanse of workshops and dwellings which the Postmaster-General calls London, and the Home Secretary the Metropolitan Police District. But politically, so-

cially, or ecclesiastically, that which is termed the metropolis, has no existence whatever; and in all discussions upon the subject in question it is important, if not essential, to keep in mind that the designation "metropolis" is simply misleading and untrue. We have thorough drainage under our feet, and a wholesome terror of Scotland Yard pervading the civic and suburban atmosphere, but for the rest there is really nothing palpable, or describable as the attribute or definite characteristic of one great town. Lambeth knows as little of Hackney as Greenwich does of Kensington, or Marylebone of the Tower Hamlets. There is not a common municipal thought amongst them; there is not the semblance of a corporate function which they try, or pretend to try to help one another to discharge.

The School Board, the Asylums' Board, and the Board of Works are sometimes said to be rudimentary formations of a huge civic system that is one day to embrace all; and which some folks of fantastic imagination believe would, by dint of monster banquets and prize aldermen, weld together into one indissoluble mass four millions of people, the most curiously diverse in origin, habits, occupations, and necessities that the world has ever seen. The jealousy of Government will probably never allow the mammoth experiment to be made, and until it is, it were waste of time to discuss what would have to be done to make such an incubus endurable. Meanwhile our ten contiguous towns have to consider, either apart or in concert, what remedy would be best for the shortcomings we respectively feel in various matters, but pre-eminently in that of water supply.

The prevailing grievances whereof complaint is made are threefold: 1, want of constant supply in each household; 2, want of practical check upon the price we are charged; and 3, want of facilities for extinguishing fires.

The companies no longer object to constant supply. They have come to see that on the whole there is less waste of the commodity they sell when careless people are exposed to the instant danger of being drenched or drowned by omitting to turn the water-cock when the bucket or can is full, than when a huge cistern with a waste-pipe or a leaky water-butt liable to overflow is filled from their mains by a daily gush for twenty minutes at a time. Formerly there was fierce contention on the point, and keen opposition by the great water-vendors upon the ground that they could not afford it, and that if compelled by law to be always ready with the article required, they must charge proportionately high. Happily we are dispensed from the necessity of arguing the question, as the point is now in principle conceded; and what remains to be done, is to frame equitable rules for its application—or rather for the extension of its application—for already 25 per cent of all the dwellings within eyeshot from Hampstead Hill possess the inestimable benefit. Newer and better built houses have for the most part been furnished with the means of comfort and cleanliness in this respect; and wherever reformation has been introduced upon system in the older and denser portions of our metropolitan towns, the right thing has been fairly well accomplished. But for the mass of habitations, stores, offices, and places of resort of all kinds that constitute the other three-fourths, the old foolish and filthy system of laying in a daily stock of the most susceptible article of consumption in wooden casks or leaden troughs, which we know are never clean, and are generally very dirty, is a practical piece of infatuation all the more deplorable because hardly anybody deploras it. The

philosopher in the *Blue Stocking* says, "Some people object to dirt, supposing it to be detrimental, but I know what it is composed of, and am quite reconciled to it." Our decent and enlightened fellow-citizens reconcile themselves to water in every stage of decay, from slight taint to absolute putridity, without taking the trouble to think how it comes to be corrupt, or what are the elements of its corruption. And yet the most ignorant, when the matter is put to them plainly, quite understand and admit the fact: the only difference of degree in the culpability of their negligence being one of unconsciousness as to the amount of evil of which impure water is the cause. Of course there are cisterns and cisterns; open butts and covered butts; those that are sometimes cleaned out, and those that are never emptied or rinsed: but the distinctions are not worth discussing.

Water, like milk or mutton, is intensely susceptible of taint even without direct contact with what is decayed. It is not capable of being kept pure for many hours in an impure atmosphere; and unfortunately there are vast localities and neighbourhoods around us where the density of building and the over-use of respirable air by multitudes of human beings, as well as by myriads of four-footed creatures, renders atmospheric purity unhappily rare, and atmospheric impurity unhappily chronic. Walking through a bye-street of ordinary width and tolerable cleanliness, the olfactory nerves of a sanitary inspector may not detect any positive cause of scandal. But enter the crowded homes on either side of the way, and how heavy laden is the air of even the narrow hall with the invisible but too appreciable *exuvie* of the crowd of inmates! Penetrate a few feet further through the stuffy passage leading to the murky yard behind, close to the door of which is invariably to be found the closet, made use of by all the occupants of the dwelling,—and ask if close thereto ought to be kept, of all places in the tenement, the

fresh loaf, the jug of new milk, or the piece of meat for the Sunday dinner? Yet there, in about ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, is to be found the only reservoir from which drinking-water is drawn, in utter forgetfulness that by its nature it is peculiarly receptive of foul and fetid elements. Nothing is more certain than the inactivity, or what is sometimes mis-called stagnation, of the air. Overhead may be the sky, and on one or two sides a paling to prevent its interchange with the less tainted atmosphere contiguous. But in the sense of constant or thorough purification, which is dependent upon diffusion and motion, freshening oxygenation does not come. Over-used air, even in the corners of rooms, sulks and squats like a doltish child, and will not come forth by the expression of idle or indolent wishing. The water-butt or cistern of the six or eight-roomed house is almost invariably found situated as described, or at the other end of the little area in close proximity to the drain; and from the fact of its immobility liable to be frequently encompassed with all manner of decaying refuse. Were it emptied and scoured once a week—which is of course out of the question—it would certainly be unfit during the latter half of the time for use as the depository of the principal drink of the family. As the practice now notoriously prevails of leaving it for months uncleansed, the detriment to health may be truly said to be incalculable.

Nor is this mere *à priori* speculation. Here are two instances,—one in high life, the other in low—of what the family water-butt does contain. The members of the Mansion House sanitary executive recently discharged their annual duty of inspecting the civic cistern, and as the result of the twelve months stagnation they found it to contain three-quarters of an inch of fungi-scrub at the top, and three-eighths of an inch of mud at the bottom. We can scarcely be surprised when the report goes on to say that in a bottle of water on the Lord Mayor's

table could be seen hundreds of nematoid worms. In a locality near the Seven Dials, a poor woman who had known better days, of vigorous age and strong constitution, last summer sickened and died; and the wonder may be not that she died when she did, but that she survived for a couple of years, as the tank which supplied her only beverage was found to contain "two inches of mud, the decomposing bodies of fourteen rats, a bar of soap, two candles, and many dead beetles."

Constant supply is the sole remedy for this great evil; but without a preliminary outlay, considerable in proportion to the height of the dwelling and the number of families it contains, constant supply cannot be attained. Estimates differ widely as to the amount of the plumber's bill. Some of the witnesses before the Royal Commission put the cost of mechanical preliminaries as high as 8*l.* a house. Other witnesses undertook that the expense should not exceed as many shillings. In Manchester they were said to amount to half-a-guinea; and if so, the fact may in a great degree account for the facility with which the reform seems to have been accomplished there. At the same time Manchester has had the benefit of numerous and copious hydrants supplied by high pressure, to which is with apparent accuracy ascribed the great diminution of fires in the metropolis of Power-loomistan. Not only have the number of conflagrations been greatly diminished, but likewise their destructiveness: and why? Because the saving element is brought within easy and immediate reach of the room accidentally aflame, and, the fire being quenched where it originated, the rest of the house is saved from risk of destruction. The Corporation of London, being a municipal entity and power, has been able to exercise the same reformatory function for all the citizens within sound of Bow Bells. The New River Company, which supplies the City with water, has been obliged by the Corporation to plant hydrants of

improved make and of the highest gushing powers all through Bishopsgate and Aldgate, Eastcheap and the Hamlets of the Tower. The expense, no doubt, was considerable; but the reasonableness of the demand admitted no gainsaying, and the result is that the smallest of the ten areas which make up the Postmaster-General's London is for the future, better assured against fire than by all the companies issuing policies who have palatial offices within its confines. But throughout the vast territories lying between Hampstead and Peckham Rye, Hammersmith and Bow, there is not as yet any similar guarantee against conflagration. The companies which supply this populous expanse with drinking and washing water neglect obdurately to furnish the inhabitants with the only available means of putting out casual fires; and it is no uncharitable supposition that until they find it necessary to do so the thing will not be done. Here, then, is a case for legislative interposition *in favorem publicæ* which Government ought not to overlook.

Mr. Secretary Cross at the end of last session promised that Ministers would during the recess take the whole subject into consideration, and that he would be prepared on the re-assembling of Parliament to submit some general proposal of reform. The hopelessness of carrying any bill by unofficial influence is confessed on all hands. Every proposal emanating from a new company or established board or special organisation comes laden, or so to speak logged, with the fatal suspicion of jobbery, from which it can never get free; and it has to encounter a compact amount of opposition from the interests involved against which it is vain to struggle. The Secretary of State can command, *ex officio*, an attentive audience and a voting rank and file upon any legitimate question of local government, which no combination of independent members, however upright or eloquent, can hope to muster; and a more patriotic or popular exploit he could not perform than that of carrying

a good water bill for our metropolitan towns. A main feature, however, of the promised enactment must be a provision for regulating the tax now laid by the companies on all manner of household property, not according to the extent of the article supplied (which under the present system has nothing to do with it), but according to the rateable value assessed for other purposes by local authorities. This rateable value is altered and shifted, diminished and augmented, with reference to twenty other considerations more or less important than those connected with the thirstiness or drinkability of any family in any particular house. A huge nest of chambers in a money-making street, with a single old woman to sweep the staircase, and to light the fires, and to make two pots of tea a day, is often charged ten times as much for water *not* used as a crowded lodging-house where the water-tap is always running. It were superfluous to dwell upon the inconsistencies in practical working of the present system—or rather perversion and burlesque of all system,—which has arisen out of the misapplication of the Valuation Act of 1869 to the Private Acts under which the several Water Companies are empowered to charge upon the rateable value of house property. They have in this way netted enormous additional profits which the legislature never intended; and the one point upon which the whole rate-paying community are agreed is that such overcharge should cease and determine. It is hardly disguised that the actuating motive of the companies during the last five years has been to raise the average of their receipts in view of the supposed probability of their plant and good-will being bought up by some central authority, either administrative or municipal. The Metropolitan Board of Works was last year tempted to seek from Parliament the right to become monopolist vendors of this prime requisite of life; and with a view to setting up in this new line of

business, proposed to ask for powers to make entirely new works, with supplies drawn from North Wales or West Cumberland. Two bills were promoted by the Board, one to provide an entirely new supply of drinking water at an estimated cost of from five to six millions of money; and the other to take over the works and liabilities of the eight existing companies at the market value of the existing shares, and the computed value they might possibly possess in certain contingencies. The total cost of this twofold scheme of centralisation was set down by Sir Joseph Bazalgette at an annual charge of 1,100,000*l.*, or 11*d.* in the *l.*; but with the vivid recollection of the purchase of the telegraphs by Government not long ago, he must be a credulous ratepayer who feels confident that the additional burden he would have had to bear is measurable by that sum. Mr. Bateman, when advocating amalgamation and what is called the unification of management, has estimated the expenditure necessary to bring water from the sources of the Severn, at 11,500,000*l.* The truth is nobody really knows, and therefore nobody can really tell in what depths of expenditure such a project would involve us. A new source of supply at a great distance may be tapped, we are told, by a conduit costing a mere trifle of five or six millions; and its purity and abundance are stated to admit of no question. But who would guarantee either, and who will assure us of its being always available? Should it fail, or partially fail, to realise conjectural calculations, there would be no resource but to try elsewhere, and partial failure is already not only predicted by the advocates of rival schemes, but we are vehemently assured that good water, and enough of it for our multitudinous mouths, can only be had by a conduit of brick-work or earthenware tubes twice as long, and of course much more expensive,—namely, to the lakes of Cumberland. Messrs. Hemans and Hazzard

say this would cost 13,500,000*l.*; but neither they nor anybody else can tell us how such an aqueduct is to be insured from damage, accidental or wilful: and who will picture the condition of things on the morrow of a suspension of water-payments?

Much has been said by way of illustration and encouragement of the enterprise undertaken a few years ago by the Corporation of Glasgow to furnish their city with a daily beverage of limpid and fresh water from the hills. Loch Katrine, distant many miles, could never run dry; and from its azure depths the city of St. Mungo was to drink and be satisfied for evermore. The cost was not grudged, the works were executed, and the men of the Clyde were proud of their public spirit. Abundant the private supply certainly is, as over fifty gallons a day for each individual attests. But it now turns out that the lake water is subject at certain seasons to an un-forethought-of infusion of turbid matter effluent from the circumjacent regions of peat, and this, in spite of the best means of filtration, not only spoils the pellucid brilliancy of the far-fetched draught, but seriously exercises the spirit of sanitary inspectors and medical analysts. The average death-rate of Glasgow is very much higher than that of London. It is strongly contended that the fact is wholly referable to the state of the river, which regurgitates, at certain states of the tide, the sewage of the town and the outfall from numerous factories. It would be rash to hazard any decided opinion upon a question so complex; and it is only fair to note how free from all appreciable impurity is the water supplied of late years to Dublin from the gathering grounds of the Wicklow Mountains. Yet neither Dublin nor Glasgow can pride itself on any appreciable improvement in its average death-rate since mountain streams were, at great labour and cost, compelled to supply them with the means of slaking their thirst.

Great disparity exists between the

qualities of water furnished by the different metropolitan companies. The New River, which is the oldest and the richest, is likewise the most extensive and the best; and the communities which it serves are accordingly well content with all but the price they pay for it. The Southwark and Vauxhall and the Lambeth Companies are, on the contrary, upbraided by their customers with want of care in filtration, and the reproach of not giving what they sell fresh and fresh. The details of deficiency and defect are inexhaustible, varying with every condition of domicile and employment, and by their accumulation proving incontestably the imperative need of local tribunals accessible and cheap for the settlement of controversies continually arising. Why should not a great borough on the banks of the Thames have the same right and privilege of controlling its gas and water supply as a great borough at the mouth of the Mersey or by the ooze of the Humber? Lambeth, Hackney, and Marylebone are each of them as well entitled by wealth, intelligence, and population to govern their own local affairs as Liverpool or Hull, Bristol or Glasgow. Several of our great provincial centres have exercised their right by making their municipalities water-finders and water-vendors, with much benefit, it is said, to their water-loving people and considerable profit to their thrifty ratepayers. Manchester especially boasts of its savings and its gains in these respects; householders paying much less for constant than they formerly paid for intermittent service. There is indeed another side to this story, which the suburbanhood of Manchester would like greatly to tell on the municipal housetops, if it could get anybody impartially to listen. The dwellers within the civic boundaries have, it is alleged, the advantages of cheapness and plenty somewhat at the expense of the outlying districts, on which are thrown a disproportionate share of the general burden. But this is merely a local controversy,

everywhere likely to arise within the environs of thriving and populous towns, and need not be taken into account as any argument against extending the wholesome principle of municipal authority. What is wanted in our metropolitan communities is greater self-consciousness, or what may be called civic nerve and muscle. Parochial institutions are valuable in their way, and nothing can be more mischievous or more unjust than the habit among *petit-maitre* politicians of running down indiscriminately the active and busy members of vestries and boards of guardians because they are traders and shopkeepers, or because they have made their money in retail business. Municipal institutions are sound and serviceable exactly in proportion as they engage the spare hours of useful practical men who are acquainted with the actual wants and real feelings of the industrial masses around them. They would cease to be social and political centres of life and health if they became dandified by the intrusion of any considerable section of the theorising and speculative classes of the community. Uniformity in non-essentials of procedure, and pedantry in manner and tone are anything but desirable attributes of corporate assemblies. What is really requisite is that they should be truly and genuinely representative of the industrious population whose money they expend and whose wishes they express in local matters. In proportion as they are decoyed into political or social generalities, common to other and similar communities, they cease to be truly municipal and truly useful. What sort of civic council would the mayors and aldermen of all the towns of Lancashire form if they were summoned to meet at some central place once a fortnight or once a month to consult about things in general or to endeavour to deal with the wants of their respective towns in particular by throwing them into hotch-pot? How could the men from St. Helen's help

the men of Preston to decide on the adequacy of a tank or the situation of a gasometer? Or how could delegates from Salford teach those from Barrow how to regulate the number and position of hydrants or street-lamps in their improving town? And what then would be the meaning of tying together in one hard knot all the mutual incapacities for dealing with local requirements in the Ten Cities of the Thames? Any central board for the regulation of concerns like water and gas must prove incurably inefficient from the outset, because it must be irretrievably swamped by the multiplicity of details and the confusion of interests with which it would be called upon to deal.

The Board of Works and the School Board have each had a *raison d'être* which does not apply in other cases. Main-drainage, from its very nature, must be planned and executed and kept in order irrespective of borough boundaries; and great works like the Embankment of the river or the making of great thoroughfares obviously require some overruling power like that of Berkeley House. So likewise with the general oversight of primary schools. The inequalities of density in the working population would have caused intolerable differences of school-rate between the rich and the poor parishes, had each been left, as the Bill of 1870 at first proposed, to take care of its own children: and the reason why the amendment which created one School Board for London was adopted by Parliament without a division was the perception of the justness and policy of an equalised rate and a uniform system of primary instruction. But the analogy altogether fails when we come to paving and lighting, rebuilding decayed dwellings, or domestic water supply. About these nobody in South-west can tell the people of Chelsea what they ought to do, and nobody in Finsbury can be of any use to the people of Greenwich in administering such affairs. Why then perplex and confuse all by bidding them meddle

and muddle reciprocally in one central board?

The true remedy for the want which is generally felt would be found in the establishment of a Water and Gas Board in each of the Ten Cities and Boroughs. The members might be chosen (as those of the Metropolitan Board of Works now are) by the Vestries and District Boards of Works, without the choice being necessarily co-optative, the election of chairman being vested in the aggregate of these local bodies, so as to require a predominant if not a general assent to the nomination of that functionary.

The duties of the Borough Board ought to be clearly defined by statute, and its time and attention ought not to be subject to waste upon the discussion of subjects irrelevant to the specific purposes of its being. The character of local self-government is certain to be raised, and the confidence of the many in its worth is likely to be strengthened, in proportion to its recognised devotion to the business it is appointed to do, and its freedom from the reproach of wandering into irrelevant or but quasi-relevant matters. Whatever may be imputed as a fault to the elective council which sits at Berkeley House, misapplication of time in listening to popular rhetoric or personal altercation cannot be laid to its charge. It is essentially a diligent, matter-of-fact, and practical assembly; over-worked and short-handed it may be, owing to the accumulating tasks assigned it by successive enactments, and it may require, as some argue, a gradual devolution of its lesser powers on subordinate authorities, or an increase of its constituent members, in order to lighten their respective shares of labour.

The ambition occasionally shown to undertake additional responsibilities is honourable to the Metropolitan Board even when it has been refused recognition by the legislature. The recent attempt to become water-finders and water-vendors for the whole of London is signally in point. Complaints from

many quarters and grievances of many kinds had been brought in vain to the notice of Parliament; commissions and committees had been appointed to little purpose; and the Executive Government had never found leisure to make up its mind what ought to be done to direct and control the vast and varied organisation of water supply. Parochial authorities were utterly powerless to protect the interests of the community, and the hope of a remedy in the competition between joint-stock water companies had entirely died away; centralised control by the Board of Trade had proved altogether illusory, and other control there was none. Under such circumstances it was not unnatural—nay, it was highly commendable—in the Metropolitan Board to offer their services, and to ask legislative leave to deal with existing interests, in the hope of devising cheaper and better means of supplying the great daily want. It were idle now to enter into detailed criticism of the elaborate scheme presented to the House of Commons by Sir J. McGarel Hogg, in his capacity of *Ædile-Envoy* from the government at Spring Gardens to that at Whitehall. It consisted of two parts, one of which provided for an entirely new supply of drinking-water drawn from wells in the chalk strata, and the other for the compulsory purchase of all existing joint-stock interests, and the concentrated management of existing works for purposes of cleansing, manufacture, watering of streets, and extinction of fires.

It has been said, and not perhaps without reason, that the House of Commons never gave the project serious or deliberate attention. The twenty-two members who represent the Ten Cities, even when reinforced by the half-score who sit for suburban counties, and some half-dozen independent gentlemen from further off who philanthropically lend their aid now and then in debate, have never been able to persuade a majority of the Commons to take either thought or trouble about metropolitan affairs. Salmon-fishing, hypothec, a steam-

packet contract, a personal squabble, or the omission of a confidential passage in a despatch, to say nothing of the chance of an obstructive row, is much more effective as an attraction to the easy-going portion of that august assembly. The people of the metropolis suffer, not politically, but municipally, socially, and industrially, from the numerical disproportion of their representatives in the legislature; and it is to be hoped whenever the redistribution of all things electoral comes to pass that the grievous injustice in this respect now existing may be acknowledged and brought to an end. Meanwhile it is clear that no reform of metropolitan abuses has a chance of being carried unless it is promoted and pressed by Government. The Home Secretary, at the close of last session, promised to make the attempt: on what lines will he build? Every official subordinate and jobbing politician whom he consults will advise him to constitute a new sub-department, with a staff of commissioners and inspectors and clerks, to manage the water supply of three millions and a half of people; the fundamental principle (or anti-principle) of the proposal being that because we comprise the greatest elements of wealth, intelligence, culture and refinement to be found in the whole nation, we specially deserve to be disabled by law from performing for our own benefit the primary duties of municipal life. What is a community fit for if it cannot be trusted with functions like these? or what is there in the air of Middlesex or Surrey to unfit the great towns that have risen up contiguously on the north and south of the river, for doing, each for itself, what every other great town in the kingdom separately exercises the right to do? Why not have a Government board to make bread, or supply coals, or kill sheep for all London? Continental Communism would clap its hands for joy should it ever be furnished with such a precedent for its pestilent pleadings in favour of the perfunctory performance of every duty

of life. . . Pretexts for a centralising scheme will of course never be wanting. The fees of directors, the rent of offices, the wages of eight separate hall-porters, and the cost of so many reams of letter-paper and post-foolscap, might all be saved, it will be said, by setting up one monster office for water and gas at Whitehall or in Northumberland Avenue : as if any descendant or disciple of Joseph Hume could forecast how much the new central establishment would cost. The example of other metropolitan sub-departments is before us, and we deserve to be shorn to the quick if we neglect them. Specious economy has invariably been put forward at the outset, and signal extravagance has too often reproved public credulity ; but no saving of minor expenses would compensate for the loss of civic health and activity which municipal disfranchisement entails. Every one who has watched attentively the recent poor-law legislation, knows that its effect has been

to drive in disgust many good men from the guardian boards, where they are no longer allowed the smallest discretion, and are constantly summoned only to register the cut-and-dried orders of a central department ; and any one who will be at the trouble to count up the sums expended on pauper palaces, idiot asylums, suburban infirmaries, and monster madhouses, will see what the flattering promises of bureaucratic economy come to. If Lambeth or Southwark is dissatisfied with its supply of water, by all means let Lambeth or Southwark have the power to take care of itself in this respect, either by compelling the existing company to serve it with a better article or to secure that service by other means : and if Marylebone or Hackney is satisfied with the quality furnished, why not let it save the enormous outlay requisite for buying up the goodwill of the existing service and devising another to be supplied from afar?

W. M. TORRENS.

NOTE ON THE AMERICAN CHURCH.

It may be well to notice one or two corrections of some statements in an article on the Historical Aspect of the American Churches which appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* for June, 1879.

I. The first relates to the separation and re-union of the Northern and Southern Bishops of the Episcopal Church of the United States in consequence of the Civil War.

The statement was to the effect that owing to that great political difference the Protestant Episcopal Church was divided into two sections, which, after the separation occasioned by the war, were, after much hesitation, re-united.

The fact of the separation is not disputed. There appears, however, to be a variation of opinion as to the amount of difficulty in accomplishing the re-union.

The American Bishops are, of course, the best judges of the matter, and if in their view there was no hesitation, it is not for a stranger to dispute the matter. It is enough to say that my account of the transaction was founded upon the report of two Bishops—one Southern, one Northern.

This was the statement of the Southern Bishop:—"We did not mean to insist on an acquittal of Bishop Polk, but we were determined not to submit to a censure of him." This was the statement of the Northern Bishop:—"At the first Convention that took place after the war there were no Southern Bishops officially present, but two of their number appeared in citizen's dress, and asked one of the Northern Bishops—'Can you procure for us a pledge that our brethren will be respected?' The Northern Bishop could give no im-

mediate answer, but returned to the House of Bishops as the bearer of this question. There were cries of 'No pledges.' A voice cried out, 'Let them trust our love.' On this the two Southern Bishops were introduced, and were well received. At the next Convention, three years afterwards, the Southern Bishops all appeared, and from that time the official re-union was completed."

These are the facts on which my statement was founded; but, if they were incorrectly given to me, or if the statement founded upon them gave an erroneous impression, it can easily be withdrawn in any future publication of the essay; the more so as the main argument of that part of the essay turned not on the re-union of the Bishops, but on the previous separation which the Civil War unquestionably occasioned.

II. The other correction relates to the statement that the mitre of Bishop Seabury, in the Episcopal college at Hartford, is the only Protestant mitre in existence actually worn in ordinary public worship. It was the only one that I had seen. But a correspondent has stated that he has had the good fortune to see another, which belonged to Bishop Claggett of Maryland. There are also, no doubt, mitres worn by the Scandinavian Bishops, which escaped me at the moment, as I had never had the opportunity of seeing a Swedish or Danish Bishop in full dress, and I was thinking only of England and the United States.

I beg to return thanks to my American friends for these corrections.

A. P. STANLEY.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1880.

HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

CHAPTER IX.

"THEY'RE talking over old days," Mrs. Lenny had said three or four times before the gentlemen appeared. What could be more natural? No doubt they had gone from recollection to recollection: "Do you remember" this and that, and "what happened to" so-and-so? It was very easy to imagine what they were talking about, how they got led on from one subject to another. They were heard talking, when they at last appeared, all the way up the long drawing-room, pausing at the door.

"All died out, I believe," Colonel Lenny was saying. "The last son lost his children one after another, and died himself at the last broken-hearted, poor man! The daughters were all scattered—but Katey knows more about them than I do."

"I am really afraid to ask any more questions," Sir William said. What more natural?

"Yes, my dear lady," Colonel Lenny resumed, taking his old place beside Lady Markham; "we have been making the most of our time; for it is very likely we may have letters to-morrow, my wife and I, summoning us away. I don't like it, and neither will she, and perhaps we may have another day, but I scarcely think it likely. I don't know how we're to drag ourselves away. You have been kinder than any one ever was; and the children have got a hold of my old heart, bless them!"

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The colonel had genuine tears in his eyes.

"Lenny will tell you what I propose," said Sir William on the other side. "It is not an easy position. I have always thought myself quite safe—quite free of responsibility; and now to be pulled up all at once; and when I think of my own boys——"

"Your own boys?" said Mrs. Lenny, raising herself very erect in her chair. "Oh, I feel for you—I feel for you, Will! but if you put the least bit of a slur on my sister or her child——"

"Don't make it worse"; he said, throwing up his hands. "I throw a slur! You know I never thought of anything so impossible—it is impossible; but how could I think of him as mine? Adoption has its rights—but Lenny will tell you what I propose."

A short time after there were affectionate good-nights between the ladies. Lady Markham accompanied Mrs. Lenny to her room to see that she had everything she could desire.

"I am so sorry you must go to-morrow," she said, half out of politeness, but with a little mixture of truth, for there was something in the genial warmth of the strange couple which touched her heart.

"My dear, it's just possible we may have another day," said the old campaigner.

The mother and daughter had a harmless little laugh together over

Mrs. Lenny's "evening body," but they agreed that "papa's old friends" were real friends, and adopted them with cordiality though amusement.

"She asked me a great deal about the family and about Paul," Alice said as they separated.

"No letter again to-day," said Lady Markham, with a sigh.

That name subdued their smiles. To think he should be the best-beloved, yet so careless of their happiness!

"He is so forgetful," they both said.

And with this so common family sigh, not any present or pressing trouble, only a fear, an anticipation, a doubt what to-morrow might bring forth, the doors of the peaceful chambers closed, and night and quiet settled down on the silent house.

No one knew, however, that the night was not so silent as it appeared. Sir William, of course, was left in his library when all the rest of the world went to bed. It was his habit. He wrote his letters, or he "got up" those questions which were always arising, and which every statesman has to know; or perhaps he only dozed in his great chair; but anyhow, it was his habit to sit up later than all the rest of the household, putting out his lamp himself when he went to bed. This night, however, after midnight when all was still, there was a mysterious conference held in the library. Mrs. Lenny came down the great staircase in her stockings not to make a noise. "I wouldn't disturb that pretty creature, not for the world," she said. "I wouldn't let her know there was a mystery, not for anything you could give me." And she spoke in a whisper during the course of the prolonged discussion, though Lady Markham was on the upper floor on the other side of the house, and safe in bed. It was Colonel Lenny who was the most stubborn of the conspirators. He spoke of right and justice with such eloquence that his wife was proud of him, even though it was she eventually who put

him down, and stopped his argument. It was almost morning—a faint blueness of the new day striking in through all the windows and betraying them, when the Lennys with their shoes in their hands stole up stairs to bed. It would have been strange indeed if some conscientious domestic had not seen this very strange proceeding in the middle of the night; but if they did so, they kept the fact to themselves. Sir William took no such precautions. He shut the heavy door of the library almost ostentatiously, awaking all the silent echoes, and went up the great staircase with his candle in his hand. The rising dawn, however, cast a strange, almost ghastly look upon his face, doing away with the candle. He had told his wife that he had brought some papers from town that had to be attended to, and which had to be sent back to London by next morning's post.

Next morning the Lennys appeared at the breakfast-table in travelling-garb, ready to go away. Mrs. Lenny had put on her pink bonnet not to lose time.

"Have you had your letters?" Lady Markham said, astonished.

"No, my dear, we have had no letters; that was to be the sign if we were wanted," Mrs. Lenny explained. Sir William did not say a word. He did not join in the regret expressed by all the rest, or in the invitations proffered. "You must come back—promise us that you will come back," the children cried; but their father maintained a steady silence which discouraged his wife.

The whole family accompanied the travellers to the door to see them drive away.

"I hope we shall see you again," Lady Markham said; then added, oppressed by her husband's silence, "when you come this way."

"My dear lady," said the colonel, kissing her hand like a Frenchman, "I shall never forget your kindness, nor my wife either; but most likely we shall never pass this way again."

There is nothing in the world I should like better; but I don't know if it is to be desired."

"God bless you!" said Mrs. Lenny, taking both Lady Markham's hands, "it's not at all to be desired. Once for old friendship's sake is very well. But if I ever come here again it will not be as an old friend, but for love of you."

"That is the best reason of all," Lady Markham said, with her beautiful smile. And she stood there waving her pretty hand to the strange couple as they drove down the avenue. Mrs. Lenny's pink bonnet made a dotted line of colour all the way as she bobbed it out of the carriage window in perpetual farewells. This made the young ones laugh, though they had been near crying. Sir William alone said nothing. He had gone in again at once when the carriage left the door.

It was that very evening, however, that the letters arrived which cast the family into so great a commotion and obliterated all recollection of the Lennys. It had pleased Lady Markham that her husband, of himself, had begun to speak of Paul the next time they met after the departure of their guests. There was a certain tenderness in his tone, a something which was quite unusual. "Have you heard from him lately?" he asked with some anxiety, "poor boy!" This was so unusual that Lady Markham would not spoil so excellent a disposition by any complaint of Paul's irregularity in correspondence. She replied that she had heard—not very long ago; that he was still in Oxford; that she hoped he would return for Alice's birthday, which was approaching. Sir William did not say any more then, but he spoke of Paul again at luncheon, saying—"Poor fellow!" this time. "He has very good abilities if he would only make the right use of them," he said.

"Oh, William!" cried Lady Markham, "he is still so young; why should not he make very good use

of them yet? We were not so very wise at his age."

"That is true. I was not at all wise at his age: poor Paul!" his father said.

The ladies were quite cheered by this exhibition of interest in Paul, who had not been, they felt, so good or submissive to his father as it was right for a young man to be. "He is letting his heart speak at last," Lady Markham said when she was alone with her daughter; "he is longing to see his boy; and oh, Alice! so am I."

"May I write to him," cried Alice eagerly, "and tell him he is to come home?"

They talked this over all the afternoon. Paul had not listened to any of their previous entreaties, but perhaps now, if he were told how his father had melted, if he knew how everybody was longing for him! There were two letters written that afternoon, full of tenderness, full of entreaties. "If your reading is so important I will not say a word, you shall go back, you shall be left quite free; but oh, my dearest boy! surely you can spare us a week or two," Lady Markham wrote. Their spirits rose after these letters had been despatched. It did not seem possible that Paul could turn a deaf ear to such entreaties; and by this time surely he, too, must be longing for home. The future had not seemed so bright to them since first these discords began. Now, surely, if Paul would but respond as became an affectionate son, everything would be right.

Markham Chase was situated in one of those districts where the post comes in at night—a very bad thing, as is well known, for the digestion, and a great enemy to sleep and comfort. No one, however, had the philosophy to do without his or her letters on that account. The ladies naturally never took it in consideration at all, and Sir William's official correspondence did not affect his nerves. Lady Mark-

ham and her daughter came early into the drawing-room that evening, while it was still daylight, though evening was advancing rapidly. The children, who felt severely the loss of Colonel Lenny and his stories, and were low-spirited and out of temper in consequence, went soon to bed. Lady Markham retired into her favourite room—the large recess which made a sort of transept to the great drawing-room. It was filled at the further end by a large Elizabethan window, the upper part of which was composed of quarries of old painted glass in soft tints of greenish white and yellow; and which caught the very last rays of daylight—the lingering glories of the west. Soft mossy velvet curtains framed in, but did not shade the window, for Lady Markham was fond of light—and shrouded the entrance dividing this from the great drawing-room beyond. The fireplace all glimmering with tiles below and bits of mirror above, with shelves of delicate china and pet ornaments, filled the great part of one side, while the other was clothed with book-cases below and pictures above, closely set. One of Raphael's early Madonnas (or a copy—there was no certainty on the subject, Lady Markham holding to its authenticity with more fervour than any other article of faith, but disinterested critics holding the latter opinion) presided over the whole; and there were some pretty landscapes, and a great many portraits—the true household gods of its mistress. There she had seated herself in the soft waning light of the evening. Alice just outside the velvet curtains was playing softly, now an old stately minuet, now an old-fashioned, quaint gavotte, now a snatch of a languid, dreamy valse—music which did not mean much, but which breathed echoes of soft pleasures past into the quiet. The soft summer twilight fading slowly out of the great window, the cool breathing of the dews and night air from the garden, the dreamy music—all lulled the mind to rest. Lady Markham made not even a pretence at

occupation. What was she thinking of! When a woman has her boys out in the world—those strange, unknown, yet so familiar creatures whom she knows by heart yet knows nothing of, who have dipped into a thousand things incomprehensible to her, filling her with vague fears and aches of anxiety—of what but of them is she likely to be thinking? She was groping vaguely after her Paul in strange places which her imagination scarcely took in. When the other boys were away they too had their share in her thoughts; but they were still in the age of innocence at school, not young men abroad in the world. Where was he now? She tried to figure to herself a scene of youthful gaiety—one of the college parties she had read of in novels. She was the more bold to think of this, as she felt that her appeal to Paul just despatched would surely detach him, for a time at least, from all such noisy scenes. Lady Markham's imagination was not her strong point. She was floating vaguely in a maze of fancies rather than forming for herself any definite picture, when Brown came into the room with the letters. The music stopped instantly, and Alice, rushing at them, uttered a tremulous cry which made the mother at once aware what had happened. Only Paul could have called forth that cry of trembling satisfaction, delight, and alarm. Lady Markham got up at once and held out her hands for the letters, while Alice ran to light the candles. "I can see, I can see," Lady Markham said. The mere fact that the letter was Paul's made it more or less luminous in itself and helped the fading light.

Sir William, seated in his library by himself, had been thinking, with a difference, much the same thoughts. With a compunction and compassion indescribable, he had been thinking of his son. Paul, with all his foolish democratical notions, was yet the most aristocratic, the most imperious of young men, knowing nothing of the evils he was so ready to take upon

him, generous in giving, but to whom it would be bitterness itself to receive. Would Paul ever turn upon him, upbraid him, curse him? A shiver came over his father at the thought—and along with this a horrible sense of the position in which this haughty young heir would find himself, if— How was it that such a possibility had altogether escaped his mind? He could not tell: he did not know how to answer himself. Forty years is a large slice out of a man's life. Even had it been some one fully known and loved, it would be unlikely that you should think of him with any persistency of reference after a separation of forty years—and a child, an infant, a thing with no personality at all! But still, he asked himself, had he never thought when Paul was born of the former time, far away in the morning haze of youth, when a young mother and a child had called forth his interest? Yes, he had thought of it; he had thought with alarm of what had happened then; he had been more anxious about his young wife than young husbands usually are—but no more. It had never occurred to him that his child had anything to do with the other. Strange blindness in a man so accurate! He said to himself, "It will come to nothing; it will be arranged; all will be well:" but in the same breath he said, "Poor Paul! God help him! What would happen to Paul, if—"

He had not been able to do anything all day for thinking of this; he had kept his blue-book before him, but he had made nothing of it. Sir William, whose understood creed it was that public affairs went before everything, could pay no attention to these public affairs. When the letters came in, in the evening, he received them languidly, not feeling that there was anything there which could interest him so much as his own thoughts. When he saw Paul's handwriting an unusual stir arose in his elderly bosom. But he put it down, and took up a

letter from his chief, which would be no doubt of far more importance to the country, with a last attempt to conquer himself. But the words of his chief's letter had no sense to him; he could not understand what there was to be so anxious about. Smith's candidature for Bannockshire—what did it matter? He made a rapid and novel reflection to himself about the trifling character of the incidents which people made so much of; then laid down the solemn sheet with its coronet, and took up the letter of his boy.

A few minutes after he walked into his wife's sitting-room, the letter open in his hand. Lady Markham was seated close to the great window against the dying light, with a candle flaring melancholy on a table beside her, reading her letter. Alice, behind her, read it too, over her mother's shoulder: surprise and trouble were on their faces. Alice had begun to cry. Lady Markham in her wonder and distress, was repeating a few words here and there aloud. "I can no longer hope for anything in this country of prejudice." "Going away to a new world." They were both so absorbed that they did not hear Sir William's entrance till he suddenly appeared, holding out his letter. "What is the meaning," he asked, "of this, Isabel? What is the meaning of it?" The indignation of the head of the house, which seemed to be directed against themselves, brought the two ladies with a sudden shock out of their own private dismay, and gave them a new part to play. Their hearts still quivering with the sudden blow which Paul's disclosure had given them, they still turned in a moment into apologists and defenders of Paul.

"What is it?—from Paul, William? he has written to you *too*," said Lady Markham, with trembling lips.

"What does it mean?" cried Sir William. "He is going off, he says—away—to Australia or New Zealand, or somewhere. What does it mean?"

No doubt he takes you into his confidence. If you have known of this intention long you ought to have let me know."

"I am as much overwhelmed as you can be, William. I have just got a letter." Lady Markham stopped, her lips trembling. "Oh, Paul, my boy! He cannot mean it," she said. "It must be some fancy of the moment. At his age everything is exaggerated. William, William, something must be done. We must go to him and save him."

"Save him! from what are we to save him?" Sir William began to pace up and down with impatience and perplexity. He was not so angry (they thought) as they had feared. He was anxious, unhappy, as they were, though querulous too. "What is the meaning of it? Follies like this do not spring up all at once. You must have seen it coming on. You must know what it means. What has he been writing to you about lately? Is there—any woman——?"

"William!" cried his wife.

"Well!—Alice, run away; we can discuss this better without you.—Well! it need not be anything criminal or vicious, though of course that is what at once you imagine it to be. Has he spoken of any one? Has he ever—No, he would not do that. He is a fool," cried the anxious father; "he is capable of any nonsense. But it need not necessarily be anything that is vicious—from your point of view."

Alice had not gone away. She shrank behind her mother into the dim corner, yet to her own consciousness stood confronting her brother's accuser with a resolute countenance, from which the colour had all gone out. Her blue eyes were open wide with horror yet denial. Whatever Paul might have done she was ready to defend him; although the possibility of any such wrongdoing went through her like a sword of fire. The light of the candle flickered upon her faintly, showing scarcely anything but her attitude, partially relieved against the

lightness of the window—a slim, straight, indignant figure drawn up and set in defence.

"He has not written often lately," said Lady Markham, faltering; "but oh, William, it is not possible; he is not capable——"

"What do you know about it?" cried Sir William, almost roughly. "How can you tell what he is capable of? A young man will go from a house like this, from his mother's side, and will find pleasure—actual pleasure—in the society of creatures bred upon the streets; in their noisy talk, in their bad manners, in all that is most unlike you. God knows how it is; but so it is. Paul may be no better than the rest. Alice, I tell you, run away."

Lady Markham grew red and then deadly pale. She rose trembling to her feet. "Can we go to-night? Can we go at once?" she cried. "Oh, William, let us not lose an hour!"

"You know as well as I do there is no train after eight o'clock. Compose yourself," said Sir William. "Nothing more than what has already happened can happen to him to-night."

"We might get the express at Bluntwood—the train papa generally goes by—if we were to start at once," cried Alice, with her hand on the bell, her eyes turning from her father to her mother. The eager women on each side of him made the greatest contrast to the head of the house. Had Paul been dying instead of simply in a problematical danger, Sir William Markham would not have consented to leave his home in this headlong way, or take any step upon which he had not reflected. He waved his hand impatiently.

"You had much better go to bed," he said, "and don't worry yourselves about a matter in which for the present none of us can do anything. I will go to-morrow. Sit down, Alice! Do you think Paul would thank you if you arrived breathless in the middle of the night? Try to look at the matter coolly. Excitement never does

any good. I will go, and see if he will listen to reason—to-morrow."

To-morrow! It seemed to both mother and sister as if a thousand calamities, too terrible to think of, might be happening, might have happened, before to-morrow; and on the other hand, how, they asked each other with a pitiful interchange of looks, were they themselves to live through the night? No feeling of this description moved Sir William. He was very much disturbed and annoyed, but certainly it would do no good to any one were he to render himself unfit for action by foolish anxiety. Nor did he feel any of that vague horror of apprehension which filled their minds. He was a great deal more angry and much less alarmed about his son's well-being. On the other hand, he was less sanguine; for he did not hope that Paul would listen to reason, as they hoped that by their entreaties, by their tears, by the sight of the misery his resolution would bring them, Paul might relent and give way. After a while Sir William returned to his library and to his blue-books, and the official letter which he had only half-read, which he had suffered himself to be so much influenced by parental feeling as to leave in the middle; and though he paused now and then to frown and sigh, and give a thought aside to the troubles of paternity, yet he went on with his work, and gave all the attention that was necessary to the public business, until his usual hour for going to bed.

Lady Markham and Alice spent their evening in a very different way; they read their letter over twenty times at least; they found new meanings in every sentence of it. Hidden things seemed to be brought out, emotions, penitences, relentings, by every new perusal. Sometimes these discoveries plunged them into deeper trouble—sometimes raised them to sudden hope. How little Paul was conscious of the subtle shades of meaning they attributed to him! They

were like commentators in all ages; they found a thousand ideas he had never dreamed of lurking in every line of their author; and with all these different readings in their heads spent a sleepless night.

CHAPTER X.

PAUL MARKHAM was not in his rooms. The porter at the college-gate looked curiously upon the party of people who asked after him. It was not the time of year when college authorities interfere with undergraduates; neither was a virtuous young man "staying up to read" likely to call forth their censures. The porter could not give them any information as to where to find Paul; the party (he thought) looked anxious, just as he had seen people look whose son had got into trouble: the father with wrinkles in his forehead, but an air of business and anxious determination to look as if there was nothing particular in it—nothing but an ordinary visit; the mother with a redness about her eyes, but a smile, very courteous, even conciliatory, to the porter himself, and so sorry to give him trouble; and an eager young sister clinging to the mother, looking anxiously about, staring at every figure she saw approaching.

"Here's a gentleman, sir, as can tell you, if any one can," the porter said. All three turned round simultaneously to look at the person thus indicated. He was a young man of not very distinguished appearance, who came carelessly across the quadrangle in a rough coloured suit, with a pipe in his mouth. He came along swinging his cane, smoking his pipe, not thinking of what awaited him. However, those three pairs of eyes affected him unawares. He looked up and saw the little group, and instinctively withdrew his pipe from his mouth. He had just slipped it quickly into the pocket of his loose jacket, and was trying to steal through the party under cover of a messenger who was passing, when Sir William stepped forward and addressed him—

"This man tells me," he said, "that you are a friend of my son, Paul Markham, and can perhaps give us some information where to find him."

While the father spoke, the two ladies looked at the young man with eyes half-investigating, half-imploring. He felt that they were making notes of his rough clothes, his pipe, which alas! they had seen going into his pocket, and of a general aspect which was not very decorous, and forming opinions unfavourable, not only to himself, but to Paul; while, at the same time, they were entreating him with soft looks to tell them where Paul was, and somehow—they could not tell how—to reassure them on his account.

Young Fairfax, who was not perhaps a very elevated member of society in general, was of a sympathetic nature at least. He was greatly embarrassed by their looks, and confused between the two sides, giving the attention of his eyes to the ladies on the one hand, and that of his ears to Sir William on the other. He felt himself blush at the thought of his own unsatisfactory appearance—his worst clothes (for who expected to meet ladies *in August*?) and the pipe, which both literally and metaphorically burnt his pocket. Lady Markham and Alice took the redness which overspread the stranger's face, not as referring to the state of his own appearance (though they were keenly sensible of that), but as a sign that he had nothing that was comforting or satisfactory to say of Paul—and their hearts sank.

Young Fairfax coughed and cleared his throat.

"Markham?" he said. "I will go and see if he is in his rooms."

"He is not in his rooms," they said all together, a fact which the other knew very well.

When Fairfax found this little expedient of his to gain time did not answer, he ventured on a bolder step. "If you will go to Markham's rooms," he said, "I think I can find him for you. I know where he will be ;

that is to say I know two or three men's rooms—where he is very likely to be."

"Could not we go with this gentleman?" said Lady Markham, looking at him, though it was to her husband she spoke—and Alice looked at him too with a supplicating look which went to the young good-for-nothing's heart. He gave the ladies a look in return which he felt was apologetic, and yet full of a protest and appeal to their sense of justice. What can I do? I cannot make him all that you wish him to be; was what he felt his look said; and this was really the sentiment in his mind, though he would have laughed at himself for it. They understood him well enough and their hearts sank a little too.

"Impossible!" said Sir William, "how could you go to—a man's rooms? perhaps into the midst of a—party" he was going to have said riotous party, but forbore for the sake of the girl. "No, you had better take this—young gentleman's advice—"

"My name is Fairfax," said the youth, taking off his hat. He blushed again, having kept that engaging weakness, though it is not by any means sure that he had kept the modest grace of which it is the sign: and a smile crept about his lips. The hearts of the two women rose a little. If things had been very bad with Paul he would not, they reasoned, have had the heart to smile.

"Mr. Fairfax's advice," said Sir William; "go to Paul's room and wait there, and I will go with Mr. Fairfax to find him. That is much the best thing to do."

"I may have to run about to one place and another," said the young man alarmed; "it is a pity to give you so much trouble. Would not you, sir, wait with the ladies? I promise you to find him with as little delay—"

"I will go with you," said Sir William, in his cold way, which admitted of no appeal; "you know the way, Isabel, to Paul's rooms." And thus they parted, the young man look-

ing at the ladies again with a kind of dismayed protest: can I help it? He was very much dismayed to have Sir William with him. Fairfax had not much doubt as to where Paul was, and he did not think it was a place which would please his father. He felt already that he had established an understanding with the others which justified his glance of dismay. Lady Markham and her daughter turned very reluctantly away. They went across the quadrangle with drooping heads. Everything lay vacant in the sunshine, no cheerful bustle about, the windows all black, no voices, no footsteps, no lounging figures under the trees. Slowly they went across the light with their heads close together. "He knows where Paul is," said Lady Markham, with a sigh. "But he did not want papa to go," said Alice with another. They crept up the silent staircase and went into the vacant room, and sat down timidly, not venturing to look at anything. They were afraid of seeing something, even, a book which in Paul's absence would betray Paul. His mother glanced furtively, pitifully about her. She was more bound by honour here in her son's room, more determined to make no discoveries, than if her boy had been her enemy; and who can tell how the consciousness of this sank like a stone into her heart. A few years ago everything would have been so lightly reviewed, so gaily discussed—but now! The fringes of her cloak swept some papers off a side-table, and she let them lie, not venturing to touch them. Paul should not suppose that his mother had come to pry into his secrets. God forbid! He should be allowed to explain himself, to say the best he could for himself.

"Mr. Fairfax looked as if he knew everything. Did not you think so, mamma?"

"Oh, my darling, what can I say? He looked, I think, as if he were fond of Paul."

"That I am sure he did. He was not very nice looking, nor well dressed ;

but these young men are very careless, are they not, when they are living alone?"

"I should not think anything of that, dear," said Lady Markham, decidedly; "I think, too, though he was careless of his appearance, that he had an innocent look. He met your eye; there was nothing down-looking about him; and he blushed; that is always a good sign, and smiled at me, like a boy who has got a mother."

"And he did not look at all frightened to see us, as he would have done had there been anything very wrong. I think he was rather pleased—it was papa he was afraid of. Now it is clear that if Paul had been—wicked, as papa said—(oh, Paul, Paul, I beg your pardon dear, I never thought it!)—it would have been you and me, mamma, don't you think, that they would have been afraid of? They could not have borne to look us in the face if *that* had been true; whereas," said Alice, in a tingle of logic, the tears starting into her eyes, "it was papa Mr. Fairfax was afraid of, not you or me."

"That is true," said Lady Markham, brightening slowly, but she did not take all the comfort from this potent argument that Alice expected. "Unless they are very intimate, he is not likely to know all that Paul is doing," she said, shaking her head. Paul's room was far from orderly. Once upon a time he had been very fond of knick-knacks, and had cultivated china and hung plates about the walls. All that was gone now. Lady Markham looked at the bareness of the room with a pang. Would he have neglected it so if everything had been going well with him? Perhaps had it been much decorated she would have asked herself whether these meretricious ornaments did not indicate a mind given up to frivolity; but at this moment it seemed a curious and significant fact that the ornaments had all disappeared from his walls.

In the meantime young Fairfax was hurrying Sir William at a pace which scarcely befitted his dignity, or his

years, along the streets. Probably the young man forgot that his companion was likely to suffer from this rapid progress; and when he remembered, he was not without hope of tiring the angry (as he supposed) father. But Sir William was a statesman and trained to exertion. He puffed a little and got very hot, but he did not flinch. Fairfax it was evident knew very well where he was going. He made a cunning attempt to deceive his companion by pretending to pause and wonder at the first corner; then he smote his thigh, and declared that of course he knew where Paul would be at this hour—not in any man's lodgings—with the man who was teaching him—what was it? He could not recollect what it was—wood-carving or something of that sort. "It is a good way off; would it not be better to let me fetch him?" he said, making a last attempt. "Let us get a cab," said Sir William. "Oh, it is not so far as that," said his guide, with a blush. Sir William had a half-suspicion that he was being led round and round about to make him think the way longer than it really was, but that part of Oxford had changed since his time, and he was not quite sure of the way. At last, however, when no further delay was possible, he found himself at the door of a little grimy house, the ground floor of which seemed to be occupied as some kind of workshop, where a man sat working. The place smelt of varnish and the window was full of small picture-frames, gilt and ungilt, and other very simple articles, carved work-boxes and book-shelves. "Oh, Spears! has Markham been here?" the young man cried with a certain relief in his tone, evidently pleased not to see the person of whom he was in search. The workman looked up from his work. He was busy with a glue-pot, and the varnish which smelt so badly. He did not rise from his bench in honour of the gentleman, or remove his cap from his head. He said shortly, but in a voice of unusual sweetness and refinement,

"He is here still. He has gone up stairs, to wash his hands I suppose."

"Ah!" said Fairfax. It was not a syllable, it was a sigh. He had hoped to have escaped easily; but it was not to be so. He went to the foot of the stairs, which led directly out of the workshop. "Markham!" he cried, "are you there? Come down at once; you are wanted." How could he throw special significance into his voice? It sounded to himself just as careless as usual, though he had meant to make it very serious. "Markham, I say, there's some one wants you—important! Come at once!" he added, going up a few steps.

Sir William stood stiffly down below, watching with the utmost attention, while the workman upon his bench eyed him with suspicious eyes.

Then Paul's voice came still more lightly from above, striking strangely upon the ear of his father, who had never heard that tone in it before.

"Confound you, what's the hurry?" Paul said. "If it's a dun you ought to know better than to bring him here. I'll come when I'm ready."

"Markham! I tell you it's of the first importance," said the young man, going a step or two higher, but still quite audible to Sir William.

Then there came a burst of laughter from above, seconded by what sounded to Sir William's suspicious ears like feminine voices.

"Is it the Vice-Chancellor?" said Paul; "or the Provost? Say the word, and I'll get out over the leads or through the window—"

The next moment he appeared, rubbing his hands in a towel, and without his coat, with a face more full of laughter than, Sir William thought, he had ever seen it before; and this time he felt certain that he heard women laughing up stairs. He was standing with his back to the light, and his son did not see him for the moment.

Paul came down stairs, gradually

emerging, always rubbing his hands. He called out—

“Who is it, Spears? What is this fellow making a fuss about?”

“I cannot tell who it is,” said the workman; “it is some one who has come into my house without taking the trouble to notice me. I presume therefore that it must be what is called a gentleman.”

The sound of the man’s voice was so pleasant that Sir William did not at first realise the offence in it; and at that moment he was too much absorbed in watching the changes of his son’s countenance to think of anything else.

Paul emerged from the shadow of the staircase, which was like a ladder, his face full of amusement and brightness, entirely at his ease, and familiar with all about him. His hat was on and his coat was off, but that evidently made no difference; neither did he cease to dry his hands with the towel as he came leisurely down stairs. It was clear that he expected no one whose appearance could require any more regard to the decorum of formal life.

When he first caught sight of his father a cloud came over him. Sir William’s face was not visible, but Sir William’s figure and voice were scarcely to be mistaken. The father looked on while the first shadow of fear came over his son’s face; then saw it lighten with a desperate effort not to believe what was too apparent; then darken suddenly and completely with the sense of discovery and of the fate which had overtaken him. To see your child’s bright countenance cloud over at the sight of you, to see the struggle of hope that this may not be you, and despair to find that it is you, what mortal parent can bear this unmoved? It would have half killed Lady Markham.

Sir William was of tougher stuff, and less entirely moved by the affections; but yet he felt it. He saw the same line come into his son’s forehead which all the family knew so well in his own,

and that expression of angry displeasure, impatience and gloom, came over his face. This made him too angry, in spite of himself. He said, harshly—

“Yes, Paul, it is I. I am the last person you expected, or evidently wished to see here.”

Paul came down the remaining steps, the very sound of his foot changing; he threw away his towel and took off his hat, and assumed an air of punctilious politeness.

“I do not deny that I am much surprised to see you, sir,” he said, darting a glance aside of annoyed reproach at Fairfax. He had flushed a gloomy red, of shame and annoyance, feeling his very shirt-sleeves to be evidence against him—and looked round for his coat with an inclination to be angry with everybody.

“I had just gone to wash my hands after my work,” he said, with a confused apology. Confronted thus suddenly with his father in all the solemnity of authority and parental displeasure, how could he help feeling himself at a disadvantage? He forgot everything but that his father had found him in circumstances which to him would seem equivocal, perhaps disgraceful; but he was not allowed to forget.

“If you require to apologise, Markham, for being found in my shop or my house, you had better not return here,” said the master of the place, eying him over his shoulder from his bench, “any more.”

“I beg your pardon, Spears. My father—does not think with me. It is by no will of mine that he has come here——”

“If you can’t be civil, and introduce him civilly—and if he can’t be civil, and doesn’t know how to treat a man in his own house,” said Spears, busy with his glue-pot, “you had better take him away.”

“This is the man you brought to my house—in my absence,” said Sir William, “imposing upon your mother. I suppose the well-known”—(he was going to say demagogue, but paused,

after looking at the person in question) —“orator and leader of Trades Unions——”

“Yes, that is I,” said the master of the shop. “I am quite ready to answer any question on my own account. But I beg your pardon, whoever you may be. Markham did not impose upon his mother, nor did I. He introduced me as his friend, and I lost no time in telling the lady that I was a working man. Lady Markham has the manners of a queen. She was perfectly polite to me, as I hope I am capable of being to any one who comes in the same way into my house.”

Sir William gave his son’s friend another look. He had no desire to make a personal enemy of this demagogue. A public man must think of expediency in public matters, even where his own affections are concerned.

“You will excuse me,” he said, coldly. “My business is with my son. I should not have intruded myself into your house had I known it. Paul, your mother is at your rooms, waiting for you. I must ask you to come there with me at once.”

Paul’s countenance fell still more.

“My mother!—here!”

“Good morning,” said Sir William, taking off his hat with much solemnity. “I am sorry to have invaded Mr. Spears’s privacy even for a moment. I will wait for you, Paul, outside.”

The workman got up and took off his cap, bowing ceremoniously in answer to Sir William’s salutation. He had not moved till his name was mentioned.

“There!” he cried, with comical discomfiture, “dash the little aristocrat! He has the last word—that’s the worst, or the best of them. They have their senses always about them. No flurry—no feeling. Well, Paul, aren’t you going? Be off with you and explain, like a good boy, to your mamma and your papa.”

“What is it all about?” said a girl’s voice from the top of the stairs; and first one, then another, fair, curly, somewhat unkempt head appeared

peeping down upon the group below. “And who is the little old gentleman? Father, may we come down stairs?”

“Go back to your work, on the instant,” said Spears; “I want no girls here. Well, Markham, why don’t you go? Is your father to wait for you all day—and I too?”

“I shall go when I am ready,” said Paul, gloomily.

He took a long time to put on that coat. He was not of a temper to be cowed or frightened, and for a moment he was undecided whether to defy his father directly and deny all jurisdiction or control on his part, or to take the more difficult part of extending to Sir William that courtesy which his teacher had instructed him was due from all men to each other—from rebellious sons to fathers as well as in every other relation of life—hearing what he had to say with politeness as he would have heard any other opponent in argument. But the fact is that an argument between father and son on their reciprocal duties is a thing more difficult to maintain with perfect temper and politeness than any argument that ever took place in the Union or perhaps in Parliament itself. And Paul was bitterly angry that his father should have invaded this place, and dismayed to hear that his mother had come, and that he should have her entreaties to meet. He had not anticipated anything of the kind, strangely enough. He had expected letters of all kinds—angry, reproachful, entreating—but it had not occurred to him that his father would come in person, much less any other of the family. He was dismayed and he was angry; his heart failed him in spite of all his courage. Pride and temper forbade him to run away, yet he would have escaped if he could. He took a long time to put on his coat; he said nothing to either of the two men that stood by, and pushed Fairfax aside when he tried to help him. Spears had given up his work altogether, and stood watching his pupil with a smile upon his face.

"When does that fellow mean to go?" he said. "What is he waiting for? I like the looks of the little old gentleman, as the girls call him. There's stuff in that man. But for him and such as him the people would have had their rights long ago; but I respect the man for all that. Markham, what do you mean by keeping him kicking his heels outside my shop in the sun? That is not the respect due from one man to another. He's an older man than you are, and merits more consideration. What are you frightened for, man alive? - Can't you go?"

"Frightened!" cried Paul, with an indignant curl of his lip.

"Yes, frightened, nothing else; or you wouldn't take so long a time about going. Ah, that's driven him out at last! Do you know those people, Fairfax? or how did you come to bring the father here?"

"I know them? I am not half grand enough. How should I know a man who is a Right Honourable? I met them by chance. Spears, you may say what you like, but even a little rank, however it may go against reason, has an effect—"

"Do you think I need you to tell me that? If it hadn't an effect what would be the use of all we're doing? 'Why stand I in peril every day?' as that fine democrat Paul says somewhere. To be sure there's something in it. I once lived three days in that man's house. I didn't know he was absent, as he says he was. I should have liked to have stood up to him and stated my way of thinking, and seen what he had to say for himself. It was the first sneaking thing I ever knew in Markham to take me there while his father was away. Life goes on wheels in those houses," said Spears, taking his seat again upon his bench. "It was all one could do after a day or two to keep one's moral consciousness awake. A footman waited upon me hand and foot, and I never spoke to him—not as I ought to have done—about the unnatural folly of his

position, till the last day. I couldn't do it; a fortnight in that place would have demoralised even me. The mother—ah, there it is! We can't build up women like that. I don't know how you're to do it without their conditions. We have good women, and brave women, and pure women, but nothing like that. You have to see it," said Spears, shaking his head, "even to know what it is."

"So long as it's only a fine lady—" said the young man.

"Don't talk of what you don't understand," said the other. "I'd have the best of everything in my Republic. I'd have that little old man's pluck and self-command; and the lady—I don't see my way to anything like the lady."

"I have always told you, Spears, that the old society which you condemn has everything that is good in it, if you would have patience and—"

"You have always told me!" said Spears in his melodious voice.

He returned to his work without further argument, as if this were enough reply. He was finishing a number of little carved frames, of which his window was full. There was a bill in the window on which "Selling off" was printed in large letters. The shop was full of wood and bits of carving all done up in bundles, and everything about showed marks of an approaching departure or breaking-up. The master of the house put on his cap again and gave himself up to his work. It was not of a kind which impressed the spectator. But the man who worked was not commonplace in appearance. He was not much taller than Sir William, but had a large massive head, covered with a crop of dusky hair. The softness of his eyes corresponded with that of his voice, but the lines of the face were not soft. He took no further notice of Fairfax, who, for his part, took his neglect quite calmly. The young man took his pipe out of his pocket, where he had put it stealthily when he first caught sight of the ladies, for one moment

paused, and looked at it with a look of half-comic half-serious uncertainty. Should he keep it as a memento of that interview? He looked at it again and laughed, then pulled out of another pocket a little box of matches and lighted his pipe. He, like Paul, was quite familiar and at his ease in the workman's shop.

CHAPTER XI.

"You have kept me a long time waiting," said Sir William. "I should have thought elaborate leavetakings unnecessary in a place where you seem so much at home."

"I took no leave," said Paul; "it was quite unnecessary. I shall see Spears again to-night."

Sir William turned round upon his son with quick impatience; then paused. This was not a case to be treated hastily, and patience was the best. "You and I differ in a great many points," he said; "therefore it is not wonderful perhaps that I should think you have made a curious choice of a trade to learn: for I suppose you are by way of learning a trade. Don't you think a certain amount of civilisation is necessary before picture-frames will become remunerative? I don't think you could live by them in the bush."

Paul coloured high with that acute sense of being open to ridicule which is so terrible to youth. "Spears is selling off his stock," he said. "I do not know if it is a sign of high civilisation, but he sells his picture-frames and lives by them. Most men of genius have been reduced to make their livelihood by some inferior branch of their work."

"And what then do you call his highest work?" Sir William asked carelessly. Paul, astonished, but willing to believe that his father had taken an interest in Spears and that all was about to go as he wished, fell into the trap, as any other unsuspicious nature would have done.

"His carvings are wonderful," he

said, with all the fervour of enthusiasm. "When he has a congenial subject he is equal to Gibbons or any one. He ought to have been a great sculptor. If you saw some of the things he has done you would see what bitter satire it is that *he* should live by those wretched little picture-frames."

"Is it so, indeed?" said Sir William. "Then it is the higher branch of wood-carving and not picture-frames that you are learning, I suppose? Do you mean then to carry high art, Paul, into the bush?"

"I cannot see what this has to do with the bush, sir," said Paul, impatiently. "One must live there by one's hands, and to know how to use them in any special way cannot be a disadvantage in any other way. That is Spears's view of the subject, and mine too."

"I doubt if wood-carving will help you much in felling trees or making them into huts," said Sir William, with a great air of candour. "What do you suppose the advantage is likely to be of changing from a state of society where everything that is beautiful has its value, to one where you will live by your hands, as you say, and where the highest skill will only not do you any harm? I should like to know the reasoning by which you have arrived at your present convictions—the ideas expressed in the letter I got last night."

"You have received my letter then?" Paul said, with dignity. "You know what my settled determination is. I hope you do not mean, and that my mother does not mean, to attempt to turn me from a plan which I have not decided on without great thought."

"I don't know what your mother may mean to do, my boy," said Sir William, quietly. "She will act according to her own standards of duty, not mine; but I know what I intend myself, and the first thing is to understand your reasons for the extraordinary step you propose. You, the heir of a fine property——"

Sir William made a stumble before the word *heir*, which notwithstanding that Paul was about to abjure everything, led him to make a rapid calculation of his father's power in this matter. The Markham property was not all entailed. Did the father mean to disinherit his lawful successor? Paul felt a flush of indignation go over him, though he was about to declare his intention of giving up all.

"The heir of a fine property," said Sir William, "and an influential position. At this moment, young as you are, you might make a start in public life, and have a hand in the government of your country, which is as high an ambition as a man can entertain. How have you managed to persuade yourself that to go out into a half-savage country and encounter the first difficulties of savage life is better or more honourable than this? To live by your hands instead of your head," he continued, growing warm, "to surround yourself with beggarly elements of living instead of the highest developments of civilisation—to make yourself of no more account than any ploughboy——"

Here Paul felt himself touch the ground. There had stolen over him a chill of alarm as to how he was to answer such a question, but this last clause brought him back to the superficial polemics with which he was familiar enough. "Why should I be of more account than any ploughboy?" he said; "that is the whole question. Why is there this immense gulf between the ploughboy and me? Is he less a man than I am? Are not my advantages a shame to me in the face of manhood? What right have I to humiliate him for my advancement?"

"What right have you to be a fool?" said Sir William, bitterly. "I don't know: your mother is not a fool, though she is not clever. If your ploughboy had been educated as you have been, your argument might have had some show of reason. Do you mean to tell me that education is

nothing—that a lad from the fields ought to be of as much use in the world as you are? This is to despise not only rank, which I know is your favourite type of injustice, but breeding, culture, everything you have acquired by your work. How do you justify yourself in throwing away *that*? There is no question of humiliating the ploughboy; the ploughboy will be of ten times as much use as you are in the bush."

This view of the question was not pleasant to Paul. He held himself up with great stateliness, and did not deign to look at his father. "That remains to be seen, sir," he said.

"What remains to be seen?—that a man brought up to farming will make a better farmer than you—or your friend the wood-carver? Suppose we consider the question from his point of view," said Sir William. "He is a skilled workman, you tell me."

"I said a man of genius."

"All the better for my argument. Your man of genius," Sir William went on with a barely perceptible smile, "may be—appreciated, let us say, in a country like this, where art is known: but who will care for his art where he is going?"

"More than here," cried Paul hotly, interrupting his father. "Here, because he has no money, nor position to make him known, and no impudence to push him into favour, his beautiful work is taken no notice of, and he lives by making picture-frames. Ploughing and digging is better than that. The earth at least is grateful for what is done for her."

"Not always," said Sir William. "I thought you had heard enough about farming to know better. However, the advantage of emigrating to your—friend, will be, not the gain of anything, but the giving up of his work, and the sacrifice of what you call his genius. No, I do not scoff at his genius. I know nothing about it. I take it on your word. Your man of genius will throw away his chief

distinction on your own showing ; and *you* will throw away what as yet are your only distinctions, the position you derive from your ancestors, the education which you have got (partially) by your own exertions—for what ? to attempt to do clumsily what two ploughmen could do much better than you.—Ah ! who is that ?”

Paul's eye had been caught some moments before by a lady coming towards them, at sight of whom a sudden flush came over his face. A lady ! was she a lady ? She was dressed very simply in a black alpaca gown, the long plain lines of which harmonised and gave elegance to a tall, well-developed figure. The dress was well made and graceful, such as any lady might have worn ; but the little hat upon the young woman's head was doubtful. Even Sir William, who looked somewhat anxiously at her, seeing the flush on his son's face, felt that it was doubtful. The faded brown velvet and scrubby little feather did not suit the rest of the dress. She walked well, as she came towards them, but when she perceived Paul and his companion, an air of embarrassment, which was half fright, came over her face. When Paul, all red and glowing with a mixture of feelings which Sir William could not fathom, took off his hat, she gave him an alarmed, inquiring look, blushed fiercely, and replied to his salutation with a hurried nod of her head, which made the question of her position more uncertain than ever. Still she was a handsome young woman : before she had seen Paul, Sir William himself had remarked her stately carriage and figure. “Who is that ?” he repeated, suspicious, as a parent naturally is of a young man's unknown female friends, yet not unprepared to hear that it was somebody not unworthy to be known by Sir William Markham's son ; for it might well be that ladies in a learned community, fearless of misconception, were not always so particular as could be desired about their hats. He turned half round and gave

a glance after her as she continued her way, which, as she had just done the same, was somewhat awkward. But Paul marched straight forward and took no notice. “Who is that ?” Sir William repeated, sharply, determined this time to have a reply.

Paul's blush and discomfiture, and his marked and ceremonious recognition of the stranger, meant several things. They meant that he felt himself certain to be misconstrued, yet was too proud and too sincere to take any means of avoiding misconstruction ; that he was annoyed by the encounter, alarmed by the new idea which his father would certainly take up in consequence ; yet forced by this alarm and annoyance to show a more marked and excessive courtesy to the person (oh, had she but gone down another street and kept out of the way !) whose appearance plunged him into so much confusion, and would, he felt sure, complicate everything. Whether this sudden liveliness of consciousness did not mean that there was cause for alarm is another matter. In the meantime all that Paul felt was that the girl's name once mentioned must add tenfold to the difficulty of his position.

“Who is it ? It is Spears's eldest daughter,” he said curtly, with a new and brilliant suffusion of colour over all his face.

“Oh !” was all Sir William said. What more was necessary ? The young man felt, with a sensation of intolerable impatience that he was judged and condemned on the spot ; but he could not protest against a conclusion which was not put into words. If he said anything, would not his guilt be considered doubly proved ? Silence seemed his only policy ; and no more was said. The discussion, which had been so serious, came to a dead stop. They walked on together without saying another word. Sir William, who had been so bent upon convincing his son, dropped his argument all at once. Paul did not look at him, but yet he was aware that the line on his fore-

head, the pucker that meant trouble, had deepened. The young man felt himself suddenly in the grip of despair. He felt himself judged, the question settled, everything changed. His whole conduct had assumed a new light in his father's eyes, and it was a false light. Instead of respecting him as the logical if rash devotee of certain fixed principles, his father evidently concluded him to be the victim of a commonplace love affair. How was Paul to overcome this hasty and false judgment? Pride and prudence alike made it necessary that he should take no notice of it. He held his head higher in the air than ever and walked on with a certain protestation and appeal against the injustice done him in every step he took. Sir William, on his side, dropped the argument with a mixture of despair and contempt. This was how it was—far more easy to understand than democratic ideas or communistic principles in the heir to a great property, here was an inducement which was plain to the meanest capacity: a fine, handsome, young woman! This was how it was! Sir William felt angry with himself for being duped, and for having really for a moment believed in the revolutionary sentiments which had been assumed (he had no doubt) in order to carry on this other pursuit. How foolish he had been to allow himself to be thus deceived! He gave up his argument with an abruptness which had impatience in it, and for the moment he could not say anything to the boy who had thus succeeded in deceiving him, and added the feeling of shame for his own gullibility to that of anger. He had taken the trouble to attempt to convince him, to believe in an intellectual error, which, however exasperating, was not discreditable—and this was how it was!

What was to be done? It was all a mistake, but Paul could not say so, for his father did not condescend to make any accusation. Thus they walked on, fuming both with indignation and impatience. Now and

then the young man eyed his father as if he could have taken him by the shoulders and shaken him, an undutiful form of the mutual exasperation. But Sir William was beyond this. What was the good? He would save his breath, he thought, for better purposes. Why should he talk himself hoarse while Paul laughed in his sleeve, not caring a straw for his arguments, meaning perhaps to laugh with the girl the next time they met over the ease with which his father had fallen into the snare. No, the fellow was not worthy of argument; he who was capable of masking an unworthy entanglement in this way. Let his mother try her hand upon him, the father thought, indignantly. She might do something. A woman's tears and suffering are sometimes more effectual than reason. Sir William felt in his indignant disgust that to let his own beautiful and perfect wife enter the lists against this—hussy—yes, he was coarse in his vexation and distress—to let Lady Markham, the pride of the county, a woman whom it was a glory for a man to have won—to let her come down from her pedestal and humble herself to the pleadings and the tears of an anxious mother for a boy so little worthy of her as to be capable of such a connection—was a disgrace. But then he knew that was not how she would feel it. She would not think of her own dignity. And she would get it all out of him—women can; they do not disdain to return and return to the inquiry, to ask question after question; he would not be able to elude her examination. She would get it all out of him—how far it had gone, all about it. And then some strong step must be taken—something must be done—though, for the moment, he could not think what that something should be.

"I see them at last," said Alice from the window. "Oh, Paul! Papa is coming along quite quietly, not scolding him. He is looking—not so angry. It is so natural to see them

walking along—quite friendly. He is not scolding—”

“Oh, my dear! do not use such a word. Scold! we might scold Harry for climbing trees: but this is too serious, far too serious. How is my poor boy looking? Oh, I hope—I hope your papa has not been hard upon him. Men forget that they were once young and foolish too.”

“That was what I meant,” said Alice. “I wonder—they are not saying anything to each other, mamma.”

Lady Markham had come to the window and was looking out too, over her child's shoulder, while the father and the son came along the street together, silent, separated by so much that was real, and something that was mistaken. The mother and daughter looked out together with but one heart. Not a breath had ever come between these two: they knew each other absolutely as no one else knew either. How could it be possible for them to misunderstand each other, to fall apart, to experience ever whatever might happen, the chill distance and severance which was between Sir William and his son? Lady Markham leant upon her child's shoulder.

“Not a word,” she said; “not a word. Oh, my boy—my boy! Your father must have given it up; he must think there is nothing more to be said.”

“But we will never give him up!” cried the girl. “How could we give him up? That is impossible. You could as soon give up *me*!”

“Not Paul, dear—never Paul: but the attempt to turn him from his own way. If he will not listen to your papa, Alice, what attention will he pay to me and you?”

Alice had no answer to make to this question, so intent was she, watching the expression of Paul's face as he crossed the street and disappeared under the gateway. She read in it, or thought she read in it, the conclusion of a stormy argument, the opposition to all that could be said to him, the determination to have his own way

which was natural to Paul. And she too, with a sigh, recognised the futility of argument.

“He never would listen to papa,” she said. “Papa proves you so in the wrong that you can't help going on with it. But he will not be cruel to you and me. Oh, when he knows it will break our hearts!” said Alice.

And then they were silent, hearing the steps come up the staircase, turning two pairs of anxious eyes towards the door. Sir William came in first with a kind of stern introduction of the culprit.

“Here is Paul,” he said. And then without any words, with a certain half-protest against their presence there at all, Paul submitted to be kissed by his mother and sister. They stood all together in a confused group for a moment, not knowing what to do or say, for it is difficult to rush into such a subject as this which was in all their thoughts in a company of four. Lady Markham held her boy by the hand, and looked at him pathetically with an unspoken appeal which made his heart ache, but felt that she must have him to herself, must be free of all spectators, before she could say all she had to say to him. “We had better go back to the inn and get some luncheon,” said Sir William, breaking the spell with practical simplicity. He took his wife by the arm as they went down stairs. “The democracy is a pretence, and so is the fancy for a new world,” he half-whispered, hissing into her ear. “It is a woman, as I thought.”

Lady Markham started so that she almost lost her footing, and her parasol fell out of her hand.

“A woman!” she said, with a scarlet blush of trouble and shame. The first intrusion of this possibility daunts and terrifies a mother. A woman! what does that mean?—not the pure and delicate love with which all her thoughts would be in sympathy; something very different. The shock of separation between the boy, the heir of all her hopes, and a man half-known, who is no longer the child of

her bosom, was almost more than she could bear. The cry she gave echoed low but bitter through the empty passages, where many such have echoed, audible or inaudible, before.

CHAPTER XII.

"I CANNOT move him one step from his resolution," said Lady Markham, pressing her hands over her eyes. They were aching with tears, with the sleeplessness of the past night, and that burning of anxiety which is worse than either. "He does not seem to care for what I say to him. His mind is made up, he declares. God help us! William, our eldest boy! And he used to be so good, so affectionate; but now he will not listen to a word I say."

They were in a room in the hotel, one of those bare and loveless rooms, denuded of everything that is warm or homelike, in which so often the bitterest scenes of the tragedy of our life take place. Lady Markham sat by the bare table; Sir William paced up and down between that and the door. Outside was all the commotion of one of those big caravanserais which have become so common in England, echoes of noisy parties below, and a constant passage up and down of many feet. Trouble itself is made harder vulgarised by such contact. They were far too much absorbed to think of this, yet it made them a little more miserable unawares.

"Does he mean to marry her?" Sir William said.

"Oh!" cried Lady Markham, with a start as if she had received a blow; "I cannot think it is that. He will not allow it is that. It is, what he has always said, those new principles, those revolutionary ideas. I do not know what those men are worthy of who fill a boy's head with ridiculous theories, who teach him to despise his home."

"There are few who are much harmed by that. Isabel, you must not be squeamish. You must forget

you are a delicate lady, and speak plainly. I know what a young man is at Paul's age; they can hold the wildest theories without feeling any necessity to act upon them. It is a privilege of youth; but against that other kind of influence, they are helpless. And a woman like you does not understand the arts and the wiles of these others. And he does not know how important it is," said Sir William, with a piteous tone in his voice; "he does not know——"

"He knows very well what he is to me and to you," Lady Markham said. In this particular she spoke with perfect calm, not fearing anything. "How should he not know? I have not hidden it from him that a great part of the happiness of my life hangs upon his. It seems ungrateful when one has so many blessings; but oh! if *one* is in trouble, how can you be comforted though all the others are well? All your heart goes to the one. It is not that you love the others less, but *him* more—*him* more."

Sir William listened to this outburst without a word. They were bearing one burden between them, and yet each had a separate burden to bear. His heart would not be racked like hers by the desertion of the boy. He would not concentrate his whole soul on Paul because Paul was in trouble. But on the other hand, she was altogether unaware of what was in his thoughts, the doubtful position in which perhaps Paul might one day find himself; the need there was that his future should be within his own power to shape and form. Also Sir William was aware of the disappointment and misery awaiting those who compromise their whole lives in one fit of foolish passion, and secure their own misery by a hasty marriage. These were the things he was thinking of. He saw his son waking up to the realities of a life very different from anything he had dreamed—and encumbered, he so fastidious, so fantastical, with an uneducated woman and all the miseries

of premature fatherhood. He groaned as this picture arose in his mind.

"Trouble," he said. "Yes, I suppose if a young man allows himself to get entangled, there is trouble involved in the breaking of the tie; but not half so much trouble as will come after, when his life is dragged down by association with a woman like that,—when he has a wretched home, a sordid life, a hundred miserable necessities to provide for,—you don't know what it is, you can't know what it is——"

He broke off abruptly. Would she perhaps suspect him—*him*, her husband—of having learned by experience what these horrors were?

But no such notion entered Lady Markham's mind. "No," she said; "I think you are wrong, William. I think it is not *that* that is in my boy's mind. Oh, if one could know—if one could feel sure, that his heart was open as it used to be!"

Here she paused; and there was silence between the two, Sir William walking slowly up and down, with his head forward, and she sitting wistful gazing into the dark air, her eyes enlarged with anxiety and pain. They were such prosperous, happy people—so well off, so full of everything that can make life smooth and sweet, that the silence of their trouble was all the more impressive—so many things that harm poorer people would have passed innocently over them. They had such a stock (people might have said) of comfort and happiness to fall back upon. Nevertheless, this blow was so skilfully dealt, that it found out the weak places in their armour at once. To Sir William, indeed, it came as a sort of retribution; but what had his wife done to have her gladness thus stolen away from her? Fortunately those who suffer thus innocently are not those who ask such questions. She shed her tears silently, with many prayers for him who was the cause; but she did not complain of the pain which was laid upon her for no fault of hers. They had talked it all over

in every possible aspect, and now they were silent, saying nothing. What was there to say? They could do nothing, however they might toil or struggle. It was not in their power to change the circumstances. Even Sir William, though he was a man of much influence, a great personage, of importance in Europe—capable, perhaps, of stopping revolutions, of transforming the face of a country, and modifying the fortunes of a race by the advice he might give—was powerless before his boy. He could not turn Paul from the way he had chosen, nor persuade him to think differently. He might be able to destroy old corporations, to raise up new cities, to disestablish a church, or disturb an empire; but he could not make a change in the fancies of his son—whether it was in his opinions, or in his inclinations; that was altogether beyond his power. He sighed heavily as he went and came from the dull green-painted wall, to the dull table covered with a green cloth. The Queen might listen to him, and the country; but Paul would not listen. What wonder that his wife covering her hot eyes with her hand, and knowing that Paul's contumacy would steal all the pleasure out of her life, should feel herself powerless too?

There was one thing however that threw a little light on Lady Markham's thoughts—one person to whom she could still appeal. She did not speak of this to her husband, who might, she felt, oppose her purpose. But she told Alice, with whom her consultations were still more confidential and detailed.

"He was made welcome in our house," she said; "he was received as well as if he had been—any one else; and he is not a man without sense or feeling. If it is put before him, as it ought, he will understand. I will go and speak to Mr. Spears——"

"About—his daughter?" Alice faltered.

Lady Markham did not make any reply. She would not say anything

about the chief object of her mission. What she wanted above all things was to test the truthfulness of her son's assertion that this daughter was nothing to him. Sir William put no faith in these assertions; but Paul's mother believed in him with trembling, even while she feared, and longed for some indirect testimony which would convince her husband. She thought over it all night, while she lay awake listening to the clocks answering each other with hour after hour.

Paul had not responded to his mother's inquiries, as they had all hoped. He had resisted her questions proudly, and he had not attempted to explain.

"You have made up your mind, you and my father, that I have not spoken the truth," he said. "Why should I repeat what you will not believe? I have nothing to say but what I have said."

"Oh, Paul, look in my face, and tell me—tell me!" she said. "I will not doubt you." But he was obdurate.

"I have told you," he said, "and you have doubted."

There was something even in this pride and indignant resistance of her entreaties which moved his mother to believe in him; but Sir William was of a different opinion. Her heart was torn asunder with doubt and fear; and here was the one way in which she could know. Her husband might think of Spears as a dangerous demagogue, but to her he was a man whose face had brightened at the sight of her children, a man to whom she had given her own ready sympathy—a human creature, whom she knew. Had she not a right to go to him, to appeal to him to relinquish his hold on her boy? Whether it was by his arguments, or by something less abstract, he had, it seemed, power which was almost absolute over her boy. Lady Markham did not mean to say anything to him about his daughter, to ask of him whether it was love for her which was leading Paul away; but could any one doubt that she would discover the truth

if she could see him, and speak to him without any one to interfere between them? She could not endure the doubts of Paul which rose in her own mind, nor to be obliged to listen to his father's doubts of him, and say no word in his defence.

Notwithstanding her sleepless night, she got up very early in the morning, full of this idea, and stole out of the inn unperceived. It was not till the morning air blowing in her face, and the looks of the passers-by, which, like any one unaccustomed to go about alone, she thought specially directed to her, had fully roused her out of the mist of thought in which she was enveloped, that she remembered that she did not know where Spears was to be found. What was she to do? She went along vaguely, unwilling to return, past Paul's college, with all its vacant windows twinkling in the sun, by the way which her husband had taken when he went to seek Paul the day before. Her heart gave a little leap as she passed the gate to see some one come out whose face seemed familiar to her. Was it Paul so early? Had he changed his habits like everything else? But yet she saw very well it was not Paul; it was his friend who had guided Sir William in search of him on the previous day.

Young Fairfax took off his hat respectfully, and would have passed, but she stopped and beckoned to him to come to her. Here, too, Providence had thrown in her way a witness who might corroborate Paul. She was out of breath with agitation when he came across the street.

"Can I—be of any use, Lady Markham?" the young man said.

"If it will not detain you—if it is not out of your way," she said, with anxious politeness, "would you show me where Mr. Spears lives—Mr. Spears—I think my husband said you knew him—the—the public speaker—the—very great Radical—he whom my son knows?"

Fairfax was puzzled for the moment by this respectful description.

"Oh, Spears!" he cried at last, suddenly waking to intelligence; he had not heard him called Mr. Spears before. A laugh woke about the corners of his mouth. He was apt to laugh at most things, and it amused him to hear the softening politeness with which the great lady spoke of the demagogue. But the next moment the wistful anxiety in Lady Markham's eyes made him ashamed of his smile.

"I will show you the place if you will let me go with you," he said.

It seemed some strange negligence on the part of the race generally that such a woman should be unattended wherever she might choose to go. He was a democrat too, mildly, with less devotion to Spears than Paul, yet with some interest in his teaching; but Paul's mother roused within him a natural loyalty and respect which was not in accordance with these principles—loyalty in which a subtle unexpressed regard for her rank mingled with reverence for herself. It was not as a mere woman and his friend's mother, but also as a lady—the kind that queens are made of—that she affected his mind. The idea of her required an attendant, a servant, a retainer. He put himself into the vacant place hastily, to repair the neglect of the world.

Lady Markham took an unfair advantage of this devotion. She plied him with questions—subtle and skilful—not always about Paul, but coming back to Paul with many a wily twist and turn. She threw herself with the warmest pretence of interest into his own career—what he was doing, how his studies were being directed, what his future was to be? Was it a pretence? No, it was not altogether a pretence. She could not but be polite, and true politeness cannot but be interested. She was pleased that he should tell her about himself, and a kind of shadow of an anxiety that he too should do well came into her mind—a shadow faint and vague of her great anxiety and longing that Paul should do well, better than any one had ever

done before. And like a lark descending in circles of cautious approach to her home, she came back to Paul when her young companion was off his guard, when she had beguiled him to babble of himself.

"Ah!" she said, "I fear you are both idle, both Paul and you," when Fairfax had been making confession of sundry shortcomings.

"No, Markham is not like me," he said. "Markham puts more of himself into everything; he does not take things lightly as I do. He is a more serious fellow altogether. That makes me rather fear Spears's influence over him, if you will let me say so."

"Indeed I will let you say so," Paul's mother replied. "That is just what makes me unhappy. He is a great deal with Mr. Spears?"

"One time and another—yes, they have seen a great deal of each other," Fairfax said. "Perhaps you don't know, Spears is the most entertaining fellow. He has his own opinion about everything. I think myself he is wrong just as often as he is right; but he has his own way of looking at things. I don't go with him in half he says, but I like to hear him talk—"

"And his house is a pleasant place to go to?" said the anxious mother. "Excuse me if I don't quite know. He is not in any kind of society, but he has a family? It is a pleasant house?"

Fairfax stared, and then he laughed.

"It is not a house at all, in the way you think of," he said. "I don't suppose you can form any idea—we go and talk to him in his workshop. There is no sort of ceremony. He will hold forth for the hour when he is in the vein, and he is very entertaining—but as for what you understand by a pleasant house—"

Lady Markham's heart grew lighter every moment.

"But he has a family?" she said.

"Oh, yes—there are girls, I believe," said Fairfax. Was he on his

guard? She almost feared the directness of this question had put him on his guard. "One sees them sometimes running out and in, but that has nothing to do with it," he added, carelessly. "In his class it is not at all the same as in other ranks of life."

Here there was a pause. Not an inference was there in all this of any other influence than that of the political visionary—the influence which Paul acknowledged. Lady Markham's heart had given a leap of pleasure. Oh, if Sir William had but heard this careless, impartial witness, every word of whose evidence supported that of Paul! But then a chill breath of suspicion came over her. What if he were less unconscious than she thought, skilfully arranging his replies so as to back up Paul's assertions? This discouraged and silenced her, in spite of

herself. How easy it is to learn the miserable alphabet of suspicion! She went along with him doubtfully, sick at heart, asking no more questions, not knowing whether there was anything in the whole matter to which she could trust.

"There is Spears's shop. You will find him at work already; he is always early. May I come back again for you, Lady Markham, in case you should miss the way to the hotel?"

"You are very kind," she said; but the sight of the place where Paul had spent so much of his time, raised again a sick flutter in her bosom. She waved her hand to him without any further reply, with a smile which went to his heart; and then crossed over, dismissing him thus, and went direct to the fountain head of information—to Spears's open door.

To be continued.

BISCLAVERET: A BRETON ROMANCE.

WE all have had our childish shudderings over stories of the "Gar-Gare, or Were-wolf;" that grim ghost of bosky fastnesses of Norway, of Hungary, the Black Forest, and even of the plains of France; that uncanny "thing"—for neither man nor beast was he—that spent half his time as an honest gentleman should, the other half roaming the high woods, and anon assisting, so the common people believed, in a meeting of chosen demons.

During Sir Walter Scott's time the belief in the existence of the "Gar-wolf" or "Bisclaveret," still remained in Brittany; and a contemporary of Sir Walter writes:—"The Bretons still suppose that certain men deck themselves in the skins of wolves, sometimes even assuming their very forms, to frequent nightly gatherings over which 'Old Nick' himself presides."¹

One can well imagine how numberless were the tales of Bisclaveret in the days of chivalry, when the red-deer wandered free over the breadth of Normandy, the boar made his lair in the woods of Versailles, and wolves bayed the moon at the gates of the scattered castles of petty kings in Ancient Armorica.

But it is scarcely so easy to imagine them not a century ago, when the wild woods of France were no more, when ploughland and vineyard had taken the place of oak and chestnut groves, and when the very occasion of a wolf coming down into the Dordogne would muster out more men from a single village than could a whole kingdom of chivalric time.

At the present time the superstition has died out. Nevertheless, one "Bisclaveret" story still hovers round the winter fire-sides of Brittany—by which *vieux bonpapa* in his great armchair—the centre of a semi-circle of well-filled stools and wooden settles—doles out, amid the puffs of his brier pipe, the following:—

"You well know, my children, the high road leading from Poitivy to Guingamp; how, after leaving the village of Corlay, it winds up the Côtes-du-Nord through wooded glens and steep defiles to the head waters of the river Vilaine.

"At about two miles from the summit there are the ruins of a little *chaumière*, long since deserted, but in my young days inhabited by one 'Yvon Cardoc.'

"Very little was known of his history; he had come, he said, from Finisterre, and was a carpenter and blacksmith by trade. But as he was a *bon garçon*, paid ready money, did not get more than ordinarily drunk, and above all was loyal, nobody cared what he might have been before; and every one liked him for what he was.

"At all the merry-makings was Yvon, ringleader in the frolic and fun; and each girl in the countryside vied with the other for a loving glance from his brown eyes.

"And well they might. His tall, athletic frame was set off by dainty clothes, and dark locks rolled over his shoulders, as long and fine as Jeanette's here.

"When I was about twelve years old it was rumoured round that he was going to be married to one of the prettiest

¹ See foot-note, p. 48, of *Ellis's Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances*, Bohn's Series, from which romance this is adapted.

girls of the Haute-Bretagne ; and she looked it too, shortly after, standing before the Curé of Corlay, in her pointed white linen cap, gay kerchief, dark blue woollen gown, short enough to show pretty feet and ankles incased in crimson stockings and silver-buckled shoes, with bright bows of ribbon on their instep, a silver heart and crucifix (her lover's present) on her bosom, resting on a snowy, frilled bib and apron ; and I thought as Yvon took her hand to lead her out of church, that a better matched pair could not be found in Brittany.

"Up to the little *chaumière* they took their way, followed by a joyous throng.

"The pigs and chickens had been banished into the woods for the night, the mud floor swept and sprinkled ; candles stood round the room in niches or on pine brackets, reflecting brightly off the old carved oak bedstead ; the big chest had been shoved into a corner to give free warren for the dancers ; while overhead dangled the bread-basket, bursting its sides with new barley cakes, in company with such a goodly array of sausages, onions, and hams, as made the hungry wish for supper time.

"The evening passed off gaily, and not a cloud was to be seen in the new married couple's horizon, till a game of chance was proposed. 'Try your 'luck' in the fountain,'¹ said one ; and in an evil moment Yvon and Annette consented.

"With solemn air Annette's *bonpapa* hands to each a piece of bread and butter ; and amid a laughing crowd they sally out under the moonlight to a spring bubbling and gurgling from a network of old oak roots.

"The pieces are thrown in. There is a moment of breathless excitement. 'They swim !' 'They don't !' 'They stick !' 'No ! Yes ! No ! Annette sinks ! and the buttered side downward, by St. Yves !' Why this should have cast a sudden chill

¹ This game is at present played only on New Year's-day, I believe.

over the party, I know not. A dozen times before on New Year's Days had each and every one of them tried their luck in the same way ; laughing as they saw the fatal bread and butter foretell their prosperity, sickness, and death.

"But now somehow it seemed different. The whilom jest had become a solemn reality. Perhaps the tone in which *bonpapa* had said, 'God preserve thee from ill, my Annette !'—perhaps the sombre shadow of the oak, through whose heavy foliage tiny rifts of silver flickered on and around the pool, had something to do with it. Be that as it may, the party returned to the *chaumière* in silence, which the scattering '*Pauv, peti, Annette's*' from the more superstitious did not help to brighten.

"Yes, the revel was at an end : the bread and butter had foretold death for Annette within a year, and *bonpapa* looked sadly disturbed when he heard the ominous result.

"So the sobered revellers made their *adieux* hastily—starting at the footfall of the roe which crossed their homeward path, and shuddering at the whisper of the aspens in the valley.

"However, in spite of the bad omen, the honeymoon seemed to pass off as happily as could be ; and the anniversary of their marriage day had nearly come round ere any one knew that aught was wrong in the *Chaumière D'Yvon*.

"When they had been married about ten months, *bonpapa* was one morning sitting at the door of his *ferme*, unbending from the rheumatic cramps of winter in the warm May sun ; now watching in the yard around him the grim gambols of a litter of white pigs—gaunt even in their youth ; now giving an approving look at the sturdy colt that hinnied and snickered round its mother in the pasture, and made sudden and futile attacks on two meek-eyed cows, blotched black and white, as had been their ancestors.

"Puffing contentedly at his pipe sat *bonpapa*, drinking in the sweet scent

of the stocks and wallflowers on the gable.

"He was at peace with the world and himself; his farming had been prosperous these twenty years; the old stocking in the oak chest had been exchanged a few days before for a newer and larger one.

"Yvon seemed well off: Annette was happy, and what more could an old man want? But after all, was Annette happy? Of late dark circles had grown under her eyes; at times she seemed distraught; at times very affectionate; then again cold and listless. What could it be?

"Ah! here she comes! Not tripping down the path as was her wont though, but hurrying onward with her head bent, one hand clutching her cloak round her, the other clenched tight at her side. What could be the matter?

"*'Bon jour, Bonpapa!'* *'Bon jour, ma mie!'* 'Is any one at home besides you, *bonpapa?*' asked she, looking anxiously round.

"*'Nobody! Jacob and Pierrot are in the fields; Maman has gone to market! What is it, child?'*

"For a moment or two she hesitated; then throwing herself at his knees, she blurted out fiercely, 'He is a Bisclaveret! He told me so himself once, and I did not believe him; but last night I found it out for certain!'

"*'A Bisclaveret! who, child, who?'* exclaimed the astonished old man.

"*'Who? why he!—he, of course!—Yvon!'*

"Although *bonpapa* was of a generally placid disposition and somewhat rheumatic, the suddenness of this announcement was too much for him, and he bounced out of his arm-chair like a jack-in-the-box, nearly upsetting himself in breaking loose from Annette.

"Had he been a German, he would probably have sat still, and said, *'Zoooooooooooo! Zoooooooooooo!'* and given vent to his phlegmatic feelings after a long brown study over his

china pipe. But *bonpapa*, my children, was a Breton and a Frenchman, and dashing his favourite *brière* pipe on the ground, he danced round the kneeling Annette, alternately swearing and crossing himself.

"At last broken sentences began to form themselves out of the torrent of expletives. *'A Bisclaveret! married to my granddaughter! Ah, cochon!—and no one to know it! The omen of the marriage day! Bad luck attend him!'* etc., etc. However, this strain could not be kept up long, and sinking into a chair and picking up his pipe he puffed furiously at it—seemingly unaware that the bowl had been broken off by the fall.

"As soon as his excitement waned a little, curiosity took its place; and he conjured Annette, by her Patroness St. Anne, to tell him all about it; till the poor girl, creeping closer to him, began in a low, frightened voice:—

"You remember, *Bonpapa*, the omen of our marriage day foretold my death; and I went sadly to bed on my marriage night. The next day, when I went to the spring, the bread was there still, with little fishes tugging at it. Do what I would, I could not shake off the fear of that omen.

"Yvon was kind and good to me, and I loved him: but yet he seemed in some way connected with my fate. Another thing troubled me; he would never tell me anything of his past life, except that he had come from Finisterre.

"One night about a month after our marriage, I was surprised, on waking up at midnight, not to find Yvon at my side. Some nights after that he was gone again; and a few nights after that: and one morning on asking him where he went at night, he coloured up so, and made such a clumsy excuse, that I decided to lie awake and find out how long and how often he was absent.

"At last I found out that every other night he went about ten o'clock, and returned just before day.

"Knowing, as the whole country side does, of his many amours before marriage, I naturally concluded that he went out to see some old love, and the idea so maddened me—for I loved him dearly—that I taxed him with unfaithfulness, and said I knew he had some mistress whom he visited regularly.

"Whereon he laughed, and answered, that I was the first mistress he had ever had, and that I would be the only one. 'But,' added he, 'if you really want to know my secret, I am a Bislaveret, and every other night I am condemned to spend in the wild woods.'

"Of course I then thought this nothing but an excuse, and things went on as usual, except that once a fortnight he would take the donkey and be gone two days, always coming back with plenty of money—so much, that I think we must have saved up a hundred louis.

"You well know, *bonpapa*, that, at this time of the year, when they have cubs, the wolves howl more than at any other time. Well, about a fortnight ago, there was a regular chorus of them to the northward of the *charmière*, and Yvon two or three times in the evening got up after listening anxiously, went to the door, and came back with a disturbed look on his face.

"It seemed to me so odd that Yvon, a mountaineer, who had been out at night three times a week for the last year, should be afraid of a wolf howl, that I determined to find out the reason.

"About half an hour after we had gone to bed, he leant over me to see if I was asleep, and when, as he thought, he had assured himself of it, he got up, put on his clothes, and slipped out. The moon was young; but when I got to the door, I could see him strike into the woods opposite, heading directly for the wolf howls.

"This brought to my mind his saying that he was a Bislaveret; and when the same thing happened the second

night, and on the second from that again, I determined to follow him and find out the worst.

"I did so last Monday up into the pine woods, along a beaten trail starting from close to the corner of the pasture, but which I had never noticed before. Just as we had got close to the wolf howls, by a great pine tree and a ledge of rocks, I lost all trace of him, and, fearing the wolves, I hurried back again. Wednesday night I followed him only to lose him at the same spot; but last night, by keeping closer to him, I knew to my horror that he had spoken the truth, for on arriving at the ledge of rocks, he stopped, lifted a large flat stone, and took something from it under it, which, *par Notre Dame d'Auray*, were wolf-skin clothes. He put his own clothes in their place, and arrayed in the skins, started towards the wolves, to a broken part of the ledge of rocks overgrown with bushes.

"As soon as I could muster up courage, I hurried after him.

"When I got through the thicket, he had disappeared, and the wolves seemed to be galloping away through the forest; but as I scrambled up over the ledge, I was confronted by a wolf so enormous that I can only believe it to have been Yvon metamorphosed.

"I had just presence of mind to strike him on the head with a short ox goad I brought with me, and then run down the rocks again, falling near the bottom and nearly stunning myself. But I sprang up and fled home, fearing every moment he would follow and pull me down.

"I meant to come on here, but I was in such terror of his catching me as I ran, that as the *charmière* seemed to afford me some protection, I rushed in, barred the door, and waited my fate.

"About his usual time he came to the door and tried it,—I was in a cold perspiration. At last he knocked. I could not answer, I was tongue-tied with fear. He soon began to swear at me, saying that he knew I was in there, and that I had shut the door to

spite him; and after a long time, after making him swear by the Virgin he would not harm me, I let him in.

"I was nearly frightened to death when he came in, for no sooner was he inside, than taking me by the shoulders, and gnashing his teeth at me like a wolf that he is, he told me that if ever I played him such a trick again he would kill me.

"This morning, as soon as I could, I ran down here. But, ah, my God, *bonpapa*, do not let me go back to the wolf! He will kill me some day, I know he will; and the prophecy of the fountain will come true!"

"So little was known of Yvon's antecedents, he had always been so mysterious about them, that putting this and sundry other little things together, coupled with Annette's story, *bonpapa* could only arrive at the unpleasant conclusion that he had married his granddaughter to a Bisclaveret, and that it might be as well for all concerned to put such a grandson out of the way quietly, before some horrible catastrophe happened. Many were the plans he formed for doing so: but they were all marred by Annette, who would neither consent to be the means of Yvon's death, or to go back to the *chaumière*; and the morning had nearly slipped away ere *bonpapa* had half-coaxed, half-bullied her into helping him to follow out the one least objectionable to her.

"It was more than probable that Yvon, being out of temper with his wife, would go out again that very night; and as it would be easy to follow him in the moonlight, the old man proposed to dog him to his wolf conference himself, and if he found it to be a fact, to take steps with the Curé of Corlay for his regeneration or extirpation. To this Annette at first would not agree, as she would not consent to *bonpapa's* risking his life alone with the Bisclaveret. *Bonpapa* to this urged strongly that he must go alone to save the scandal to the family, and

would not take her for fear something might happen to her. But at last it was decided that both should go; so towards evening Annette went back to the *chaumière* as if nothing had happened; and by dark *bonpapa* was ensconced in the edge of the woods, with the proverbial silver bullet in his gun in case the Bisclaveret should discover him and show his wolf nature.

"Yvon's morning fit of anger had passed off; and though moody at times, was kind and loving; so much so that Annette began to repent of the night's adventure before her. She could not help loving him still in spite of all; but as evening grew on, fear came over her that he might any night return in his wolf's form, that his savage nature might be aroused, and that the prophecy of the fountain might come true; besides the scandal to the family if it were known that she had been married to neither man, beast, nor demon! Pah! she crossed herself at the fearful thought! The Curé would find some way of regenerating him, and he would not have to be killed; so that by the time Yvon slipped away from the house, she was again nerved to follow out the quest; and giving him a few minutes' law, she hurried out across the pasture, mottled with wide-eyed buttercups, and over the low rail and bank beyond, under whose shadow *bonpapa* awaited her, gun in hand.

"Bursting through a grove of birch and willow, they find the trail, and in a moment more Annette's keen eye recognises Yvon's figure ahead of them, now half lost in a dense thicket, now standing out gray in a moon-lit glade against a bank of wood.

"Now they scramble down over moss-clad rocks into a dark glen, where hazel branches arch over their heads, the brook tinkling and simpering down through damp shaughs and coppices of alder, fringed and tufted round the roots with rank burch grass.

"Up into the moonlight again, along

a hillside, in an air heavy with the scent of primroses and hyacinths.

"On either side the oak stems loom up gaunt and white, save where knotted veins of ivy creep up and round them, sucking their life blood. Anon they drop into a low vale where the spongy moss squeezes out its water from under their tread, and sighs as it takes its shape ; once more, at the delicate yellow asphodel, too crushed and bruised to rise again.

"A rabbit scuttles across their path, one ear slouched towards them, the other cocked at the great horned owl sweeping through the treetops.

"Cowering in the grass and ferns they watch Yvon's tall figure top the earth bank, where he stands for a moment looking back over the trail, and, as Annette avers to *bonpapa*, straight into their hiding-place.

"But a moment, and they hurry on again, as the chase is lost in the labyrinth of seedling pines which usher in the forest, and whose sturdy branches swish their faces and limbs, as they wind through them.

"But taller and taller grow the pines, freer and freer of lower branches, and at last, after a plunge into a dell of bracken higher than their heads, they emerge into the wild woods, and a sharp yap, yap, with an answering howl, sails down the wind, sighing through the pine branches over head, to greet them on their way.

"Ghost-like glide the three figures through the dark stems, among which grey boulders crop out mushroom-like through the warm carpet of fir-needles. Warily tread the hunters in the scanty cover, twice nearly discovered by Yvon who had stopped to breathe a moment in the ascent ; for excitement had so kept up Annette and the old man that neither felt fatigue ; and as the hunted presses on again, they slip from behind their sheltering trees, and creep after him like a pair of panthers, while louder and clearer down the breeze sweep the wolf howls.

"On the crest of a long chine, over-

looking a gully, Annette clutches the old man's arm, and drags him behind a tree.

"There ! there it is ! across in the moonlight. There is the stone ! Let us wait here."

"Slowly Yvon climbs the further slope, and appears in a little cove bathed in moonlight against a ledge of rocks, there rising abruptly some thirty feet, but which a few yards on was a broken slope overgrown with shrubs and bushes.

"Breathless they watch him don the fatal skins and glide into the thicket towards the wolves, now quite close.

"Stay you here, Annette," whispered the old man, "I will now go on alone. If I don't come back in half an hour, go home and alarm the country side ; if you see the wolves, climb yon tree and call for help."

"Oh, do nothing rash, *bonpapa*, for the love of Notre Dame D'Auray ! Do nothing that may bring death on either of you, for my sake."

"A wave of the hand, and anon he too crept out into the moonlight under the rocks, and was lost to sight in the thicket. The wolves, after a sudden burst, had stopped howling ; and as Annette heard *bonpapa's* footsteps die away in the silence of the night, a vague dread seized her that she should never see him again, and she counted the moments to his return.

"Then as she strained eyes and ears towards the thicket, she thought of his errand ; of whom he was tracking ; and all her year of married life passed by her like a dream.

"If *bonpapa* was successful, if he satisfied himself that Yvon was a Bisclaveret ; what then ? What would he and the Curé decide to do with him. He had been a good husband, and in spite of her knowledge of his double being, she loved him ; it seemed now more than ever, at the chance of his being condemned to death through her means.

"Better have faced it out than to have told *bonpapa* !

"*Bonpapa* ! How long *bonpapa* had

been absent—he should be back by this time. The half hour must be up. The Bisclaveret might have seen them tracking him, turned on the old man now he was alone, and killed him. That were if possible worse than the other. And in her double agony of doubts and fears, she knelt and sobbed aloud to the Virgin.

“What is that velvet footfall on the fir-needles? That short sigh behind her?”

“Oh God! the great wolf again at her elbow!”

“Yvon! Bisclaveret! have mercy!”

“For a moment the two, wolf and girl, glared at each other; and then, clashing the broad white-fanged jaws like a steel trap, he lunged at her.

“With all her force she drove the ox-goad home. But not this time! and, ere she had lifted it for a second blow, he was upon her, the white fangs buried in her white neck, and the cruel claws tearing her shoulders and bosom.

“One long despairing death-scream broke the stillness of the forest, cutting through the pine stems, buffeted against the rocky ledge, tossed from side to side of the glen down into the woods below, and then nothing but the muffled worrying of the wolf, and the throbs of the girl’s death struggle.

“The scream reached the ears of *bonpapa* who, having suddenly lost all trace of Yvon, was slowly returning. It could only mean one thing, that Annette had been attacked by wolves or the Bisclaveret, and he hurried back to where he had left her.

“As the wolf raised its head to look at the new comer, the same idea that had occurred to Annette, flashed across *bonpapa*—that Yvon had discovered them following him, that not content with his skins, he had taken a wolf’s form, and having given him the slip, had gone back to kill his wife; and the horror of the scene so unnerved the old man, that he scarcely could hold his gun steady; but the Bisclaveret stood still frothing his bloody jaws over his victim; and at last the

silver bullet sped. With a howl the wolf sprang into the air, struggled a moment on the ground, and then shambled slowly off.

“Ah, what a sad ending to their expedition! What a poor revenge on the Bisclaveret! He *must* die—the silver bullet must do its work; but how dearly had that revenge been bought! And bitter tears dimmed the old man’s eyes as he lifted into his lap that little head hacked and gashed by those cutting teeth. Who was to blame for it but himself? He should have followed the Bisclaveret alone! There was no question about Yvon’s identity now. He had suddenly disappeared only a few paces before him among the wolves, almost at the top of the ledge. The thicket, the plateau, had been searched, but he was not to be seen. Too suddenly and mysteriously had he disappeared for man. Bisclaveret he must be! Devil he was, to come back and kill his poor defenceless wife! But it was the prophecy; the omen of the fountain had come true!

“He wiped away the blood from the face as well as he could, and after one long kiss, sat dreaming and stupefied.

“The wild ‘hoot! hoot!’ of a screech-owl aroused him; but now that the excitement had worn off, how weak and helpless he felt. On rising, his limbs were so numbed and trembling, that after carrying the body a few paces, he was obliged to rest.

“It would be impossible for him to get it home alone, so he stuck a branch with a handkerchief on it over the body to keep away the wolves, and started sadly home to rouse the country side.

“How dreary was the downward path through the tall pine stems: how ghostly the ‘hush! hush!’ of their branches. But even that was company in the great silence of the forest, where a pine seed quivering, spinning down, clicked as it touched a fallen limb. How heavy and choking the scent of the hyacinths below.

“Air! air! To be again among his

fellow-men, out of that dell where the mists rose heavy and dank, and the leaves sprinkled a clammy rain on him; and as the sleeping vale below burst on his sight, and the dim outlines of the fields mapped out on its broad moonlit bosom; as he peered down at the *ferme*, nestling in its sheltering aspens, he breathed a prayer that revenge might bring at least a poor relief to his troubled thoughts.

"It was barely dawn when some twenty armed peasants filed out of the farm-yard, the old man himself on a pony, vowing to find the Bisclaveret dead or alive, and if the latter to take a fearful vengeance.

"As to have gone by Yvon's *chaumière* would have been longer, they went straight up through the woods to the spot.

"Little tits and golden-crested wrens were twittering through the pine branches when they reached it. A woodpecker was tapping on the tree over it, and flopped away through the woods, echoing his harsh laugh; but the body and the handkerchief were gone! Where?

"Look for the clothes under the stone,' proposed one. 'If he is dead his own clothes will be there, if he is alive, the skins!'

"The stone was lifted and there lay the Bisclaveret's nightly garb, a rude blouse and trowsers of wolf skin, with thongs round the waist. Off both of them the hair was frayed in great patches, and they were bedraggled with mud.

"By St. Yves, his namesake, he does the saint honour, wearing the devil's livery so freely!' said a peasant. 'Twere well to take these and confront him with them, as he is alive! Even if he does deny killing Annette, he cannot deny that in these he has joined in the wolf dance. Ten to one he has buried the body in the woods, and gone down to the *chaumière* to brazen it out. If he has, we can avenge Annette first, and hunt for her body afterwards.'

"The advice seemed good, and in the

first piece of soft ground, along the trail, they found Yvon's tracks going down the mountain.

"At the corner of the pasture, *bonpapa* called a halt. Should they take him alive if they could and make him confess, or kill him outright?

"Kill him! kill him! kill the Bisclaveret!' was the answer. 'Why should he be allowed to live longer? What was he but a murdering demon in whose company no one was safe? If he would kill Annette, he would kill any one! This taste for blood might bring out his wolf nature, and our homes and little ones are not safe! Call him out; shoot him down! and if he will not come out, fire the roof. *En avant! en avant!*'

"And soon a ring of fierce faces close in on the little *chaumière*, from whose chimney a thin film of white smoke simpers up through the morning air.

"Yvon! Bisclaveret! come out and show yourself! Ha, ha! we have you now, in spite of your sharp teeth! Ho! murderer! wolf mate! show yourself!

"Slowly the door opens, and Yvon, pale and hollow-eyed, shows himself; only to stagger back into the house, slamming the door convulsively as the charges of a dozen guns rattle round him.

"Fire! fire! Burn him out! Set fire to the thatch! smoke the wolf out!' rang out again the revengeful voices, and ere it was well said, tinder was put to the roof in two or three places. A pause. A bright streak of flame runs up a long straw, and the roof is in a blaze.

"Aha! Bisclaveret, you are trapped now! The devil will have his own sooner than he expected! Show yourself, murderer! Show your teeth for the last time, and die like a brave wolf!

"But not an answering sound, till a sullen rush of smoke hurtles up as the roof crashes in, echoed by a cry of rage and pain which silenced even the crackling straw and rafters.

"In a moment more the door was burst outwards, and from under the debris into their midst struggled Yvon, shambling and tottering, grimed with smoke, and dripping blood from a dozen wounds; but in his arms was clutched something, of which, in the fury of revenge, they had forgotten the existence—the body of the unfortunate Annette—in a dress once white, but now mottled with the fresh blood of Yvon's wounds, and smirched with cinders.

"The sight was so unexpected that all shrank back as he staggered across the road, and fell beside the spring.

"Still further they shrank back as, glaring round on them, he panted out with the energy of death—

"Devils! what do you mean? What have I done to deserve such a death?"

"'Done?' exclaimed *bonpapa*, his anger rising as Yvon spoke; 'have you not done enough? Did not Annette and I track you last night to your wolf den? and did not you murder the innocent thing while I was in search of you? Did not my silver bullet bite into your wolf flesh? And

do you ask what you have done, fiend that you are! But 'tis no use, you have not long to live, so make your peace with God, or the devil your master, whichever it be.'

"'Stay,' said Yvon, 'I came out of my mine this morning (there's no use concealing it longer, as I'm dying) to find Annette cut to pieces by wolves, I suppose, though some one must have been there since, as the body had been moved. Water! quick! I'm dying! I am a miner. A year ago, in hunting, I killed two wolves in a cave in which I found traces of lead. I opened the mine, used their skins to work in, so as not to soil my clothes and betray myself, sold my lead in Guingamp, and to put Annette off the scent, I told her I was Bisclaveret. And the omen of the fountain has come true, doubly true—Annette! Annette!'

"Slowly the last words bubbled up through the frothy lips, and dropping over her body there passed away from earth the soul of Yvon Cardoc the last Bisclaveret of Brittany!"

MAURICE KINGSLEY.

LIFE AT HIGH PRESSURE.

How comes it that so many great men, men that have been great benefactors of their kind and have left great works behind them, have had to live under pressure, with strained energies, and the sense of having too much to do? It seems as if men could hardly become great under the conditions of a calm, leisurely life. A man cannot run at his fastest, or swim his furthest, in ordinary circumstances; he must be running in an exciting race, or swimming for dear life, to do his best. It rarely appears what a man is capable of till he is put to his mettle. Necessity is a wonderful educator, a wonderful enlarger and quickener of men's faculties. We lately read an account of a printing machine which from eight cylinders can print and fold about a hundred thousand newspapers in an hour. What but the pressure of necessity could ever have made machinery accomplish such wonders? It needs something of the same sort to take the most out of human faculties. Under the pressure, the faculties become enlarged and quickened, and are thus capable of producing results that calm leisure never attains.

Still it is true that overwork is an evil. It is more—it is often a murderer. Sir Walter Scott, Sir James Simpson, Dr. Norman Macleod, and many others certainly did not live to the end of their days, and it was overwork that robbed them of the residue. No doubt, as is often said, it is not work but worry that does the mischief. But worry is the daughter of overwork; it is having too little time to be patient that gives the feeling of worry; it is having the nerves so stretched that the slightest opposition frets them. When a celebrated editor complained of being

“Overworked, overworried,
Over-Croker'd, over-Murray'd,”

the first word of his lamentation explained all the rest. Undoubtedly,
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then, overwork while a means to good, is itself an evil. A distinguished man of our acquaintance used to say that the most desirable condition of life was to have just somewhat more to do than you could possibly accomplish. Not far too much, for that would crush you; but enough to check the tendency to laziness, enough to supply a perpetual spur. The evil is that it is so difficult to realise this happy condition; men who are able to do much are usually pressed to do far too much; and the warning which so often comes in the form of paralysis or of heart-disease, comes too late to admit of a remedy.

It must be accepted, we apprehend, as the true state of things that while there are evils inseparable from high pressure and overwork, the best that a strong man is capable of cannot be done without them. Let us observe, for example, how careful an overworked man is to make the most of his time. What an early riser he becomes! Can anything make a man start from the luxury of a half-waking, half-sleeping state in bed like the conviction that if he is not at work at a given minute the whole business of the day will be thrown into arrear and inevitable confusion? Dickens has a character somewhere who says he always goes to bed with regret and rises with disgust. The pressure of work removes both the regret and the disgust, for at bed-time bed is welcome to the busy worker, while in the morning it is a thief and a robber. How much more rapidly one runs through the newspaper when there is but ten minutes for it; or how much more quickly one transacts business, or makes inquiries, or goes through friendly greetings, when dozens are waiting in the anteroom, let doctors and lawyers say. “Don't go to men of leisure when you want anything

done—go to busy men,” was a saying of the late George Moore’s, of Bow Churchyard, himself a busy man, the architect of a colossal business, and yet able to carry on his shoulders the interests of innumerable charities. In the United States they have a rule in some of their conventions that speakers shall not occupy more than two minutes. It seems to many as if a speaker would need that time at least to clear his throat; and yet it is wonderful what can be said in two minutes when neither love nor money can eke out the allowance.

Besides saving time, the pressure of work makes the mental machinery go faster. The mind comes under an excitement which quickens all its processes. The steam gets up, and the piston flies through the cylinder like lightning. Pieces of work have been done in these moods that would not, or could not have been done under more still and quiet conditions. If St. Paul had not led so busy a life, his Epistles would have borne a different character. They would not have the stimulating power they have. The rush and rapidity of the Apostle’s mind communicates itself to his readers. The same thing is true, in a sense, of the speeches of most great orators. Such things could not be produced in cold blood. Men must be on wings to do them. If the rocket were not discharged in a sort of frantic excitement, it would not describe the beautiful curve which it traces. It is certain that the leisure which busy men so naturally crave would greatly restrict and impair many of their greatest efforts. Their work might indeed be done with more finish and beauty of detail, but it would have far less of the living and quickening power to which, very probably, its chief value is due. No doubt, if sober thought be the chief thing needed in a piece of work, the slower it is done the better; a judge must be deliberate, and solemn, and slow; but if the purpose be to illuminate, to quicken, to impel, the mind will be all the better of the excitement

that comes from the pressure of too much to do.

When able men are urged on in this way, it is wonderful what they can do even in their *horæ subsecivæ*. Sometimes it seems as if they could never stop. They go on like the Flying Dutchman, as if they were embodiments of the perpetual motion. There is Mr. Gladstone, for example. No sooner is he relieved of the burden of the premiership than he is up to the neck in Homer. When people are wondering how he gets time to keep up his Greek, he is out with an elaborate pamphlet on Ultramontanism. Hardly is the ink dry when a publication is announced on the Turkish massacres. And when people are thinking him fairly exhausted, he goes through an electioneering campaign like a meteor, and delivers a succession of speeches, that for every quality of powerful and brilliant oratory fill the whole world with astonishment. We suppose that in his best days a similar activity must have characterised Lord Brougham. When could he have written his papers for the Useful Knowledge Society, or studied and written his chapters on Paley’s *Natural Theology*? The sparks from such men’s anvils are equal to the chief products of ordinary craftsmen. But even these men would probably have been eclipsed by the activity of the Spanish poet, Lope de Vega. It was calculated that 21,300,000 of his lines were actually printed, and no less than 1,800 plays of his composition acted upon the stage. “Were we to give credit to such accounts,” says Lord Holland, “allowing him to begin his compositions at the age of thirteen, we must believe that on an average he wrote more than 900 lines a day; a fertility of imagination and a celerity of pen which, when we consider the occupations of his life as a soldier, a secretary, a master of a family, and a priest, his acquirements in Latin, Italian, and Portuguese, and his reputation for erudition, become not only improbable, but absolutely, and one may say physically, impossible.”

With such cases before us, we come more readily to understand the paradox that the busiest men are those who have most time, or at least most capacity, for extra work. The medical profession is full of instances. It is remarkable that the late Sir James Simpson, for instance, in the midst of an unprecedented professional practice should have been a keen antiquary, and should have found time to write so many antiquarian memoirs. It is said of the late Dr. Abercrombie, that his works on the *Intellectual and Moral Powers of Man* were composed in his carriage, as he was driving to see his patients. The instances of medical men in the height of practice writing papers for the medical journals, or preparing professional works for the press, are very numerous. The faculties of such men are so ready that in their moments of leisure they can do more than many another man who has no stated work at all. Even ordinary men understand quite well how irksome a very small bit of work, like the writing of letters, is in a holiday-time, when one is idle in the country; whereas in the height of one's activity, a dozen letters could be dashed off in an hour, and not even counted in the hard work of the day. An able man, in the full swing of his manifold work, is like a machine that by belts and wheels can do all kinds of by-jobs, besides what engages the chief share of its activity.

Nor is such a life necessarily so oppressive as is often thought. Our Maker has so ordered it, that one of our chief pleasures is derived from work successfully done. *Labor ipse voluptas*. There is always a gratification in "something accomplished, something done." Lope de Vega, writing his play in a single day, as he often did, had no doubt sufficient enjoyment in it to compensate him for all the confinement and toil. Rapid workers have not time to get disgusted with their work, as those are apt to do who brood over it. Disgust is usually the product of leisure and reflection, and comes at a second stage. If the

work be somewhat varied, the pleasure in connection with its completion is varied too. Hence, perhaps, is the reason why the total and sudden giving up of work is often attended with evil results. The transition from a life full of activity and rich in the enjoyment of successful labour to a life of absolute idleness with no such vivid enjoyment, has often proved fatal. There is too little activity in the new life, and too little of the pleasure of activity. Idleness, without the excitement and pleasure of work, becomes depressing. The vital forces droop and decay. On the other hand, to the busy worker, rest and recreation have a double relish. No holiday is so refreshing as that in which he runs away from his labours, and enjoys himself in quite a different scene. Swiss mountains and Swiss air have then a double charm. The interval is too short to produce the *ennui* that attends permanent separation from active pursuits. Few things live in the memory more vividly than the first month in Switzerland in the heart of a too busy life.

Too much to do, besides its direct effect on the busy worker exposes him to certain inconveniences apt to escape the notice of others. One of these is the effect produced on his memory. One who leads a rushing life, who has to hurry from one thing to another and from one person to another without a moment's interval, cannot have a vivid remembrance of many things that happen in his experience. He is necessarily liable to forget, in a way that another cannot understand. Many a busy physician has found himself at times in serious trouble from this cause. He has made a promise to a patient, but before the promise had hardened in his memory, some exciting case has hurried him away, obliterated the impression, and the promise has been forgotten. Authors' memories have been known from a similar cause to play them strange tricks. We know an author who was engaged in writing a book amid many other absorbing occupations. For some weeks the

book had to be laid aside. When leisure came, he resumed it, as he thought, at the point where he had broken it off, and got through a considerable chapter, when to his mingled amazement and amusement, he found in his drawer another manuscript, almost precisely similar, the existence of which he had quite forgotten. So strange and incredible are these tricks of memory that sometimes the most honest of men, if examined in a court of justice, would hardly be believed. The *non mi ricordo* would hardly be accepted by those who have had little experience of the difficulty of carrying in the memory impressions which have not had time to photograph themselves on its tablets, or have been blurred by other impressions following too quickly.

If a busy man is guilty of some neglect, leisurely people are apt to fancy an intentional slight where nothing of the kind was dreamt of. In the case of such a man, there is a twofold reason for applying the rule which Elizabeth Barrett, in one of her letters to Mr. Horne, thus gracefully acknowledged:—"In one letter was something about neglect; you told me never to fancy a silence into a neglect. Was I likely to do it? Was there any room for even fancy to try? That would be still more surprising than the fact of your making room for a thought of me in the multitude of your occupations."

In the *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, if we remember rightly, it is told how once, at the beginning of her literary life, she took it into her head that an eminent publisher was dissatisfied, because he did not at once acknowledge and answer a letter accompanying a manuscript. At Haworth it was not easy to understand the ways of Cornhill or Paternoster Row. We can fancy the grim smile on the face of the publisher, overwhelmed in all likelihood with letters, manuscripts, proofs, books, bills, and business of every sort, at the gentle impatience of the lady. Most pub-

lishers and editors too have doubtless had rather amusing experiences of the innocent impatience of correspondents. Letters to the editor often run as if the poor man had nothing whatever to do from morn to dewy eve but attend to their papers. He may be struggling, like a dray horse in an overloaded waggon, to overtake the piles of crabbed handwriting in prose and verse that burden his table, ranging from essays in Chinese metaphysics to lines on a snowdrop, and possibly, in regard to a given paper, thinking of inserting it in the course of the season, when down comes a thundering epistle demanding why it did not appear in the last number. Well, the impatience of correspondents is not always innocent. Some have a spiteful pleasure in stinging the editor for "rejecting" what the unhappy man never asked. If he had only time, he might explain things, and perhaps pacify them; but perhaps not. Editors, we suppose, must submit to be counted tyrants, and probably fools to boot, by a large proportion of the ill-fated volunteers to whose surpassing merits they are so often inveterately blind.

More amusing are the strange fancies that some persons have as to what overworked men may be asked to do for them. In the very thick of the American war, there came to President Lincoln an Illinois farmer, in a great state of excitement about a pair of horses that one of Lincoln's generals had requisitioned for the war. The owner was of course entitled to compensation, but somehow it had not come. Going to the President, he told him his story, and was rather chagrined to be told that it did not lie with him to pay the money. Then, says the farmer, will you undertake to write to the general, and see that the matter is settled properly? Poor Lincoln, who never wanted a story to help him in an emergency, was ready for his visitor. "When I was a rail-splitter," he said, "there lived near us a smart young fellow, the captain of a Mississippi boat, who could steer a vessel over the rapids with wonderful skill, as

hardly any one else could. One day, when he was grasping the wheel with his utmost strength, at the most critical point of the rapids, a little boy came running up to him in great excitement and said, 'Cap'n, stop your ship, my apple has fallen overboard!'" In the *Life of Sir James Simpson* there are some curious notices of the extraordinary things that patients in the country would sometimes ask him to do. Once a gentleman wrote to him asking him to send him a copy of the prescription which he had given him some years before, when the doctor could hardly recall the man, much less the prescription. Others would ask him to go to Duncan and Flockhart's and get them some particular medicine. A very busy clergyman of our acquaintance, when over head and ears with many things, once got a letter from a stranger in the United States, explaining that more than a century ago some one of the name of G—— owned a property near Edinburgh which was believed to have been destined by will in a particular way, so that the relatives in America thought they had some claim to it. He was requested to inquire into the matter, find out about the will, communicate with the present owners of the property, and put everything in train for a just settlement of the claim. It would have been reasonable for the writer to inclose a bill for five hundred dollars, but that, unfortunately, he omitted to do.

Unreasonable though it be to plague overworked men in this way, it is very interesting to find such men volunteering, in the midst of a hundred other things, to do some useful service to the friendless or the poor. Nothing could have been kinder, for example, than the act of Sir Walter Scott, writing out sermons for a young aspirant to the Scottish ministry, whose state of nerves made him unable to grapple with the task, and satisfy his presbytery. Similar, though in a quite different sphere, was the kindness shown by Vinet, at Lausanne, to a peasant woman who

invaded his solitude one Sunday morning. Overcome by toil and illness, Vinet had been obliged to forbid the visits of strangers, and his family were guarding him with all possible care. The woman was an intelligent, God-fearing peasant, who had never succeeded in getting rest for her spirit; but, having fallen in with one of Vinet's books, she was persuaded that if she could only see him, he would be able to give her the needed guidance. With much difficulty, she got admission to his room. We can fancy the anxious relatives enjoining her to detain him as short a time as possible. But Vinet, when he heard her story, was profoundly interested, and spent the whole day with her, up to the hour of the last stage coach. The account which the woman gave to her own pastor, on returning home, was interesting. "Well," said the pastor, "have you been able to see him?" "Yes," she replied, "and at last I have found one who has humbled me." "Humbled you! M. Vinet is not the man to humble any one." "Yes, humbled me, and humbled me profoundly. In contact with his humility and goodness, I felt all my pride give way." Then she told how thoroughly he comprehended her case, how patiently he spent the whole day with her, and all in such a homely way that she felt as if he was her brother. A few days after, Vinet sent her a book newly published, as if she had been one of his chosen friends.

The anxiety of busy men to make up for any little want of attention to persons whom they ought to have known, illustrates the same spirit of Christian chivalry. In the correspondence of Dr. Chalmers there is a characteristic letter to the daughter of the late Sir David Brewster, in the following terms:—"19, York Place, 28th May, 1845. My dear Miss Brewster,—I can imagine nothing more monstrous than the stupidity into which I fear I must have fallen, if it was really you who sat near the moderator's chair this evening, and on whom I speculated in my own mind for hours

as one I ought to have known. It is far the most mortifying instance, though many such have occurred, of my utter want of the organ of individuality; but I never could have fancied it possible that it ever could have happened in the case of one in whom (forgive me for saying it) I feel so much interest. It would comfort me effectually if you would have the goodness to let me know where and when it is that I may have the pleasure of waiting upon you. Ever believe me, my dear madam, yours most affectionately and truly, THOMAS CHALMERS."

Of all the instructive instances of busy lives we have, that of our Lord is far the most remarkable. It is only when we pay minute attention to the notices of His labours that we can understand what a crowded life He led. Galilee alone, through the whole of which He made several circuits, embraced, according to Josephus, two hundred and four towns and villages; and besides Galilee, we read of His visiting the remote north, at Cæsarea Philippi, the remote north-west, in the coasts of Tyre and Sidon; we know of His passing through Samaria, of His being on the East of Jordan, and of His being often in and near Jerusalem. Throughout every part of this wide district, He not only preached, taught, and healed, but He had numberless collisions with opponents; He lived under a constant apprehension of attack; He carried on the training of the apostles, and in their slowness of heart, forgetfulness, want of faith and personal strifes, He encountered a serious addition to His burdens, although it would be harsh to suppose that on the whole their company did not cheer and refresh Him. The strain on the bodily energies in a life involving so much physical movement and labour must have been very great; the strain on the nervous system where there was so much excitement, and where such vital interests were at stake, must have been even greater. And yet He appears to have gone through all His

labour with marvellous calmness and self-possession. From the narrative of His life, nothing is more remote than the air of bustle or hurry; it has indeed quite a wonderful aspect as of oriental calm and leisure. Owing to His systematic way of working, He was always beforehand, always ready. His discourses have a marvellously finished air, as if they had been all matured before they were spoken. His very answers to casual objectors were marvellously clean-cut and finished. He never found Himself in a situation in which He was disconcerted, or at a loss how to act. And in His mind, one thing was never allowed to jostle another, however full it might be of projects, or however burdened with responsibility. The last scenes of His life exemplify this orderliness and business-like composure of mind in a wonderful way. And what we have already adverted to as so chivalrous in busy men, when turning aside to care for others—

"The mind at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise,"

was singularly beautiful in Him. The farewell discourse, the intercessory prayer, the healing of Malchus, the look turned on Peter, the word to the daughters of Jerusalem, the prayer for His murderers, the promise to the thief, the commending of His mother to the beloved disciple—what wonderful consideration for others did all these imply, in the midst of His own great agony? How well He knew how to conquer the snares of overwork, and turn everything to the highest ends of life! How wonderfully the divine shines through the human, without overlaying it in that unexampled career!

We have glanced at some of the phenomena of that busy mode of life which seems to be more common in this age than in most that have gone before. It has its drawbacks and its dangers, but is not without compensations, and even blessings.

SIR WALTER TREVELYAN'S WINE CELLAR.

UPON the first day of April in the present year, on coming down to the library to find the spread of letters on the many varieties of topics which usually, even before breakfast, beset the life of a busy man, I dropped on one first that had the most certain indication about it of a lawyer's hand. I pondered over that letter, ere I opened it, with as much consideration as the most careful Hamlet ever bestowed on the skull of poor Yorick. What, said I to myself, is this about? Who is the lawyer? What be his quiddits now, his quilllets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Has his letter reference to the Hampstead Hospital case, or the Royal Commission on noxious vapours? It can be nothing unpleasant, for, except in the way of happy friendships, no man has had less to do with lawyers than I, so far in life, for which I reverently bless my lucky stars!

The letter impressed me. In the usual orthodox manner, under such puzzling circumstances, I scrutinized the handwriting of the address, the post mark, the seal; at length I solved the difficulty by taking what the eminent Mr. Weller called the quickest route,—namely, opening the document and reading it. The letter was short and to the point. The writer of it, as one of the executors of the late Sir Walter Trevelyan, Bart., of Wallington, in Northumberland, informed me that Sir Walter, by a codicil to his will, added in November, 1878, bequeathed to me the wines in the cellars of Wallington, “to be applied to scientific purposes.” The letter further conveyed to me the information that the late Baronet had left a large envelope for me containing a something that felt like the key of a cellar-door, and that I was to

state my pleasure as to what should be done with the same.

The first effect of these tidings was sufficient to take away the breath. No lawyer under the sun had ever before been so good as to write to me announcing a legacy; and to those who like me have never previously felt the sensation of such an announcement, I can state now, from experience, that the symptoms are what we physicians would call “essentially pathognomonic.”

But next to this came another fact not less astounding. Here was I, a teetotaler of the most pronounced type, suddenly involved in the possession of a cellar of wine—one of the most noted cellars in the whole of the kingdom. To add to the difficulties came the third and last part of the bequest, that the wine was to be applied to scientific purposes.

The considerate reader will not fail to sympathise with me when I relate that, after a few minutes of reflection, a feeling of intense relief came over me on recalling the day of the month and the month of the year. It was the first of April. No doubt what it all meant. Some pitiless wag had made up his mind to make me an April fool. It was a club-room joke—one of the fair returns of the “devil in solution” for my giving to him that now familiar sobriquet. At the moment a retired proctor came to see me, and he, a total abstainer also to the backbone, listened with astonishment to the narrative. The effect on his mind was to send him away precipitately, bothered. He had heard that all the wine at Wallington had been disposed of years ago, and then upon him came the same reflection as upon me,—the day of the month. An hour later the postman brought me a letter from the learned proctor, written

in the most thoughtful and kind manner, warning me to be cautious as to the manner of answering the mis-sive. "This," he said, "is meant for a hoax; remember the day." I did remember. I got a legal directory, and found that the name of my Newcastle correspondent was all right; but as he had given me no address beyond Newcastle, I wrote to him a note which nobody could turn to account, as far as I could see. I asked simply that the parcel and key referred to might be sent in a registered letter.

Long before that key arrived,—for it did arrive, by return of post, in all proper form,—I was made aware that no joke had been perpetrated. At half-past eleven of the 1st of April, within three hours after the letter had reached me, a remarkably intelligent "gentleman of the press" sent in wishing to see me. He had heard of my "great fortune," and had called to get the first information. He tried to pull out of his breast-pocket an oblong book of incredible length, with a large clasp which caught in the linings of his coat, and was not extricated without considerable skill and management. Then between the leaves he placed several layers of flimsy, and after pointing his pencils and finding a firm place for writing, he asked me for the fullest particulars as to the nature of the bequest. He was almost incredulous when I told him how little I knew of the matter myself, in fact, that I knew no more than he did, and wondered how he had become informed on the subject at so early a moment. I fear he went away sadly disappointed, for he had got a good notion, as I afterwards found, of what the public wanted to know, and which ran somewhat in the following vein of inquiry:—

Where is Wallington? What kinds of wine are in the cellars? How old is the wine? What, within a thousand or two, is its value? How long had I known that it was going to be left to me? Would it be sold at Christie

and Manson's? Had any of it come from the *Royal George*? Within a hundred dozens or so, how much was there of it? Was there a great variety? Was the wine in good condition? Why did Sir Walter Trevelyan leave it to me? If I sold it what should I do with the money? If I didn't sell it what should I do with it? Should I have any objection to submitting a bottle or two of the choicest specimens to a fine judge of wine? Would I be good enough to explain the state of the corks, and how the bottles had been laid down? Was it true that the bottles were all walled up with brickwork? Had I any copies of the songs that had been written about the wines of Wallington?

Other questions than these soon began to spring up, though these, as far as I remember, were the principal. But to return to my narrative. In due course of post the packet from Newcastle arrived. It was a large packet containing the key of the cellars of Wallington. It was sealed and signed by the late Sir Walter Trevelyan, and it contained an instruction that on his decease it was to be delivered to me at my address in London. It also contained, on three pages of very old-fashioned and very faded paper, a list of wines. The list had been made out evidently many many years ago, for the ink was much faded. I should infer that it was a part of an old cellar book from which many leaves had at some time been torn. The leaves that remained were inclosed in thin paper covers.

The news of the bequest spread very quickly, and few subjects during last London season gave rise to greater variety of conversation, speculation, and amusement. All kinds of extraordinary rumours were circulated respecting the value of the bequest. It ranged, in estimated value, from a hundred pounds to four thousand, and I could appear nowhere without being cross-questioned upon it. It became, in fact, after a time, rather a wearisome task to answer so many inquiring minds,

and, worst of all, never to be able to answer any of them to their entire and pleasant satisfaction. Why it should have created so singularly curious an interest it is difficult to divine.

The interest has not yet worn away, and therefore I propose now to the best of my ability to appease it by answering certain of the questions that have been asked, and which were related above. I do not think it is of much importance where I begin, so the first question on the list may as well come first. Where is Wallington?

Wallington, the Northern seat of the late Sir Walter Trevelyan, and now of Sir Charles Trevelyan, Bart., K.C.B., is a fine old mansion, near to Cambo in Northumberland. On the railway map Scot's Gap will show the nearest station to it. One of the best short descriptions that can be found of it was rendered at a meeting of the Royal Institute of British Architects, held on December 2nd, 1867, when a paper was read by W. B. Scott, Esq., on mural decorations at the mansion. At that meeting Sir Charles Trevelyan explained that the house at Wallington affords a good illustration of the progress of our domestic architecture. "The germ of the building," he said, "was an ancient tower which was sold with the estate by Sir John Fenwick a few years before he was beheaded in the reign of William the Third. It was purchased by the Blackett family of Newcastle, by whom the present house was built." The old tower was built into the modern house, the lower portions forming a part of the present cellars. Sir Walter Trevelyan added greatly to the beauty of the mansion in his time, by throwing a glass roof over an inner court, and converting the court into a central hall, the passages connecting the rooms on the upper and lower stories opening into it in the form of arcades. This central hall is decorated in the most classical and beautiful style, the subjects having reference to Border history. Eight

panels were fitted by Mr. Scott with a series of pictures, the subjects of which begin with the Roman Wall,—an ancient fortified barrier not very far off,—and end with the Industry of the Tyne. Four ancient and four modern incidents in history are thus depicted:—1. The building of the Roman wall. 2. King Egfrid offering the Bishopric of Hexham to Cuthbert, hermit on Farne Island. 3. A descent of the Danes on the coast. 4. Death of the Venerable Bede. 5. The Spur in the Dish—the sign to the most-trooper that the larder was empty. 6. Bernard Gilpin taking down the gage of battle in Rothbury Church. 7. Grace Darling and her father saving the shipwrecked crew. 8. Iron and Coal—the industry of the Tyne.

The pictures named,—four of which are on one side of the hall, four on the other,—are splendidly lighted, and, to complete the decoration, the spandrels of the arches are illustrated with scenes from *Chevy Chase*, giving the history of a day and night, from sunrise to sunset. The pictures are painted on prepared linen, and as they progress they run with the Border ballad. There is the departure, seen from the battlements; Earl Percy parting from his wife; the knight's retainers trotting away; the footmen and the bowmen with their dogs in leash; the sight of the deer; the hunting with the leader of the herd, a stag of ten; the battue,—the archers posted for shooting; the rear of the herd, the drivers following; the brattling of the deer,—cutting up the dead animals; the battle,—the chief waiting, and the tidings of the approach of the Scots; the English bowmen advancing,—“a Percy! a Percy!” the Scottish spearmen closing—“a Douglas! a Douglas!” the Douglas dying by an arrow, the Percy by a spear; the death of Witherington and the end of the battle; the next night and morning,—a leech extracting an arrow; women looking out for their husbands and brothers; the Percy's body found by his wife; the return to Alnwick with the dead.

In addition to these, in other parts are some medallion portraits by Lady Trevelyan, the first wife of Sir Walter, and groups of flowers by Mr. Ruskin, and other friends. In the centre of the grand hall is a marble group by Mr. Woolner, the subject being in character with the rest of the adornments for illustrating the progress of civilisation. A mother is teaching her child to say the Lord's prayer. The two figures form the chief subject, but around the pedestal are three bas-reliefs. A mother of an ancient race, in savage love, is feeding her child with flesh from the point of a sword. The Druids are offering to the gods, in a wicker cage, their enemies taken in battle. A warrior in battle is driving his chariot and cutting down his foes with the scythed wheels of the chariot. The supremacy, the victory of the Christian civilisation, surmounting them all, is exquisitely told. In design as in execution the whole is, in fact, perfect. It is intended, as the great English sculptor, who produced it, tells me, to illustrate, by contrast, that civilisation is due to the result of effort for the subjugation of passion. The child in the principal group turns to kiss the mother, feeling her face so near; the Christian mother checks it with her hand until the "Our Father" is repeated. The savage mother, on the contrary, feeds her child with raw flesh on the point of his father's sword while praying that he may become ferocious and destroy all his foes. The grand hall is the most striking feature within the mansion. The mansion itself, possessing little of external decoration, is set in lovely grounds, which the present distinguished owner is making still more beautiful.

The cellars at Wallington, in which my famous wine was stored, are the remains of the foundation of the old tower to which Sir Charles Trevelyan referred when he spoke of the ancient tower sold by Sir John Fenwick. This tower was probably once part of a castle, for it is common in North-

umberland for persons to speak of Wallington as Wallington Castle. The cellars are very large in size, and if they ever were filled with wine there is every reason for believing that a great many songs were written about them, and a great many songs sung too, which had their inspiration, good or bad, from that dark sphere of enchantment. The cellars have stony walls, stony arched doors, and well protected windows. Once in them, it is said, was a chariot way, and a place where horses could be stabled.

The mention of the cellars leads me naturally to the wine that was kept in them. The wine was never built up, as some have assumed it to have been. Sir Walter came into possession of Wallington on the death of his father in 1846, and I believe that a part of the wine at that time in the cellars was sold. The choicest specimens were kept, and occasionally Sir Walter himself, though he never touched wine, would take visitors down to the cellars and show them what precious old vinous stuff was there stowed away. When Mr. Woolner was at the mansion, in 1857, Sir Walter took him and a number of other friends into the cellars and gave them a most learned antiquarian account of the contents in the bins, showing them specially some very ancient malmsey-sack. A bottle of this "rare and ancient cordial" was tried by the company afterwards, at dinner, and was pronounced "perfect."

The list of wines which Sir Walter inclosed in his packet to me is marked, "Wallington wines, Mar"—without any further date. The list included specimens of St. Peray, of the date of 1834;—sherry of 1837; Madeira of 1803-1818; and old; sherry, old; sundries; claret, and four hock magnums in cellar before 1777; sack and Tokay; St. George; hock; port; Constantine; French; Sauterne; sundries—whisky; hollands; brandy; rum or kersh before 1777; Cyprus, 1762; port, 1820; port, (no date); cider, perry; and a great number of other sundries the names of which are

not supplied. To the list a note is added that the Tokay and St. George were bought of Mr. Edward Wortley in 1752.

The wine remained in its old resting-place until October last, when, at the kind invitation of Sir Charles Trevelyan, I paid him and Lady Trevelyan a visit at Wallington, and made a personal inspection of my vinous possessions. The inspection of the cellar led to the discovery of a greater variety of wine than is stated in the list. The wine was stowed away in the most careful manner, and in many instances was almost buried in fungus. In most cases the bottles were laid down in the manner that is common in these days; but in a few samples the bottles were placed upright. Whoever last arranged them had done his work with the skill of a practised hand, and such care had been taken with certain of the specimens, that the labels were stamped in metal with the name of the wine, the name of the wine merchant and the date. In other instances the names were painted on labels of wood, the wood itself so rotten that the writing could not be made out. In other instances again the names were distinguishable on the wood. Altogether we discovered twenty or twenty-one specimens of wines and spirits, namely:—Port, Claret, Cyprus, Hock, French, White Port, Pruniac, St. George, Sack-Tokay, Malmsey-Sack, Frontignac, Placentine, Madeira, Sherry-sack, a white wine not named, a dark wine not named, Arrack, Brandy, Gin, bottles containing Beer, a few bottles of Champagne.

On entering carefully into the condition of these specimens, it turned out, as might be supposed, that in very many cases the bottles were half empty and the corks destroyed. I have not as yet determined the full extent to which this destruction, from time, has taken place, but I believe that some sixty dozen may be considered in a state of preservation.

Some of the more ancient specimens

are well preserved. The Hock Magnums, which were noted as having been in the cellar before 1777, were found in their place, and some of them entire. One had given way at the cork, but the bottle still contained a full pint of a light fluid, which was of aromatic odour, but owing to exposure to the air, acidified.

From the curiosity of the experiment, my kind host, Sir Charles Trevelyan, wished to taste, at table, the more remarkable specimens of these old wines, and accordingly one bottle each of the ancient Cyprus of 1762, of the Port having date 1784, of the Port of 1820, of the Sherry-Sack of date unknown, of Madeira 1803, of Tokay 1752, and of Malmsey-Sack of date unknown, were tasted in due order. They were declared by the learned connoisseurs to be in the most splendid condition. The Cyprus was considered, by no less an authority than his Excellency the Greek Minister (and he surely ought to know all about Cyprus) to be "superb!" the Malmsey was held to be fit for a second Duke of Clarence to drown himself in; the Sherry-Sack was thought to be enough to call up Jack Falstaff *in propria persona*; and the Port was declared of such a character that every one, I believe, would have been ready to divide it with me on the spot if my heart had not been as hard as a nether millstone. A bottle, marked with a special leaden label as "Arrack," and packed with several more similar in kind, contained a singularly aromatic fluid, having something of the odour of brandy, and a rich golden colour. A little of it, tasted lately by one who thought he ought to know the right thing, gave rise to a new song on the Wallington wine, which would hardly have been permitted when Arrack crowned the board.

"Arrack, alack!
Your bottle I crack,
I let out its gold,
Which never grows old,
Though it lies in the cold
For a century back.

Arrack, alack !
 When your brother, the Sack,
 To the banquet went up
 With you, for the cup
 Of them who could sup
 Like the Giant of Jack,—

“ Arrack, alack !
 You reprobate quack !
 What cheeks you set glowing,
 What words you set going,
 What blood you sent flowing,
 What lives to the rack.

Arrack, alack !
 For you and your pack !
 We, much wiser grown,
 For us and our own,
 Would leave you alone,
 And ne'er want you back.
 Arrack !

As I look over what I have just written, I begin to think that, for a teetotaler, I must have been getting rather too near the verge of enthusiasm over this ancient wine, and there is about it, no doubt, an antiquarian flavour which is apt to excite admiration. The admiration is quite pardonable, for in truth the value of the bequest is that which is wrapt up in its history.

The contents of the cellar at Wallington give us a good insight into the kind of life our forefathers led at the wine table from about the year 1750 to our time—full a century and a quarter of the immediate past. We have in the Wallington cellar the model of a cellar charged for the so-called best of occasions, when a man could get “as drunk as a lord” and a lord as drunk as he pleased on the most orthodox intoxicating delicacies. The cellar reads like a book, and corresponds well with the accounts which the best book written towards the close of last century gives respecting the wines of the table.

Just a hundred years ago the chemical works of Casper Neumann, the distinguished professor of chemistry at Berlin, were the standard of their day, and the English translation of them by Dr. William Lewis, F.R.S., had long a prominent and deservedly prominent place in the libraries of the learned. Neumann describes wine at great length,

and explains what were the kinds in use in his day, with sundry remarks on their qualities, which are worth knowing as matters of history. He places the wines of the Madeira Islands and of Palma, one of the Canaries, first. These yield two kinds, Madeira Sec and Canary or Palm Sec, the latter being the richest and best of the two. The name Sec, corruptly written Sack, signifies dry, these wines being made from half-dried grapes. There is, he says, another sort of Sec prepared about Xeres in Spain, and hence called, according to our orthography, Sherris or Sherry. This wine is considered inferior to both the foregoing, Madeira Sec and Palm Sec. The wines of Candia and of Greece, particularly of the latter, are of common use, he tells us, in Italy. Malmsey was formerly the produce of those parts only, but was now brought chiefly from Spain. It was a sweet wine of golden or brownish colour. The Italians call it “*manna alla bocca, e balsamo al cervello.*” Manna to the mouth, and balsam to the brain. In Portugal, he says, there was plenty of red port, a cheap but not a very excellent wine, and this wine he explains was drunk very largely in England, not I should suppose because of its cheapness, but because for some reason or other it suited the English palate, being sweet and having what is called “body.” To the present day, I believe, notwithstanding all that lovers of wine choose to say against port wine, and all that we, its opponents, say against it, and notwithstanding all the acknowledged and easily proved evils originating in the use of port wine, there is no wine that the Englishman clings to like port. It is almost an infatuation, and it is none the less so because of the present idea of vulgarity which attaches to the act of drinking it. In the fight against strong drink in this country amongst the upper and upper middle classes, there is nothing so hard to combat as the hereditary taste for old port; I mean, of course, amongst those who have attained to middle age. Port is con-

sidered to be a tonic ; port is considered to be a maker of blood ; port, which has produced more gout, rheumatism, and neuralgia than any other agent in the world perchance, and which has made these painful affections as hereditary as the taste for it, has over and over again been accredited as a remedy for all these ailments, and especially for neuralgia. The famous wine-cellar bequeathed to me affords good historical evidence of the inbred English taste for old port. The cellar was famous for this luxury, and it remained best supplied with it to the last.

Neumann seems to treat the sherries as of little moment, and this was clearly the view held respecting them at Wallington, for they form a very poor item in the wine list there. Sherry must have come into general use as a rival of port almost in the present century. It is remarkable that Neumann says nothing about Cyprus, and in a long list of wines of which he furnishes an analysis in order to show their spirituous strength, he leaves Cyprus out altogether. Hock he refers to as a Rhenish wine made in Hochheim, and he calls it the "prince of the wines of Germany." That it was thought to be a treasure in the Wallington cellar is proved by the special note that was made in respect to it. The Cyprus seems also to have been considered as of particular value, perhaps because of its rarity. Tokay is referred to by Neumann as a choice wine, and so it would seem to have been held here. The note that the specimen at Wallington was bought of Edward Wortley in 1752 is expressive, I think, of that view.

The lighter wines which were commonly used on the Continent were not represented in any degree in the collection. The Champagne that was present was comparatively modern, and its name did not appear in the old list. Frontignac was not on the list, but some specimens of it were found in the bins. The Clarets were, I believe, from the appearance of the

bottles, comparatively modern. Of Hermitage, Côte roti, St. Laurence, Lacote, Neuchatel, Velteline or straw wine ; of the wines of the Tyrolese, Tramin, and Etsch ; of the German wines, Mayne, Moselle, Neckar, and Elsass, there was no evidence. In like manner there were no samples of the sweet and luscious heavy wines which were in use on the Continent, such as Alicante, Vino Greco, Muscatel, Surentine, Salernitan, Chiarello, the "red fat sweet and gratefully poignant wine,"—as Neumann defines it, called *Lachryma Christi*,—or the celebrated hot strong red wine Monte Pulciano. Vino Tinto itself had no place.

From Neumann's analytical table we may gather an idea of the comparative strength of the wines in English use in the best class houses during the period of time which is now under our consideration. The Madeira contained about ten per cent of absolute spirit, the Frontignac about twelve per cent, the Sherry about nine per cent, the Tokay about nine per cent, the white wine about eight or nine per cent, and the Clarets about nine. The wines that would be richest and strongest would be the Malmsey, which would contain probably fifteen, or even sixteen, per cent of spirit, and the Port which would not be less strong. The Cyprus would be probably weaker, containing not more than ten per cent of spirit. The Cyprus, Port, Malmsey, and Madeira would all be very rich in saccharine substances.

There are two wines in the collection the history of which I cannot so easily trace as I can the rest. These are the Pruniac and White Port. The Pruniac seems to have been a very dark, extremely sweet, and thick wine, partaking rather of a liqueur than of a wine. It was bottled in small flat bottles, each one holding, say, at most, eight ounces. I should imagine that it was brought round at table somewhat in the same way as liqueurs are now. From the name, as well as from the character of the fluid, I think there can be no doubt that it

was obtained by the fermentation of prunes; but whether it was of English or foreign production I cannot say. It had the appearance of having been stored for a very long period, and the corks which closed the bottles were greatly decayed. The White Port, of which there was a small quantity, had the appearance of a milky-like fluid of vinous odour and slight acidity. Such port was, I believe, and still is, in favour as an extreme curiosity of unusual value. At one time the use of burning sulphur to fumigate wine for the purpose of preserving it was carried out, and by this means the wine was decolorised to some extent by the fumes of sulphurous acid which were produced. It has been suggested, if my memory is not treacherous, that white port was produced in this manner. Others have supposed that its colour, or rather its want of colour, was owing to the grape from which it was made.

Taking them as a whole, the samples of old wines in Wallington do not convey the impression that the wines themselves were unusually strong. They were probably natural wines, and free from the adulteration,—if that term be strictly applicable,—which has been so common in our time, of fortifying wines by the addition of brandy or spirit up to a high percentage of spirit, so as to make them partly approach, in strength, the actual spirits sold as brandy, whisky, and rum. The old wines therefore might be taken in much larger quantities than wines are now, without being productive of anything like the same intoxication. This, I venture to submit, accounts fairly for the circumstance, so often dwelt upon by those who like to make a factitious excuse for taking alcohol, that many of our forefathers of last century, and of the early part of the present century, were two, and even three, bottle-men, and yet managed to live to a fair old age, martyrs to gout notwithstanding. In these days even two bottle-men would go out like the

snuff of a candle, because, in point of fact, they would be taking twice the quantity of alcohol compared with the two bottle-men of the previous age. At the same time the large quantity of saccharine substance which our forefathers would take with their sweet wines would be provocative itself of gouty tendencies, and would greatly assist the alcohol in calling forth those tendencies in a pronounced form.

I have now, I trust, given a fair answer to the curious who wish to know all about this old store of wine for its antiquity's sake, and they, if they like to go into the calculation, will be better able, I dare say, than I am to estimate its commercial value—a value which probably rests as much on its history, even to lovers of wine, as on its particular and “superb” quality. For my own part I prefer to leave the question of value where I found it, inasmuch as those who should know most on the subject differ so egregiously, I can arrive at no conclusion the statement of which would prove satisfactory to anybody. More than that, the commercial side of the question does not much trouble me.

On some of the other questions I can be more explicit. Until the letter came announcing it, I had no knowledge whatever that any such bequest was in contemplation. I had not the honour of knowing Sir Walter Trevelyan until a very short time before his death. I had seen him once at a public meeting over which he presided, and after which he invited me, briefly and heartily, to visit him at Wallington. A short time after that he called one morning to see me at my house, for the purpose, as he said, of a conversation, and to invite me more formally to pay him a visit, when I could find some days of leisure. He gave me a short description of Wallington, but dwelt chiefly on matters social and political, asking me many questions bearing on social and sanitary reforms and how far men of science were interested in legislation. He seemed to consider that scientific

learning led its professors too far away from the practical reforms which in this day are urgently needed and which should be determined from scientific data. He took up particularly a subject on which I had written, and which he said interested him deeply, namely, the relation of life and health to labour and occupation of various kinds. Nothing, he remarked, struck him more as a social question of the day, than the extreme difference in the effects of what at first sight would appear to be kindred occupations, on the life of the occupied, and he looked forward with hope to the good results of the education of the masses, as a means of reducing the physical evils which are due to what appears to be an obstinate and dogged resistance to those rules for health which men of science have, at so much trouble, worked out and established. Perhaps, he added, there was fault on the part of those who should teach as well as of those who had to be taught, and that the gap between these two classes was so wide, because the pride of science stood, as it were, rigidly apart from the prejudice of ignorance. He felt it was important, he added, that men from the ranks of science should go into Parliament, not necessarily as party men, but because from their special knowledge they might be able to speak, from the floor of the house, on special subjects with advantage and with an authority which does not now attach to them. He was good enough to say that he thought I ought myself to consider this point, and that if he were in my place he should not hesitate on the matter. He added, that if I ever came to that view, it would give him much pleasure to render me every assistance in his power, apart altogether from the question of personal political opinions and sympathies.

In one direction only did he appear to approach the subject of wine. He spoke with great pleasure of the sure and certain progress, in the future, of the cause of temperance throughout the world; and, alluding to a lecture

or address of mine, in which I had spoken of the produce of vineyards, he asked me if I thought a way had yet been indicated by which that produce, and the industry under which it is now utilised, could be applied, should the trade in wine and alcohol become, as he believed it would become, seriously imperiled. The question led us into the consideration of the composition of the juice of the grape and of the changes which take place in the act of fermentation. He inquired, further, on the subject of the use of alcohol in the arts, and particularly of its value as a medicinal agent, directly and indirectly; that is to say, its value as a medicine itself, and its value as an agent from which other medicinal substances, such as ether and chloroform, take their origin.

To the best of my ability I answered these questions in the short time at our disposal, and then my visitor left me with many expressions of good will, but without any reference to a bequest. "I hope you will excuse me for having interviewed you, and I hope you will come and spend a week at Wallington before long," was all that he further added on taking his leave. Unfortunately, although I received another invitation by letter, I was not able to return his visit, and I never saw him again, which I much regret, for a more interesting scholarly gentleman I have rarely seen. His mind seemed to be as young as if he had been a student of early life, and there was in his words an expression of hope for the steady advancement of all classes of men it was most cheering to hear. In fact a man so advanced in life,—he was then in his eightieth year,—and so full of expectation of results from the course of modern developments of thought and of action it had never before been my lot to see.

Since his death I have been told by those who knew him well, that Sir Walter was at all times equally happy in conversation, that he was always and at every opportunity a student, and, in

return, had at command a fund of useful information which he never obtruded on his listener, but which he was no less ready to supply. His library, one friend of his writes, contained one of the "largest and finest collections of books in the north of England. Its owner was completely master of it. As you sat and talked, and topic after topic came to the surface, Sir Walter would remark, 'I think I can show you something that will interest you on that,' and quietly he would bring you book after book, and pamphlet, magazine, or newspaper, as the case might be, with a mark at the place bearing on the subject of discussion."

To the last question that is so often asked of me:—What I shall do with my trust, I am as little able to answer as any one can be to answer for me. I am instructed to apply it for scientific purposes, and how to meet that necessity is the difficulty. The difficulty, moreover, is not in the least lessened by the multiplicity of suggestions that have been sent me as to method of disposal. I have been offered six, and even eight times the actual monetary value of the bequest on certain conditions of application which, to some minds, might seem quite right and honourable, but which to me do not partake of that character to the extent of leaving me conscience free to accept the offers. Sir Walter himself felt most of the difficulties that I feel. He did not like to destroy the wine because he held it to be of considerable value from its history, and from the curiosity all lovers and students of antiquities feel for the smallest specimens of the past which mark the history of the past. That feeling I share entirely. I do not think from what I have learned that he attached much value to the wine intrinsically, as many would who like wine for its own sake; and that feeling I share entirely. It certainly was never his wish or intention that the wine should be so applied as to exalt the praises of wine, and lead to the encouragement of wine-drinking, even for the sake of the

curious in drinking; and that feeling I also share.

It has been proposed to me in many humorous ways to dispose of the treasure. A late learned judge begged me to let her Majesty's judges give a solemn and decisive judgment on the merits of the choicer specimens. Another not less distinguished authority was of opinion that the Bench of Bishops would probably be a more competent tribunal. A great Statesman put in his natural claim for one specimen, at least, "of that old Port." Some of my brethren of the Fellows Board of the Royal College of Physicians have intimated that at a College dinner the College might possibly form a diagnosis that would be of value, and for which nothing in way of fee would be assessed. That admirable fraternity, of which I am a most undutiful member, the Grand Order of Freemasons have not let me pass without a word. Some of them have considered that, as,—

"Antiquity's pride
Is all on their side,"—

no body of men could be more competent to deal with the problem than they, and that they could discuss the wine over itself with a decision and precision that belongs to no other craft, when the laborious and crushing labours in which they are so often engaged subside into the tranquillity of repose and the physical restoration of exhausted energies. An enthusiastic and devoted disciple of temperance to the hilt would like to

"Point a moral and adorn a tale,"

by carrying the wine on a Thames steamer opposite to the two Houses of Parliament while those Houses are sitting, and discharging the whole cargo into the Thames, bottle by bottle, to the tuneful measure of a minute gun. The number of unfortunate widows and others disconsolate and afflicted, who have applied for one or two bottles of the old Port it would be difficult to name; in fact, long as I have practised the healing art, and

teacher as I have been of therapeutical science itself, I had never until now learned to what a number of curative uses old Port can be applied in the treatment of disease. It might, if human evidence could be accepted as accumulative evidence derived from individual experience and backed by individual authority, be the lost, or never yet discovered, *Elixir Vitæ* itself.

Seriously, the disposal of this gift is a troublesome duty. Possibly Sir Walter thought that I could take the wine and, by a magic scientific spell, transform it into some agent or agents that might be useful to mankind and lead to no harmful result in return. Or, possibly, he might have supposed that a means would occur for enabling me to dispose of the wine for an entirely innocuous use, and apply the pro-

ceeds to some scientific research in which I might be usefully engaged. These two courses remain open for consideration, and if I could see my way to the last, I should be a happier or less burthened man.

Meanwhile I have removed the treasure from its old resting-place and have replaced it in a similar vault with all due ceremony and care, and with scarcely an accident during removal. By this method it is preserved intact, and the antiquaries who are curious about wine may rest in peace until some ingenious suggestion of a practical kind breaks the charm, by showing how one total abstainer can make use of wine which another total abstainer has left him, in trust, for the purposes of Science.

BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON.

ENDOWED CHARITIES AND PAUPERISM.

CHARITY is a word of uncertain or at least of varying signification. The meaning differs according to the point of view of the different persons who use it. To the divine it represents the highest, the most comprehensive, and the most enduring Christian grace. In the mind of the philanthropist it is connected with the relief of any or all the forms of physical distress or destitution. The mendicant or needy recipient recognises it simply in the concrete, and identifies it with the bread, or coal, or blankets, or piece of current coin, which benevolence, official or spontaneous, delivers into his hand. The lawyer and the commissioner regard it from a professional standpoint, and define it by reference to the well-known statute 43 Eliz. c. 4.

Charity, so interpreted, is a many-sided thing, or to borrow the phrase of a Roman poet, *bellua multorum capitum*. Provision for education, relief of the poor, advancement in life, assistance in trade, redemption from captivity, settlement in marriage, reparation of roads and bridges, and many other analogous things, may be included in the term. The Charitable Trusts Act of 1853 further defines it in its legal sense, saying, that "The expression charity shall mean every endowed foundation and institution, taking or to take effect in England and Wales, and coming within the meaning, purview, or interpretation, of the Statute 43 Elizabeth, c. 4, or as to which, or the administration of the revenue or property whereof, the Court of Chancery has or may exercise jurisdiction." Charity so defined plays a very important part in the social economy of the country. The majority of us owe something to it. Whether we received our education at the

endowed elementary school, or the provincial grammar school, or by "the distant spires and antique towers" of Eton, or in any of the time-honoured colleges of Oxford or Cambridge, we have in a greater or less degree been the subjects of charity. It may happen that the road by which we travel, the bridge that spans the stream near which we live, is kept in repair by charity; that from a similar source the lecturer is maintained by whose discourses we are edified from the pulpit of our church or chapel. And as our law makes *charity* a much embracing term, so the influence of many streams of benevolence, real or affected, issuing forth through a long succession of years, has covered the land with an irrigating flood with respect to which opinions differ as to whether it makes the places on which it rests a fertile field or an unwholesome swamp.

The object of this paper includes a partial discussion of this question. It will not be foreign to this object to state briefly, for the information of some to whom the facts may be less familiar, the total amount of endowments subject to the Charitable Trusts Acts, the chief heads under which those endowments fall, and the amounts applicable under each head. The main authority for these details is the recently completed digest of endowed charities, the work of years, compiled in the office of the Charity Commission, in obedience to an order of Parliament, from materials derived from the reports of previous commissions, the reports of inspectors of charities, and other sources accessible to the Commissioners. From this digest it appears that the total yearly income of the charities dealt with is 2,198,463*l*. Of this aggregate sum 1,443,177*l*. is derived

from the rent of land and houses; rent-charges produce 115,073*l.*, and the income of personal estate is 640,213*l.*

The collective area of the real estate is 524,311 acres, about equal to that of the county of Hereford, and the personalty and the rent-charges together would be represented by rather more than 24,000,000*l.* of consols.

The Charity Commissioners, in their twenty-fourth report, arrange these endowments under the following principal heads:—

1. Education	an income of £666,863
2. Clergy and Lecturers	90,843
3. Church purposes	112,895
4. Nonconformists	38,832
5. Parochial and other public uses	66,875
6. Medical Hospitals and Dispensaries	199,140
7. Apprenticing and advancement in life... ..	87,865
8. Almsfolk and Pensioners	552,119
9. Distribution among the poor... ..	383,029

An exhaustive inquiry into the bearing of endowed charities on pauperism would make it necessary to refer to all, or nearly all, these varieties of charitable endowments, for they all operate in a greater or less degree, for good or ill, to bring about the existing social and economical condition of the country. Educational endowments, for instance, have no *raison d'être* unless they conduce to the advancement of education, and education again is generally regarded as one of the most obvious and effective remedies against that ignorance, helplessness, thriftlessness, dulness, and animalism out of which pauperism is for the most part generated. As a matter of fact, in time past, educational endowments have in many cases not been so administered as to advance education, and thereby to reduce the amount and lessen the chances of pauperism. There is evidence enough in the report of the Schools' Inquiry Commission to show that, paradoxical as it may seem, the possession of a valuable endowment has been the

obstacle which has hindered many parishes from having an efficient and suitable school. And where this extent of evil has not prevailed, yet it has often been found that the educational results were far from being commensurate with the funds employed to produce them. But it would be out of place to enter further into this question on the present occasion, and it is the less necessary to do so because the state of things referred to is passing away. The Elementary Education and Endowed Schools' Acts, will, it may be assumed, place the education of the country on such a footing, and bring about such a reform in the administration of educational endowments, that, whatever force or virtue there is in education to abate pauperism, and to foster the social conditions most adverse to it, will hereafter be permitted to operate under the most favourable circumstances.

The charities then with which we are now chiefly concerned as being more directly related to the question of pauperism, are those which have a distinctively eleemosynary character, and are applicable to the material sustentation and comfort of the poor.

Passing over medical hospitals and dispensaries, which, though quite capable of being abused, and not altogether free from abuses, are amongst the noblest and most beneficent institutions in the country, productive of a good that far outweighs any accidental evil that may attend upon it—we may concentrate our attention for present purposes on the last three varieties of charities in the list previously given. These are:

- I. Apprenticeship and advancement in life,
- II. Almsfolk and pensioners,
- III. Distributions in money or kind.

Now of all these it may safely be said that their professed object—putting it on the lowest ground—is to prevent pauperism, to rescue individuals from the danger of falling into the pauper class, to relieve the poverty

resulting from age, infirmity, or adverse circumstances. If they are not found to be doing this in any adequate measure, or if in any cases they are found to be doing exactly the opposite, and increasing the evils they were intended to diminish, then it is hard to see how their existence in its present form can be justified, or how, in view of the axiom, *Salus populi suprema lex*, they can much longer insist on immunity from a "sweeping reform."

As to apprenticeship charities, a few words will suffice. They have no doubt been useful in the past. By means of them many persons have been lifted out of the class of paupers, have "learnt to labour truly and get their own living," have been substantially advanced in life, and sometimes raised to a position of competence or wealth. The most prevalent opinion however now is, that apprenticeship charities, as at present constituted, are obsolete, and that the trusts under which they are administered are adapted to a state of things which has passed away.

It is fair to say that there are some persons, not without experience or knowledge of the subject, who take an opposite view; but the drift of intelligent and informed opinion is in the direction first stated, and the fact that in many cases the funds of these charities have greatly accumulated in the hands of trustees, seems to indicate a difficulty in carrying out the trusts, or in finding fit objects for their application. But even if apprenticeship charities are practically dead in the letter, they may still be made to live in the spirit. All they need is adaptation to the change of times. Then they may at once benefit the class for whom they were designed, and improve the national industries. A great deal is said about the need of technical education. Here are funds of a partially educational character, which, without any real violence to founders' intentions, might be employed to promote it. There is a fear that the spread of education among the masses will tend unduly to increase the supply

of candidates seeking employment as clerks and writers in mercantile houses, or in the offices of professional or business men. Such a reform of apprenticeship charities might be effected as would counteract this tendency, by providing opportunities and encouragements for youths from public elementary schools to become skilled artisans, or to acquire such practical knowledge as would qualify them to assist in, and sometimes to improve the processes of arts, mining, and manufactures.

We pass now to charities for almsfolk and pensioners. These are numerous in most parts of the country. It has been stated they have an income of 552,119*l.* a year. They commend themselves greatly to popular sympathies. Assuming that they are reserved for those who are at once aged, destitute, and deserving, it would seem difficult to speak of them otherwise than as beneficial institutions. They offer to the poor who are within reach of them an alternative preferable to the necessarily frigid and unsympathising hospitality of the workhouse. The almsman in his assigned and proper cell, with his weekly allowance, has a sense of independence and proprietorship which gives to his life a warmth of colour unknown to that of his pauper neighbours and acquaintances.

But after all it is to be feared that many of the favourable prepossessions with respect to almshouses must yield to the uncompromising "logic of facts." There is a sort of secular monasticism about the system which is not conducive to good moral tone.

The residents in those picturesque groups of buildings with which we are all familiar, are often by no means models of contentment, thankfulness, and virtue. Experience acquired in the inspection or administration of these institutions has led many to advocate the abolition of residence, and the conversion of almsfolk into outpensioners. A reform of this kind with a proper discretion in the awarding of the pensions would probably do

much to increase the beneficent character of such foundations.

Meantime, what is their bearing on pauperism? It would seem obvious that they must at all events tend to reduce the amount of the poor-rate. The men and women who are maintained in almshouses would—if the almshouses were not there—in many, if not in most cases, have to be maintained out of the rates.

But even if the poor-rate in the aggregate is thus relieved, it does not necessarily follow that it is proportionally relieved, where relief might most be expected, in those places, namely, where almshouses exist.

The truth of this view may be illustrated by an extract from the report of a committee appointed to inquire into the charities of the Brixworth Union in Northamptonshire.

This report speaks of almshouses as, “in truth, nothing more nor less than foundations for the reception and accommodation of paupers; and, as such, appear to afford unusual opportunity for the personal localisation of out-door paupers in the union.”

Important light is thrown on this question by a report on Sir John Port's Hospital at Etwall, in Derbyshire, made some years ago by the late Mr. Martin, then Inspector of Charities, and afterwards a Charity Commissioner.

“The hospital,” says Mr. Martin, “supplies the place of the union. During thirty years only eleven decayed old men have died in Etwall proper without having been admitted into the hospital.”

Surely then we might expect to find that in Etwall the poor-rate was substantially relieved.

But what is the fact as stated by Mr. Martin? And it must be remembered that his observations refer to the state of things before the days of union rating.

The population of Etwall was 626, and the poor-rate amounted to $4\frac{1}{4}d.$ in the pound. The average rate in certain surrounding parishes was $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ Thus it appears that though sixteen

men and eight women, presumably of the pauper class, were taken off the rates by the hospital, the amount levied for the relief of the poor was within a penny in the pound of the average of the district. The explanation of this may perhaps be found in the following statement, taken from a pamphlet printed in Derby in 1824:—

“The establishment which Sir John Port intended for the relief of his native village had been the means of drawing to that village the poor of all the neighbourhood and of retaining its own in the hope of this provision for their age.”

It remains to deal with the third variety of charity on our list, that which consists of doles to the poor either in kind or money. And it is on this variety that the question as to the merits and demerits of charitable endowments in relation to pauperism mainly centres. This part of the subject, therefore, calls for more lengthened and elaborate treatment. It has been mentioned that a sum of 383,029*l.* is year by year thus distributed amongst the people of this country. It is given in the form of articles of food or clothing, or in small money payments.

The administration is for the most part in the hands of local trustees, generally self-elective, but sometimes including the parish officers. These select the objects on whom the benefits are to be conferred, and exercise such discretion in the disposal of them as the particular trusts allow.

These charities are very widely diffused. There are some parishes—*fortunati nimium sua si bona norint*—which are without them, but the majority possess a greater or less amount.

Now it cannot be denied that there is a very general consensus of opinion as to the useless or even mischievous character of these charities. The eminent Dr. Chalmers, writing more than half a century ago, said—

“There must be a mockery in the magnificence of those public charities which have not to all appearance bettered the circumstances or advanced

the comforts of the people among whom they are instituted beyond those of a people where they are utterly unknown."

He further speaks of public charities as "an adhesive nucleus round which the poor accumulate and settle, misled by vague hopes of benefit from the charities, which they fail to confer."

He adds that they "cause a relaxation of the relative duties of parents, children, and relations."

The following expression of opinion is taken from the report of a Poor Law Commission of 1834:—

"In some cases these (charitable foundations) have a quality of evil peculiar to themselves. The majority of them are distributed among the poor inhabitants of particular parishes and towns. The places intended to be favoured by large charities attract, therefore, an undue proportion of the poorer classes, who, in the hope of a trifling benefit to be attained without labour, often linger on in spots most unfavourable to the exercise of their industry. Poverty is thus not only collected, but created in the very neighbourhood where the benevolent founders have manifestly expected to make it disappear."

Mr. Erle, for many years chief Charity Commissioner, stated before the Duke of Newcastle's commission, as the result of his long official experience, that, in his opinion, "small pecuniary distributions in towns were positively injurious."

Mr. Cumin, in his report on endowed charities made to the same commission, has the following observations:—

"It is a striking fact that they (doles) do not diminish indigence. Applicants multiply as the charities increase. At Draycott, in Somersetshire, I have myself seen a small village created, in fact, by a charity."

Abundant additional testimony to the same effect might be adduced did time and space permit.

But indeed these conclusions might almost be arrived at from *a priori*

considerations. These distributions are of very small amounts—quite insufficient appreciably to aid those in really necessitous circumstances. Like Christmas, they come but once a year. They are apportioned amongst as many persons as possible to avoid invidious distinctions and to minimise discontent and grumbling. Yet numerous as are the recipients, the applicants are many-fold more so, with the proverbial result of making in each case for one person who is ungrateful half-a-dozen who are dissatisfied.

The selection of objects is made by trustees, who, by the process of self-election, have for long years, as it were, "bred in and in," and so have come to be very much like one another, very much of the same way of thinking, with similar political, religious, and social views. Hence the difficulty of exercising a sound discrimination; the temptation to use the charity, almost unconsciously and without a suspicion of *mala fides*, as a means of patronage, with a view to popularity and personal influence, or even for political or sectarian ends.

Inferences thus drawn from the nature of the case will be conclusively established by the diagnosis of particular charities.

There is a charity at Canterbury, known as Lovejoy's, reported on by Mr. Martin. A sum of about 250*l.* is distributed yearly amongst 500 persons, subject to the condition that the same persons shall not receive it for two consecutive years, and that no persons in receipt of poor-law relief shall participate.

Out of these 500 persons in a particular year Mr. Martin discovered that 145 were improper objects.

Of these 145 persons, 4 were brothel-keepers, 18 were confirmed drunkards, 36 were regular, and 18 occasional paupers, and 57 were not needy.

As to 132 of the remaining 355, no information was forthcoming; the rest were presumably fit objects.

There are rich charities at Fulborne, in Cambridgeshire. These also were

inspected by Mr. Martin with very instructive results.

There are two parishes in Fulborne, to one of which (All Saints) most of the charities belong; while the other (St. Vigors) is less liberally endowed. When cottages fell down in St. Vigors they were not rebuilt; all new cottages were erected within the confines of All Saints. One of these All Saints' charities is known as the Bread and Sixpence Charity. In the course of the year, 6,289 loaves are given away, and, Mr. Martin says, "with few exceptions, the whole labouring population receive." Another All Saints' charity is a money dole, distributed on a graduated scale according to the number in a family.

A single woman gets 3s., but if she has an illegitimate child she is excluded from receiving for one year, and in subsequent years receives only 2s. 6d. But this slight expression of virtuous indignation is compensated for by the fact that for every child of which she has the misfortune to become the mother, she receives an additional shilling. Hereupon Mr. Martin makes an arithmetical calculation. The woman who has three illegitimate children gets 2s. 6d. for herself and 1s. for each of her offspring—total, 5s. 6d. A virtuous girl gets 3s. Balance in favour of immorality 2s. 6d.

At Easthampsted, in the county of Berks, loaves of bread to the amount in value of 1l. 4s. weekly are distributed to those who attend church. All married labourers in the parish get this dole, and as one member of a family can receive for all the members, the attendance at church of one only for each household is necessary. The effect, as a curate of the parish said, is that "one person does the religion of the family."

In the city of Worcester a sum of more than 300l. is given away in doles of 2s. each. On a certain occasion one of the distributors obtained from London a number of new florins for the purpose of distribution. On the day after the dispensation of the charity

he sent round to the various public-houses in the city and got his florins back, to be ready for the following year. Here is tolerably conclusive evidence of "the way the money goes" in the working of these benevolent foundations. Speaking of this and other dole charities, Mr. Bryce, in his report to the Schools Inquiry Commission, says—

"I can scarcely remember a single instance in which any one who was asked what was his experience of their working, did not answer that they demoralised those who received them, were a vexation to those who distributed them, and created more want than they relieved."

The city of Lichfield enjoys some notoriety in connection with its charitable endowments. About 1,000l. a year are distributed in doles, and though the rule, that none in receipt of relief can participate, has the effect apparently of keeping down the poor-rate, yet the charities themselves are said to fill the city with large numbers of the pauper class. Mr. Hare reports that "by the testimony of the most intelligent inhabitants, the charities produce a vast amount of beggary, idleness, lying, and profligacy, and destroy the feelings of self-respect and independence; and they are great instruments of demoralisation in Lichfield."

Let us glance at another cathedral city. Mr. Hare shall state the result of his inquiries at Salisbury:—"Notwithstanding all the charities, the great mass of the poor in Salisbury are not in a better condition, either physically or morally, than in other places where the endowed charities, if any such exist, are insignificant in amount. As far as I can ascertain, there are few places in England in which the sum raised by rate for the relief of the poor has commonly been, or is higher, in proportion to the population, than in Salisbury. . . . The expenditure for the relief of the poor for the last twenty years has fluctuated from 4,400l. to 6,400l. a year, or from about

10s. to 14s. a head on the whole number of the inhabitants, besides the fund afforded by the charities, which would make the sum per head 3s. to 4s. higher."

There is testimony to the same effect with reference to the town of Shrewsbury, where there are extensive and important charities.

A vestry clerk of one of the parishes of that town, officially concerned, and therefore presumably conversant with the subject, stated "that the effect of the gifts was to increase pauperism; that the sturdy and importunate get the most. Rejected candidates constantly came to the Board of Guardians, saying, that persons who did not want, had had charity; and that, if they were refused, *they would have it out of the parish.* At the time of the distribution of the charities, the applications for casual relief were doubled in consequence of these refusals." Descriptions have been furnished of the very lively and animated character of the proceedings incident to the actual distributions of the doles or gifts. Robinson's Bread Dole at Isleworth was at one time entitled to eminent distinction in this respect. Five hundred loaves of bread were given away at the grave of the founder of the Charity. This arrangement brought together a great mixed multitude who filled the churchyard and swarmed into the church, climbing over pews, trampling over graves, clustering on tombs and monuments, scrambling, shouting, expostulating, hustling, fighting. The thing became at last too strong even for the nerves of trustees, and so a change was made whereby the main part of the distribution was to be done by tickets; a hundred loaves only being reserved for distribution at the grave, so that the ghost of the pious founder might not be vexed by too violent a disregard of his testamentary direction.

Most people have heard of the charity of Henry Smith. If the current opinion as to dole charities be sound, this one is a great offender. It

is very widely extended. Every parish in Surrey is believed to participate in it. A sum of about 5,580*l.* is distributed yearly amongst 23,000 persons in amounts of 4s. 10*d.* each. At Hartlepool, in the county of Durham, 200*l.* go yearly in doles, with what advantage we may judge from the testimony of a hospital surgeon in the place. "It is my opinion (he says) that the funds distributed by Smith's charity trustees only tend to increase the number of paupers in this neighbourhood, and I believe it is generally known here that the pawnshops receive a great portion of the articles thus distributed."

When it is desired to adduce a sovereign instance of the mischief that a charitable endowment can do, the case of Jarvis's Charity is commonly cited—and not unreasonably. This charity was bequeathed by the founder at the close of the last century, not so much, it is to be feared, from motives of philanthropy, as because he wished to do a shrewd turn to his own descendants, with whom for some reason he was offended. The beneficiaries are the inhabitants of three villages in Herefordshire, with a collective population of about 1,280 persons. The endowment was little short of 100,000*l.* in the 3 per cents, and the trusts were for the better support and maintenance of the poor inhabitants, by gifts of money, physic, provision, clothes, &c. Surely these three Arcadian parishes of Letton, Bredwardin, and Staunton-on-Wye were exceptionally blest in having fortune descend on them in a shower of gold. It might be thought that with such appliances for their well-being, ignorance, poverty, disease, and all attendant ills, would be banished from their confines.

But listen to the sober and piteous truth. It shall be related in the words of an inspector of charities, who has recently made a report on the case.

"No sooner was the charity established than the poor flocked in from all directions, and of the most worthless class, even thieves and prostitutes.

Illegitimate children too very soon increased in number. There was a block of three small cottages that housed no less than fifty-seven people. Most of the cottagers took lodgers. The rent of a small cottage rose from 3*l.*, to 5*l.* and 6*l.* a year."

Surely the fate of these villages was like that of the unhappy gentleman who was said to have been ruined by having a fortune left to him.

Jarvis's Charity has been dealt with by an Act of Parliament, and a Chancery scheme, with the effect of somewhat mitigating the nuisance; but even now there is urgent need of reform, and the problem is still unsolved how to use the funds without pauperising and demoralising the recipients.

And now what conclusion must be drawn from the opinions that have been quoted, and the examples that have been brought forward?

Is it possible to contend that the charities we have been more particularly considering, contribute in any appreciable degree to the social or moral elevation of the people? or that, except in the most casual and imperfect way, they increase their physical comfort and well-being? But must we not go much further, and say that while their benefits are for the most part illusory, their operation is often mischievous, eating like a canker into the spirit of thrift, manliness, independence and self-respect?

Practically then that which should be for the nation's wealth becomes to it an occasion of falling.

And yet these ample endowments—equal to the revenue of a petty principality—might surely be turned to good account: might, while relieving want and succouring misfortune, do something to diffuse amongst the masses more provident habits and a higher appreciation of the conveniences and proprieties of life.

But if this end is to be obtained, charitable foundations must undergo very extensive changes both as to their objects and administration. So long as they remain in their present

state their trusts must be observed, whatever be the character of them.

It was distinctly laid down by Lord Eldon in reference to Jarvis's Charity, that "if the legislature thinks proper to give the power of leaving property to charitable purposes, recognised by the law as such, however prejudicial, the court must administer it."

To any adequate and effective reform therefore of useless or mischievous charities, the action of the legislature is necessary.

And this action should mainly have reference :

- I. To some change of administration,
- II. To some modification of the trusts.

I. The machinery and method of administration needs some change. As has been already pointed out, the present constitution of most governing bodies of charities is defective. Owing to the general prevalence of the principle of self-election it is too close and exclusive.

It would seem as if the notion of a sort of proprietorship, of vested interests in administration, had got possession of the minds of trustees. They tend to make void the higher law of trusteeship by their traditions. What is needed is a freer circulation of public opinion through their ranks. To this end there should be infused into their constitution a portion of the representative element. The authorities on whom rests the chief responsibility for the well ordering of a parish or municipality may properly have some voice and influence in the administration of charities which confessedly more or less affect the common weal.

The discretion allowed in the selection of objects to be aided by the charities should be controlled by proper safe-guards. No small part of the evil of doles lies in their distribution in small amounts amongst large numbers of persons. Hence the difficulty of discrimination, on the one hand, the probability that the money will be put to an ill use, on the

other, that however it is distributed it will be misapplied.

"I take it," says Mr. Longley (now a charity commissioner, formerly a poor law inspector) in his report on the poor law in London, "I take it to be the aim of the English poor law to combine the maximum of efficiency in the relief of destitute applicants with the minimum of incentive to improvidence." Surely the least that should be insisted on is that this thoroughly sound principle should equally be recognised in the administration of charities having similar ends in view.

But besides this the administrators of such charities are not only entitled, but morally bound, "to draw those distinctions between the merits of applicants for relief of which poor law administrators cannot properly take notice except on the secondary question of the form in which relief shall be given." (Longley.)

Again, in the administration of these so-called charities, it is desirable that all notions of *charity*, in the popular sense of the word, should be got rid of. Trustees are not to be regarded or to regard themselves as benevolent persons dispensing free gifts under the impulse of a spontaneous philanthropy. They are or should be administrators of legal provisions under the "dry light of reason, justice and sober judgment."

"In proportion," says Bishop Coplestone, "as these institutions (*i.e.* charitable institutions) assume a settled, an organised, and a permanent character, in the same degree precisely, does the administration of them become more a matter of policy than of humanity . . . The due fulfilment of the office of administrator of such funds is found to involve a continual suppression, not an indulgence, of the feelings of humanity. Once more, it seems obvious that if, side by side with a complete legal provision for the relief of destitution, charitable foundations applicable to the same object are to be allowed to exist, the two sorts of machinery must not be

worked without reference to each other. They should be worked in concert, and as Mr. Longley says, "a joint course of action . . . cannot take place unless a system, not only of co-operation, but of interchange of information between the guardians and the administrators of charity be first established."

But it is not enough that these charitable foundations, however judiciously administered, should merely supplement the operation of the poor law, simply relieving distress and destitution as that does, though with more regard to circumstances, character, and personal desert. We are entitled to expect that they shall, if possible, be made instruments of a higher good. It has been said that the necessary effect of a poor law itself is to some extent at least to foster pauperism. And on the other hand it should, if possible, be the function of charitable endowments to discourage and diminish it. It should at least be ascertained whether they could not somehow be made to elevate the classes most concerned with them, to operate as encouragements to industry and sobriety, incentives to economy and foresight. This will be impossible as long as the existing modes of applying them are maintained.

II. Hence the need of some modification of existing trusts—such as Parliament alone can effect.

But any suggestion to modify charitable trusts is sure to be met by a protest against disregard of the founder's intentions, violation of the founder's will.

Now there are degrees of founder-worship, ranging from sober and rational devotion to ignorant and debasing superstition. If there are any—and some we have reason to think there are—who insist that the will of the founder must be respected and his directions obeyed in every particular, whether in our modern wisdom we think them helpful or hurtful, suited or unsuited to the

times, with such persons it is useless to argue; as Chaucer says, "What needeth wordes mo?"

But such is not the view of many, who, nevertheless, recognise some sacredness in trusts, and are far from desiring to lay a rude hand on charitable endowments.

These more sober thinkers recognise a difference between what has been called the "main design" of the founder, and the rules and directions which from the point of view of his own time and surroundings he laid down for giving effect to that design. It is the former that is essential and to be preserved, the latter are accidental and may properly give way in deference to new social conditions and requirements. And after all it may possibly be the case that much of the prevalent feeling against disregard of founders' wills is really an apprehension that the rights of those for whom the charity was designed—their interest in, and quasi-proprietorship of, the foundation—should be endangered.

In any dealing with charities this

apprehension should be respected and propitiated. Whatever reforms are made in charitable endowments, the rights of the living—the well-established claims of localities and classes—should be upheld.

Subject however to these conditions and limitations it would seem that apart from all other considerations the legislature is not only justified as the guardian of such property, in applying, but is bound to apply, these endowments in the way most conducive to the interest, most likely to advance the material and moral well-being of those entitled to participate in them.

The length to which this paper has already extended makes it impossible to suggest or discuss any new and better modes of application, assuming that the writer were prepared to do this. When the conviction that reform is necessary has become sufficiently strong and sufficiently widespread, there will not be wanting such contributions to the bringing in of a better dispensation.

H. G. ROBINSON.

“DUSTYARDS.”

“*Omnia co-operantur in bonum*,” said my ‘friend, in answer to a deep groan drawn from me by the suggested possibility of a railroad over Hind Head: “Yes, even as to railways, *omnia co-operantur in bonum* is true. Depend upon it, the good which the world has realised through their introduction far outweighs certain attendant losses, and even evils. Do you know that now botanists should search for some of the rarest floral treasures on railway banks? that, while it is true that railways have brought thousands of depredators to every part of the kingdom, almost to the extinction of the choicest ferns and flowers, it is also true that the steep railway banks have opened their arms as a refuge to the seed dropped by birds or blown by the wind?—and this may serve as a simple illustration of the way in which life springs even from death.”

My friend was right: if railways have broken up many old and beautiful traditions, and even shaken the force of individual and local attachments, they are also bringing men of all degrees, and throughout the length and breadth of the land, to realise that the world is one home and mankind one family; that the interest of one is the interest of all. For have they not brought men together face to face from all parts, and thereby served to lessen that ignorance of the circumstances and conditions of the lives of others which is at the root of so much apparent selfishness and indifference? But my object to-day is to tell you of the work done by a special line of railway, and, if I can, to draw you into sympathy with lives very different from your own.

Have you ever travelled by the South-Western Railway from Waterloo Station? and, if you have, did you notice close below you on your left,

after leaving Vauxhall, two large dustyards lying on the south side of the Thames? Very dreary they are, and the workers within fill one with pity for them in their filthy drudgery, seeming trodden down and hardly human. It is something like passing over a grave when one whirls by those dustyards. One feels as if all light, purity, and brightness were shut off from them, and from those who toil there. Some such thoughts had often filled the heart of a traveller by that line with a pity that was not content to merely pity, but which could not rest until it had, through many difficulties and drawbacks, brought at least the dawn of light to those dark lives, and, as it were, brought them into relationship with worlds brighter and more blessed than their own.

Before I speak of the work which has been attempted, I must give you the bearings of the workshop.

The dust-carts from the parishes of St. James and St. Martin, Charing Cross, bring their loads to one yard; and from St. John and St. Margaret, Knightsbridge, to the other. There the refuse is thrown up by men to the women above, kneeling on the cinder mounds; who, with leathern pads above their leathern aprons (against which they strike their sieves), divide the sifted refuse between three baskets—in one they place the broken glass and crockery, and rough bits of all kinds of material, which goes by the name of “Hard Cove,” and which is emptied by boys upon a large heap at one end of the yard, eventually to be carried away in barges for road and foundation making; into the second basket the vegetable matter is thrown for manure; and into the third, the large cinders, which are the sifers’ perquisite, who generally sell them in the neighbourhood. The fine sifted dust from the

cinders is called "Breeze," and is very valuable for greenhouses and gardens, and also for making bricks. In each yard a forewoman is placed by the contractors to see that the women sift steadily from seven until five, resting for their dinner-hour from twelve to one. They work all weathers, but during the winter, or in rain, under sheds provided for them. Their pay is a shilling a day. They form a confraternity among themselves, and are very rough in their ways. One day a lady saw a man, who had been carrying away some rubbish in the yard, rush at a woman (for some provocation), seize her by the throat, and almost strangle her. I mention this as a very characteristic incident of dustyard life.

In December, 1878, a scheme was set on foot for the purpose of reaching these cinder-sifters by means of a mission woman from the Parochial Mission Woman's Association, working under a Lady Superintendent; and admirably has it been carried out. By visiting them in their homes, and talking with them at their work, Mrs. Patent, the mission woman, has gradually won her way through some serious opposition, besides a great deal of rough chaff in the yards. And she has even persuaded several of the women to deposit money with her for clothing. At first only three or four responded to her invitations to the Monday tea-gatherings in the mission-room, and they were violently attacked by their fellows for doing so; cups and saucers flew about, and the disturbance, with the kind assistance of some street-boys, became so serious that the Lady Superintendent was obliged, very unwillingly, to accept the attendance of a policeman, until gradually the riots ceased, and he was no longer needed for his Monday duty.

One of the women who had most persistently rebuffed all Mrs. Patent's invitations was so conquered by her nursing in a long illness, that she now comes every Monday to the meeting from the Wandsworth dustyards, to which she has moved. The meeting

begins at four with reading aloud a story-book; after which they have tea, and this is laid out very carefully and neatly, to teach them the beauty of order. Tea over, a short address is given, lasting about ten minutes, a few hymns are sung, and the meeting is closed; but the room is open until eight or nine in the evening, and any who care to go there are welcomed by the Lady Superintendent, as well as by the mission woman. Many of the guests belong to the most degraded class of women; sometimes they reel in quite drunk, and seek a refuge with Mrs. Patent, whose unfailing kindness and patience has not been unrewarded. Slowly but surely they are beginning to appreciate its value, and also that of the mission-room, as a place where they may warm their food and find a shelter. There is a wise old saying that a man must winter and summer his friend if he would know him; and so, having introduced you to the ladies of the Vauxhall Dustyard at their work, shall I tell you about our day in the country with them this July?

A Lady Manager of the Parochial Mission Woman's Association planned it, hoping to win some of the wildest who had hitherto kept aloof from the Mothers' Meetings. Twenty-five dustyarders came, and twenty-four other members of the meeting, all out-door workers, but a grade higher than my special friends, who indignantly repudiate the title of cinder-sifters, but speak of themselves and of one another as "a lady from the dustyard." They were certainly the lowest and most depraved women I had ever been with; there was something in their voices, laughter, manners, and words very loud and coarse; and their costumes were most original. Only two or three wore whole gowns; the greater number appeared in skirts of varying degrees of dirt and gauchiness, and bodies which, being pinned together, supplied each other's deficiencies. Thus the undermost body (generally a cotton that had once been white) might fasten comfortably at the waist, but refuse to do so farther

up; there body No. 2, perhaps a dingy red, stepped in, and it again failing at the neck, the top body, No. 3, something of the woollen description, settled the difficulty. But the *pièce de résistance* in each costume was the bonnet. Some were worn perpendicularly by the help of huge combs in the back hair! and others descended like landslips on to the neck, showing off the fringe and head top arrangements to admirable advantage. Since, I have learnt that they were hired for the day; and indeed they and their wearers did not seem quite at home with each other, and the instant we arrived at our destination they slipped off their bonnets, and only put them on again to go away.

We had all met at Cannon Street, and the women were as wild and excited as children; many had never left London, and two or three had never left their dustyard and court.

Those who were travellers assumed an air of great importance, and were deferred to quite deferentially by the others; but only a few had been so fortunate, and they owed their experience to hopping. On our arrival at Addiscombe, "flies" were secured for the women with babies, and for two who were lame, as we had a mile to walk. This division at first caused some difficulty; everybody wished to "ride," and a baby did not seem to be considered a fair qualification! At last we started; the two "flies" well laden (five women and babies inside, and two or three on the box!) and the walkers following. The procession moved on, but one lady remained rooted to the earth, with a face black as thunder, growling and muttering in a most unpromising way.

"What is the matter?" asked our mistress of the ceremonies.

"O! never you mind, it's only one of Mrs. O'Mally's tantrums," was the consolatory answer.

"Yes," said another lady, "just like her! I knew she'd misbehave herself."

What was to be done? the dustyard ladies evidently considered it a *cause*

perdu and calmly walked on, leaving Mrs. O'Mally standing like a naughty child in a corner with her finger literally, not figuratively, in her mouth! I could not leave her, and turning back I went up to her, and said—

"Will you not come on? we shall be left quite behind."

Grunt.

"I am afraid we shall lose our way, for I am a stranger in these parts; were you ever here before?"

Grunt (No. 2). "No!"

"Then don't you think we had better go on? Is anything the matter?"

Grunt (No. 3). "Thought I was asked to a party of pleasure; didn't know I was coming to a funeral!"

"I am sorry, but I do not quite understand you," I answered, feeling rather bewildered.

"There go the carriages, and we're to follow, two and two!"

Oho! thought I, the walking is the grievance then.

"Well, you see," I answered, "there are only two 'flies' to be had, and you and I have no babies."

"B'ain't married be you?"

"No, I am not," I answered laughingly.

"Thought not—too young!"

"Not at all too young, but still I am not; and now won't you come on with me?"

"No! don't see why them with babies should ride. I'd have brought one, if I'd known."

"Well, I think you and I shall have the best of it when we get to Lady Mackenzie. I don't think carrying about a baby all day is worth the drive there. Have you any friends here, for I am a stranger, and the only lady I know has gone on in front; so will you keep company with me? I feel quite lonesome, and I have never been here before."

Grunt (a gracious grunt this time).

"Don't mind if I do."

And at last off we started; all the ladies, excepting two and Mrs. Patent being far ahead. We talked about the weather and the crops and the trees,

and at last Mrs. O'Mally turned upon me with a most benignant grin, and said—

"Well! I was in one of my tantrums, and you've coaxed me out. I *never* knows how I gets into them or how I gets out of them; and that's the worst, to get out of them."

"Yes," I answered, "it is very hard I am sure."

"Well, now, and what do you do, my dear, in your tantrums?"

It was with difficulty that I controlled my mouth, for she evidently thought that my sympathy was the fruit of exactly similar experience; however I answered her as gravely as possible.

"It is no good trying to get out by oneself, I think. I always ask God to give me His Holy Spirit to help me, and He does."

"Well, now, do you, my dear? I'll try," with another and broader grin.

We were nearing Lady Mackenzie's house, and the first and only drops of rain that day, began to fall, and I, trembling for the glory of my friend's bonnet offered her my umbrella, saying, "I am afraid the rain will spoil your bonnet."

She looked concerned, but refused it, because she thought that mine would suffer.

"Thank you, but mine does not matter, it is not new."

"Shouldn't think so!" and she took my umbrella and kept it with entire peace of mind. But oh! if I could only convey to you some idea of the tone of utter, lofty, appraising contempt; and the look was even more searching and condemning than the tone. Indeed it was natural; for there could be no comparison between a bonnet of voyant blue satin, wreathed in roses, bespangled with pearls, overshadowed by an ostrich feather, and finally given "quite a look" by a bunch of tiny brass keys over one eye, and a mother o' pearl shell over the other, and my poor black straw with actually no feathers and not even a flower! But

I blessed those drops of rain, for they proved true to their proverbial virtue, and Mrs. O'Mally's love under my green umbrella developed rapidly, and soon we were walking arm in arm; which privilege I thoroughly appreciated, when Mrs. O'Mally stretched out the hand which was through my arm, saying, "Black, ain't it?" I could not deny it, her hand was very black.

"I never cleans it, *never*; wouldn't be any use if I tried ever so, so I never does." Truly, a comfortable dispensation from all ablutionary duties!

And now two other ladies had joined us, and one having said something about "a real lady" (I did not overhear more than these words, but my friend, like all the party, was very quick in overhearing everything that was said), Mrs. O'Mally broke in with, "And so you *have* a real lady with you, I'll be bound! What's your name, my dear?"

I answered, feeling instinctively that the *Miss* would fall very flat! They had all been talking about *Lady* Mackenzie, and looked upon us as another order of beings to themselves.

"Well," said Mrs. O'Mally, in a tone of kindly consideration, but many degrees lower than before, "and a kind of a lady, I dare say, for all that."

"Yes," quickly added another woman, "it ain't only titles and riches as makes the lady, it's manners too. I'll be bound you're a kind of lady."

"Thank you, I hope I am; and is not it nice that you and I can be ladies, even if we have not titles, if we are gentle and kind to others, and keep ourselves respectable?"

"That's it, that's it, depend upon it, my dear," they all murmured in chorus; and so with our courtesy rank we entered the gates, as smiling and contented as a king is supposed to be! but imagine my feelings when my group of ladies informed me that they were "very dry," and wanted to "liquor up!" "and," quoth Mrs. O'Mally, "has her ladyship any public near?"

I told them I was very sorry, that

there was none, and that we must wait a little while until dinner was ready. I did not tell them that dinner would only bring lemonade!

We sauntered about, admired "her ladyship's extensive domains and spacious mansion," and gazed at the distant view of the Crystal Palace. Some swung, and others were glad just to sit about doing nothing but enjoy. At last we were called to dinner. Such a dinner! Beef, mutton, ham, young potatoes and green peas, salad, cucumber, and the newest of new bread, followed by gigantic plum puddings. In such company even lemonade passed muster, and the appetites of the guests were worthy of the hospitality shown. After dinner we all dispersed to meet for tea at six o'clock, at the call of the big bell. It touched one to see their joy in the wild flowers, and their pride in their respective bouquets; and as I saw the weary hardness in the elder faces soften away in the new happiness and beauty around, I thought it might be a faint indication of the change that will be in the world to come. And the younger women were certainly gentler and more womanly at the close, than at the beginning of the day. I cannot tell you half of the many little sayings and doings which struck me greatly in their utter *newness*, and which made me sometimes very, very sad, and sometimes intensely amused. Their quickness of observation, ready wit, power of repartee and utter freedom of speech was wonderful; but then many were Irishwomen, with such a brogue! My countrywomen's English was very broad also, and the whole party had many idioms and words which were unintelligible to me. They all had nicknames, and I was introduced to "the Countess of Whitcomb Hall," "My Lady Crawley," "Johnnie," and so on, with all gravity and pomp. To my delight they volunteered an explanation of "the Countess."

"You see, my dear, she was always a reading yellar novalls, and one she was particlar took up with was *The Countess of Whitcomb Hall*, and so we

just called her the Countess. You've read it, I'll be bound?" and my answer in the negative was received with a shower of recommendations to read it, "as soon as ever you gets the chance." They talked to me about their work, which is very degrading; but liberty is sweet, and the dustyard is to them so natural that there is no sense of degradation, only a kind of defiant holding aloof from other castes, under an idea that they are looked down upon. Of *moral* degradation they appear entirely unconscious. Browning's answer to Lear's problem—

"Is there a reason in nature for these hard hearts?" "O Lear,
That a reason out of nature must turn them
soft, seems clear"—

was illustrated by a talk I had with these dustyard women.

We were standing about in groups outside the tent after tea, and they were expressing themselves in very warm and energetic words as to their enjoyment of the day, and gratitude for the kindness which had given it to them.

One asked, "Whoever gave it us? she? or she?" pointing to the Lady Superintendent and another lady.

I explained that the Lady Manager was the friend who had brought them down, and who had won for them the kindness of their hostess.

"But whoever would have thought it, my dear! Niver heard of such a thing in my born days as them great ladies a thinking of us! I goes to the tea mating sometimes, and sich a thing was niver before; in *all* my born days, niver know'd nobody come nigh the dustyards—did you? or you? or you?" turning round and addressing one *lady* after another.

They all answered emphatically "Niver," and one added with great candour, "and I warn't *overplaised* whin they fust comed, naither; didn't want 'em! Thought as there war some-think at the bottom, my dear! that I did; for I never saw a lady in our yards, nor a soul to speak to, in all my born days—there!"

"Shall I tell you what brought these friends? It was all through another friend whom you do not know, and have not even seen to speak to."

"Well I niver!" was the general exclamation, as they gathered closer round to hear.

I told them how a lady had often passed the yard in the train going into the country, and that she had thought they looked very hard-worked, and had wondered if they had any friends who cared for them; and she had thought of this again and again, until she had come to love them herself; but she could not go to them, so, though far away from Vauxhall, she had not rested until she had, with the help of others, sent Mrs. Patent to befriend them, and in one way or another gained all their other friends too.

"And what's her name, my dear? And is she in health?"

"No, she is not very strong."

"Poor dear! poor dear! But whatever made her care for the likes of us? I niver did nothink for her; what made her so took up with us?"

It was the general opinion that here was an extraordinary fact—that a lady should care, "worrit 'erself," and "all for folks as 'ad done nothink for 'er."

"I think I know," I answered. "She loves some one—the Lord Jesus, Who loved her so much that He even died for her, when she had done nothing for Him;" and I went on to tell of the strange power of this Love to satisfy and gladden the hearts of men and women, and to fill them in their turn with abundant love for their fellow men. This it was which had led a stranger to care for the workers in the dustyards, and to try to lighten their lives; to share with them this wonderful Love.

I could hardly go on; one hard face after another softened and puckered up, while the tears welled up in their eyes.

"Praise the Almighty for sich a dear critter! and give 'er my love, my dear; and plaise the Almighty restore 'er to 'ealth!" said Mrs. O'Mally; and each

and all begged me to give their love and thanks.

By this time a magnificent break, warranted to carry twelve persons inside and three on the box in the language of cab-notices, had arrived, and our Lady Manager, who had secured it almost as magically as the famous coach and four of pumpkin renown, sent us off in two detachments, so as to give all the joy of a ride. Mrs. Patent started first with her party, and the rest of us, "walking gently," were in due time picked up by the emptied break—that is, with the exception of the three "real" ladies, myself, and a very nice woman who gave up her ride most graciously when she found that with all possible squashing and squeezing some one must still be left out. She told me that it was a mercy no beer had been given, or some would certainly have been overcome by their terrible enemy, and the day would have been spoilt by quarrels and fighting. We were speaking of this as we neared the station, and found some of the second waggonette party missing! We were informed by the others that they had just gone into the public at the corner!

Our brave Lady Manager immediately walked into the public-house and brought the women out, leaving their potions on the bar, to the intense astonishment of some men who were also refreshing themselves. Poor women! they were at first *furios* at being "traited and controuled like children;" said they would never speak to the ladies again, nor go near the meeting. Gradually the Lady Superintendent and Mrs. Patent, with exquisite tact, restored them to calmness, and brought them to say—that if the lady had expressed any wish, they'd not have offended her—not they; but why they shouldn't take a drop when they was dry, *they* couldn't for the life of them understand.

It had never occurred to any one that such a prohibition was necessary; but the right thing, no doubt, would have been to have simply said—

"Will you please all keep together at the station, and then we shall not lose one another?" for clearly they could see no more harm in going into the public-house than we should in drinking a cup of tea when calling at a friend's house; and although they had probably had a better dinner and tea than ever in their lives before, yet not having had any beer, they felt quite justified in putting a finishing touch to the joys of the day by going for a glass, instead of wasting the time waiting for us, before the train was due. We were all happy again by the time the train came up, and amid reiterated invitations to visit them at their work, we said good-bye—for they, Mrs. Patent, and their Lady Superintendent were to change at Waterloo for Vauxhall, and we whirled away to Charing Cross.

This little sketch is but the experience of a short time, and that short time has taught us that dark and unpromising as the work-field seemed, there was much beneath the surface that was good and hopeful, and needing only a little sympathy and love to awaken in many a seemingly dull face and rugged heart memories of better things long forgotten, or new-born hopes of a higher life. Surely these first-fruits should encourage us to go on, and to look in this, as in wider fields, for a fuller harvest in God's good time.

SOPHIA M. PALMER.

November, 1879.

Subscriptions or Donations to the Parochial Mission Women's Association will be thankfully received by the Hon. Miss Palmer, Blackmore, Petersfield, Hants.

PARLIAMENT WITHOUT PARTIES.

In a recent number of a contemporary journal, M. de Laveleye has drawn a striking picture of the anarchy which has hitherto seemed to be the normal condition of the Italian Parliament. The Chamber presents indeed the usual Continental features of Right, Left, and Centre, and there are also a Left Centre and an Extreme Left; but not only is each of these primary divisions without any character or policy common to all its members, and without any recognised leaders—the minor groups into which it is broken are equally undistinguishable by any peculiar tenets. There may be a Carioli, a Crispi, a Nicotera, a Depretis group, named after some prominent politician near whom they usually sit, but it is only by vague ties of alliance and comradeship that the individual associates are connected with him or with each other. They have not agreed upon any comprehensive plan of common action. Although now and then found voting all together on some particular question, they may presently afterwards be seen splitting their votes in all directions: they have no settled programme, no watchword, no emblem or bond of internal union. An assembly composed of such heterogeneous and mutable materials cannot possibly furnish a homogeneous majority on which a united ministry may rely for the furtherance of any systematic policy. Of the followers of to-day many may to-morrow be deserters to the opposite camp, and it is only by a series of negotiations, compromises, and bargains that the cabinet can hope to carry any of its points. Besides, an Italian ministry is never really in union with itself. Inasmuch as, while it was in process of formation, there was no large parliamentary party prepared to sink

minor differences for the attainment of great ends, it was necessary to endeavour to propitiate as many groups as possible by selecting from them different ministers, each of whom carried with him into office some favourite crotchet which he could not waive, even if he would, without risking the defection of the group whom his selection had been designed to propitiate. It is obviously impossible that in such circumstances a government should be either collectively strong, or should in its corporate capacity enjoy a prolonged existence. The slightest accident may suffice to bring to light personal differences signalised by individual resignations: these provoke interpellations, followed by a crisis, and terminating in an arrangement which may possibly be expected to be permanent, but which always turns out to be temporary, for it never fails to exhibit a fresh series of intestine disputes, internal changes and interpellations, resulting first in another crisis, and then in another arrangement as temporary as that which it superseded. In the eighteen years of Italy's constitutional life there have been twenty-five ministerial crises, and at this moment some seventy or eighty ex-ministers have seats in the Italian chamber. The only thing certain about any new ministry is that it will be of short duration. Actual occupants of office are never allowed time to familiarise themselves with the details of their respective departments, or to impress a definite line of conduct on their subordinates, and administrative impotence and disorder are the inevitable result.

For these evils, the gravity of which cannot easily be overrated, M. de Laveleye sees no remedy save in the gradual growth, in the country and in

the chamber, of two or more parties sufficiently numerous to be able, with adventitious aid occasionally derived from one or other of the minor groups, to constitute, each in its turn, a compact majority competent to place and maintain in office selected exponents of its distinctive views. "Government by parties and by the majority is," he says, "the only one which can give strength and efficiency to parliamentary institutions." Without a majority so completely dominated by certain primary ideas as to be content to sacrifice for their furtherance all secondary objects, administrative stability and vigour are, he thinks, impossible. These conclusions are so specious, have so much to recommend them, are so generally entertained, and are moreover so consonant with ordinary English prejudice, that it may be not unprofitable for an Englishman who believes them to be equally erroneous and mischievous to state in some little detail the grounds of his dissent.

In so doing it may be convenient to begin with an impartial examination of the system which is desired to be substituted for that which actually prevails. "In England, where parliamentary government works in a typical manner, the result of the elections determines the majority, and the majority places in office the men who best represent the ideas of the triumphant majority." Most members of the latter have virtually pledged themselves to their constituents to march under their party's banner, which they cannot desert without being branded as traitors and treated accordingly. Whatever, therefore, their individual opinions on minor matters, on all matters, great or small, they as a rule vote straight at the word of command; and, as long as their numbers continue undiminished, the chiefs whom they support can govern with as much thoroughness as though their power were absolute. The general accuracy of this descrip-

tion will be recognised by all who recollect how despotically one English premier was accustomed to impose silence on his supporters, even to the extent of preventing them from answering the objections urged by the Opposition to his proposals, and how another found it unnecessary to let his well-trained bands know beforehand what it was that he proposed, secure of their readiness to register the accomplished acts, whatever they might be, wherewith it amused him to startle the world. But is it possible that such exceeding loyalty can be really conducive to the public weal? Is it not, on the contrary, utterly inconsistent with the spirit and intent of representative government, which surely means, if it means any thing, that the feelings of the country shall be reflected in parliament, and that the government shall in all things be carried on in accordance with the predominating national will? But although there always is, and necessarily always must be, such a will in regard to everything in particular, there neither is nor possibly can be with respect to things in general. Among men who think for themselves there can scarcely be—not simply any considerable parties—but any two individuals, who think alike on all political subjects. Make any question whatever the subject of a *plebiscite*, and it will no doubt be carried one way or the other by a majority of votes. But though all questions so treated might be so carried, scarcely any two questions would be carried by majorities composed of precisely the same persons. Of the many who were in favour of Catholic emancipation a very large proportion were violently opposed to emancipation of the Jews. From the myriads who fifty years ago had shown themselves so eager for Parliamentary reform, thousands broke away when their suffrages were appealed to in behalf of poor-law reform. It is thus impossible for the mass of electors to be divided into

parties ready for a stand-up fight with each other whenever their leaders give the signal, whatever that signal be; and if nevertheless there be such parties in Parliament it follows that the national spirit is not adequately represented there. That it should be perfectly represented is indeed morally impossible. In every separate constituency there must needs be infinite diversity of political opinion, and since it is hopeless for electors who do not agree amongst themselves to seek for any one agreeing with them all, their best alternative is to select as their deputy that candidate on whose judgment they severally most rely, and to leave him at liberty, with certain specified reservations, to act according to his own discretion. But the deputies cannot fully discharge their legitimate duty unless on all questions, great or small, as to which they have been left unpledged, they speak and vote strictly according to their conscience.

True, without more constant support than could be expected from men like these, no ministry could attempt to carry out any comprehensive programme of their own devising without incurring defeats which, according to the law of honour at present in vogue, would necessitate their resignation, and their replacement by successors who would presently have in their turn to resign. True, likewise, that the prevalence of this law may furnish a plausible excuse for the present practice, on either side of the House of Commons, of voting for or against measures, not according to their merits, but according as they are proposed or opposed by the cabinet. In every political assembly, however conscientiously independent its individual members may be, there cannot but always be two main streams of thought, one in favour of and the other averse from progress, and either Liberals or Conservatives may honestly deem it more for the general good to make occasional sacrifices of principle than, by steadfast adherence to principle, to

risk the displacement of a ministry whose general procedure they approve by one bent on pursuing a policy which they esteem mischievous. But the notion that ministers are in honour bound to resign after unequivocal defeat is based on utter misconception of the true character of ministerial functions. So much mere etymology may of itself suffice to prove. In every country deserving to be styled constitutional, though king or queen may reign, the governing power must reside mainly with Parliament, which, inasmuch as it has a veto on the appointment of ministers, does virtually appoint them. But with what view does it so appoint? Surely that the creatures of its appointment may be not its masters, but its servants—should minister, not be ministered unto—should do as Parliament may bid, not attempt to impose their bidding upon Parliament. That, this being their vocation, they should nevertheless give themselves the airs of dictators, would, had not long habit familiarised us with the practice, appear even more preposterous than if a coachman should insist on taking one road while his master wanted to go another. For the individual coachman may at least be firmly convinced in his own mind that his choice is the best, whereas a cabinet, being a noun of multitude signifying many individuals necessarily differing each from the other more or less in temper, humour, and judgment, can seldom, if ever, have an equally firm common conviction. Any conclusion to which they may have come must be the result of mutual compromises, and represents consequently rather everybody's objections than any one's opinions; yet a policy of which no one of its authors thoroughly approves is to be forced upon Parliament without other choice than between it and a wholesale ministerial strike. Mere vulgar trades-unionism, in its most imperious mood, never goes such lengths as this. The nearest parallel to it is

perhaps that of Lord Sefton's French cook, who resigned the premiership of the kitchen on being told that his lordship had been observed at table to put salt into the soup; though it is not recorded that even then all the under-cooks and scullions followed the example of their chief and threw up their appointments in a body. And what heightens the absurdity of the ministerial usage is the singular sense of honour which underlies it. If a coachman has reason to fear that by taking the dangerous road enjoined upon him he might upset the carriage and break his own neck and his master's, he may be fully warranted in giving warning rather than obey; but, even so, prudence, not honour, is his justification, for honour would rather prompt him to share his master's peril in order that he might do his best to abate it. And similarly, it would seem, should a right-minded ministry, perceiving Parliament to be bent on what to them seemed a mistaken course, nevertheless refrain from deserting their posts as long as they were permitted to retain them, in order that so they might save the vessel of the state from some of the disasters on which, under worse guidance, it might rush. They would be very obtuse if they failed to perceive that to be allowed in such circumstances to continue at the helm was about the highest compliment that could be paid them.

All this is so obvious that the prevalence of diametrically opposite sentiments, not in England only, but in all other constitutional countries, might seem unaccountable, were it not that those latter countries, taking English constitutionalism as their type, have too servilely copied its more prominent features. They might have reflected that the English constitution was not made suddenly, but grew gradually, and adapted itself in growing to the varying circumstances of successive generations. For a lengthened period, and until a date well within living

memory, party government was with us a necessity, due principally to the gross imperfection of our representative system. During the Tudor, Stuart, and Georgian eras, most members of Parliament were mere nominees of territorial magnates, with whom, as with the generality of mankind, personal interest was the first consideration, and patriotism at best the second, and with whom personal and political objects of supreme moment were so inseparably blended that political success and political failure were to them matters of life and death. Political passion ran proportionately high, descending also very low, and thoroughly permeating every stratum of society. While the question at issue lay, or seemed to lie, between Clericalism and Puritanism, a monarchy and a republic, a Jacobite and a Hanoverian dynasty, revolutionary anarchy and preservation of Church and State, all who took any heed of political matters spontaneously and half unconsciously coalesced into separate leagues, each with its distinctive cry too loudly and constantly vociferated to allow of any other being much attended to, and each instinctively aware of the need of internal discipline and of subordination to those prominent exponents of its dominant sentiment whom it had accepted as its chiefs. The party zeal thus generated throughout the country was faithfully represented in Parliament. The lords and gentlemen by whom so much of the elective function was practically monopolised were careful to impress upon all whom they suffered to be elected the paramount obligation of collective action, of presenting a compact front, and of voting black white rather than permit individual scruples to endanger the realisation of the common object. When quieter times succeeded, weaker motives sufficed to produce a similar result. The primary aim, both of the grand electors and of their nominees, continued to be, as it had always been, the constitution of a majority for the

purpose of placing and maintaining their leaders in power, not simply for the furtherance of some special public policy, but also in order that they might themselves participate in the sweets of office, which the leaders on their side were careful to distribute in such mode as seemed best calculated to conciliate the possessors of parliamentary patronage, and thereby to preserve and augment the number of their adherents. The conditions out of which this state of things arose have now in great measure passed away. Members of the House of Commons are now, for the most part, returned by independent constituencies, and might, if they and their constituents chose, act on all occasions independently and conscientiously. But the traditions of former days have hitherto been too strong for any approach to so salutary a change. Party spirit is still supreme, and still exercises a universal fascination. Who is insensible to the manifold charms of that "Strife of Freedom, wherein," as Carlyle says, "everyone may get a share of what is going," to the strong personal attachments and bitter hatreds it begets, the excitement of conflict, the joy of triumph, the exultation over the spoils of victory? Who doubts that a Whig opposition would again be as unanimous as before in its tacit encouragement of Hyde Park rioters for the sake of embarrassing a Tory administration, or that "no leap in the dark" would be too appalling for gleeful Tories hopeful of thereby finally "dishing the Whigs"?

What though, meanwhile, howsoever parties rave, the public rue? The English public loves too well the pleasure it has so long enjoyed to care much about its punishment. The best chance for us is that other nations, taking warning from our example, may strike out a better line for themselves and set us a better example. The circumstances of Italy are particularly favourable for such an experi-

ment. The parliamentary anarchy which M. de Laveleye, in common with some eminent Italian statesmen, so much deplores, implying, as it does, no more at worst than absence of rival parliamentary archons with quasi-despotic, albeit temporary authority, only requires to be rightly understood in order to be quite otherwise appreciated. What it really does is to leave the ground clear for the erection of improved institutions. If it continues long enough, ministers, finding themselves incapacitated from posing as dictators, must sooner or later accept their legitimate rôle, and acquiesce with becoming docility in parliamentary dictation. Whoever thenceforward may bring on a motion, will have to take the sense of the whole chamber upon it, not in form and appearance only, but in all sincerity. Having no trained bands on whose allegiance he can in any case rely, he will be unable to carry his proposal except by convincing a majority of its general expediency, accepting too any amendments on which any majority whatever of the deputies may agree, and thereby bringing it into accord with the dominant feelings of the chamber, and presumably also of the country. The superiority of a system so genuinely representative over that which it would supersede speaks in great measure for itself, and will be more manifest the more minutely we consider how the plan would be likely to work. There would still be a cabinet with an at least nominal premier, an inner council of ministers with a titular president, and although without solidarity or mutual responsibility, only the more thoroughly imbued with omnifarious aptitude by reason of its exemption from those shackles. Each separate minister would probably be well enough disposed, and might moreover be formally required, to consult his assembled colleagues on all matters of moment, yet without being bound to follow their advice. Each might be accountable

solely and exclusively for the transactions of his own department or of any business outside it of which he might voluntarily assume the conduct; and no defeat which he might sustain would, unless implying direct censure and want of confidence, necessitate his resignation. Neither, even when it did, would it necessitate that of his colleagues likewise, who would have learnt to repudiate the monstrous notion that official fellowship could impose on them the obligation of publicly defending official misconduct which they had not shared, and against which they might have privately remonstrated, or of insisting in participating in the retribution which such misconduct incurred. Partial ministerial changes would take place whenever required, but sudden subversion of an entire ministry would be no longer possible. Worthy and unworthy would no longer all go out together in order to make way for others, some of whom would inevitably be less worthy than those whom they had supplanted. An Italian ministry, of which, as has been said, the one thing that can at present be predicted is that it will be short-lived, might in its corporate capacity live for ever under the new *régime*, amputation of effete members, judicious grafting and infusion of new blood sufficing to maintain it in perpetual health. Every individual minister, perceiving that he held office during pleasure—pleasure contingent on his own individual good behaviour—would perceive likewise that the surest mode of prolonging his tenure was by assiduous attention to the duties of his department, to which he could give his whole time when freed from the incessant interpellations with which he, in common with his colleagues, is now pestered, and from the incessant and absorbing lobby work which is now incumbent upon them in order to preserve or recruit a majority ever on the point of melting away. In the conduct of his own departmental business

indeed he might still be subject to abundant criticism, but that criticism would be no longer factious, for the Chamber would no longer be divided into factions: when there was no organised body of ministerial partisans to overthrow, an organised opposition would be without a *raison d'être*. There would continue to be—it would be a great pity if there did not—abundance of personal ambition outside the cabinet, abundance of individual aspirants to office; but each of these would best consult his own interests by singling out some particular post as the object of his aspirations, and by making himself master of its details so as to justify his own candidature for its reversion. But the intelligent criticism to be expected from such quarters would, if accepted in a proper spirit, be, however hostile, the reverse of harmful to those against whom it was directed, inasmuch as, causing them to take more heed to their ways and aiding them to direct their steps, it would strengthen instead of weakening their hold on office. On such conditions an Italian Palmerston, when once appointed, might remain foreign minister, or an Italian Gladstone or Northcote or Forster or Cross, Finance or Home Minister, during the rest of his public life, or until his proved and ever-increasing efficiency in one position was rewarded by translation to another more arduous or dignified. Disappointed aspirants might chafe impatiently, but even they would scarcely pretend that the reins of government could continue too long in hands ostensibly the very fittest to hold them. And let it not be apprehended that the ministers would be less strong collectively than individually. The habit of asking and taking each other's advice would naturally engender a disposition to act together, all the more because whatever agreement or union subsisted among them would be based upon genuine conviction. On all great occasions, indeed, some considerable

degree of concord would be indispensable. No foreign secretary would venture to propose the alternative of war without the concurrence of the heads of the finance and military and naval departments; nor would the most headstrong of premiers attempt to initiate a serious organic change in domestic arrangements to which the bulk of his colleagues had declared themselves averse; while, on the other hand, any measure on which the parliament's own *élite*, their very flower and cream, were agreed, would commend itself with hitherto unprecedented force to general acceptance. Thus the general course of national policy would be steadily continuous, deviating from inherited traditions in so far as varying circumstances and calm deliberation suggested; but no longer oscillating violently from extreme to extreme with every capricious change in the national humour.

It need not be asserted that these immense gains would be without their drawbacks. In foreign affairs, more especially, a parliamentary government which may be required to submit every premeditated movement to public discussion must often be very inferior to an autocracy in promptitude of decision and execution; yet it may fairly be doubted whether this serious defect would not be moderated rather than aggravated under the supposed new *régime*. Ministers, every one of whom parliament had itself selected, and whose increasing efficiency had, as already hinted, been ever since justifying the original choice, would presumably not be denied the confidence which experience had shown them to deserve, and would, if they were worth their salt, on any adequate emergency not scruple to take full liberty of secret action, on the necessarily implied condition of being held responsible for the consequences of the discretionary powers they had assumed. Quite possibly they might, on sufficient cause subsequently shown, obtain an applausive bill of indemnity for inter-

rupting fruitless negotiations with Austria by seizing on the mountain passes into the Tyrol, or for guaranteeing Greece against Turkish invasion on condition of the cession of Corfu.

The experiment thus imagined to be tried in the first instance by Italy would presumably, if successful there, be imitated in other countries, and eventually, though not until very late, by such slaves of habit as ourselves. Yet for England the plan suggested would possess some signal recommendations over and above those already indicated, and, among others, this—that it would, in anticipation of Mr. Hare's admirably contrived scheme for the same purpose, provide to some extent for the representation of minorities. The object of such representation is not to enable a minority to rule, but simply to enable it to obtain a hearing. It is not more inevitable than, in the long run, desirable that a majority should have its own way in all things; and at any rate a minority must needs submit as long as it remains a minority. But provided only it can insist on being listened to, whatever truth there may be in its utterances is sure in the end to prevail to the benefit of all concerned, that majority of course included by whom it had previously been opposed, and whom it has at length converted. Now there is probably scarcely a shade of popular opinion which, even as the House of Commons is at present constituted, is not entertained by one or more of its members, who, when partisanship had ceased to enjoin silence, would not fail, as often as fitting opportunity offered, to express openly their previously hidden sentiments. Thus without any change in the present mode of election, the sense of the entire nation might be in so far represented in the House as that the thoughts upon any given subject of every minority of thinkers could compel attention to them, and gradually obtain whatever influence comparison between them and those of superior numbers might show them

to merit. One consequence, be it observed parenthetically, would pretty certainly be general recognition of the want of a much completer and more direct representation of minorities, as perhaps the most crying political want of our time, while concomitant advantages of the new *régime* would be that caucuses and similar devices for Americanising our institutions would be perceived to be unnecessary, even if not necessarily baneful, and that political differences would cease to be regarded as disqualifications for local appointments. Whigs and Tories equally in Tory boroughs, and Tories and Whigs equally in Whig boroughs, would be deemed eligible for town councils, vestries, and school boards; the most specially serviceable men, whatever their political creed, would everywhere

be in request for every special local service.

Enough, however, of this for the present, though a good deal more of the same kind must be said in order to make much impression on the deeply-ingrained prejudices against which it is directed, and although it might have been well, if space had permitted, to point out how sensibly the difficulties with which the French Republic is just now beset would be lightened by adoption of the principles advocated above. But the few foregoing pages will not have been written altogether in vain if they induce any one to reflect how incompatible is party spirit with patriotism, and how very imperfect a specimen of representative government must be the best imaginable form of government by party.

W. T. THORNTON.

JOHN THADEUS DELANE.

JOHN THADEUS DELANE was born in South Molton Street, London, on the 11th of October, 1817. He was the second son of William Frederick Augustus Delane, barrister-at-law, who again was son of Cavin Delane, one of the sergeants-at-arms of George III. The name was no doubt originally Irish; Delaney, of Mountreth, in the Queen's County, the final "y" being dropped when the family passed over to England. The grandfather, who was a man of great taste, and an accomplished musician, died, leaving two children, a son William, mentioned above, and a daughter, successively the wife of Captain Donaldson and of Mr. I. Moncrieff Arnott, the eminent surgeon. On his death at Old Windsor, he left a considerable fortune to his children, of which the son's share by the carelessness of trustees, was, after expensive litigation, entirely lost. These losses rendered it necessary for the son to enter some profession, and he was called to the bar. At this time he lived chiefly at the Lodge, in the parish of Easthampstead, on a property which had belonged to the family for some years, and to which were added houses and land in the adjoining village of Bracknell. At a very early age, Mr. Delane had married Miss Mary Ann Babington, niece of Colonel John Babington, a distinguished cavalry officer, who served in the 14th Light Dragoons in the Peninsular War. Of this union were born nine children, four sons—William, John, George, and Walter; and five daughters—Elizabeth, Georgina, Frances, Isabella, and Emily. The second son, John Thadeus, rose to be one of the most remarkable men of his time. Though not born in Berkshire, he was reared in that famous county, and in that corner of it bordering on Surrey which abounds in woods and

heather, and which still retains with the independence and manliness and beauty of its peasantry a smack of the freedom and lawlessness of the old forest days. If this be the case in these degenerate days of encroachments and inclosures, what must have been the feeling of freedom and delightful sense of elbow-room with which John Delane grew up, when Windsor Forest still stretched to Sandhurst, when Bagshot Heath was a heath indeed, and when the great parish of Winkfield, thirty miles in compass, contained within its boundaries many thousand acres of waste and heath? Before the inclosure of that outlying portion of Windsor Forest, the deer lay out all over that wide district. Venison was not unusually found in cottages; and so far as roads and fences were concerned, the country between Farnham and Windsor was much in the same state as when Swift rode between those places as he bore messages from Sir William Temple to William III.; or when he recalled to Stella's recollection his walks to London from Moor Park, his route passing by that famous roadside inn, the Golden Farmer, at the summit of the heath above the town of Bagshot; a sign which, we regret to say, some wiseacre has recently seen fit to turn into the "Jolly Farmer." The Golden Farmer's house was the resort of highwaymen, and his "gold" was gained by his being a partaker with them in their depredations on the traveller.

With such surroundings it is not surprising that John Delane grew up free and fearless in his nature. In all the memories of those distant days there is none on which the mind dwells with greater pleasure than on that united family growing up in grace and beauty and mutual affection under

their parents' roof, each member preparing for the career which was to be its lot in after life. Of John it may be said that his education was of the woods and heaths rather than of the schoolroom or the desk. From his earliest years his great delight was to be in the saddle scouring the wastes, and later on to drive long distances either on business or pleasure. But though he had little book-learning, and could not be called a scholar in the university sense of the word, there never was boy or man who possessed greater power of mastering any given subject in the shortest space of time. In this respect, both in his youth and middle age, he reminded those who knew him best of the character given by Thucydides of Pericles—"that he was by his natural intelligence, without the help of instruction before or after, the best judge, on the shortest deliberation, of any matter in hand, and also the ablest forecaster of what the issue would be."

After beginning his education at one if not two private schools, John Delane, in the year 1833, was transferred to King's College, London, then recently established, where he remained about two years. In mathematics, like many great men, he did little or nothing in that short space; but those who sat with him in the classical lectures of the lamented Joseph Anstice, were amazed at the readiness with which, after the barest preparation, generally derived from a translation, he would render the most difficult passages into the happiest mother English. From King's College he passed to a private tutor at Farrington, on the other border of Berkshire, exchanging his old heaths and deer for downs and sheep; and in 1836 he proceeded to Oxford, having matriculated at Magdalene Hall, where the felicity of his construing, with just as little preparation as before, made the whole lecture-room sure that whenever he went up for his degree he must take high honours. But this was not to be. He was fitting himself by his readiness and intuitive grasp of mind for higher honours than those to be

attained at Oxford. Though generally attentive to chapel and regular at lecture, there still were days when a favourite meet of the hounds proved too tempting for him. He was in the saddle and off, leaving a note to his tutor, Dr. Jacobson, asking leave, which was sometimes delivered after his departure. "Mr. Delane's leave is sometimes French leave," was the tutor's remark; "but then we must remember that he, like the ancient Centaurs, is part and parcel of his horse." But these little irregularities were soon forgotten and forgiven; the whole Hall was fond of him and proud of him, though no one of its inmates could foresee what a much greater honour John Delane was ultimately to be to them. Before we leave his life at Oxford let us add, that the distances covered by him on horseback were remarkable. He thought nothing of riding to Farrington and back, or to Banbury and back, between hall and midnight; and on one occasion he rode from Oxford to Bracknell and back in one day, that he might see one of his sisters who was dangerously ill of scarlet fever.

In 1839 he took his degree, and now came suddenly the turning point in his career. Residence in Berkshire had brought Mr. Delane, the father, into intimacy with the late Mr. Walter, the well-known proprietor of the *Times* newspaper. In Mr. Walter's election struggles for Berkshire both father and son had helped actively in the contest. For this in the days of stage-coaches and post-horses the fondness for riding and driving displayed by the family had been of great service. The result was that the father was appointed financial manager of the *Times*, while the son soon attracted the notice of Mr. Walter, one of the shrewdest judges of character and worth that ever lived. At that time the post of editor of the paper was filled by Mr. Thomas Barnes, a man of great power and ability, but whose health, though he was not much over fifty, was beginning to fail. His

colleague in the editorial conduct of the paper was Mr. Bacon, a much younger man, whose health was even worse than that of his chief. Little more than a year after John Delane left the university, both Mr. Bacon and Mr. Barnes died, the latter in May, 1841. Thus deprived of both the conductors of the *Times*, Mr. Walter, in whom the appointment solely vested, determined on filling the vacant post by the son of his friend, Mr. Delane. Thus John Delane, when he was twenty-three, became editor of the *Times*. The interval between his degree and his appointment had been filled by various duties connected with the great newspaper, in each of which he justified his reputation for quickness of apprehension and readiness of resource. In the spring of 1845 he was joined by his old friend George Dasent, who for five and twenty years continued his colleague in the editorship. Of very different natures the two brothers-in-law, Walter's "three-year-olds" as they were called, each contributed something which was wanting in the character of the other, and the result was a remarkable smoothness and evenness in the conduct of the paper.

Looking back on the history of the years between the present time and 1841, we seem to be gazing into the craters of extinct volcanoes. The inflammable matter which fed the fire of debate, and the fury with which each step of political progress was discussed by the great antagonists on either side, has been so utterly burnt out and extinguished that we in this generation who dwell on the fertile soil of social and religious freedom formed by those convulsions can scarcely believe in the bitterness of the struggle and the ability and boldness of the statesmen by whom each prize of our present liberties was won. We imagine that these green fields and pleasant pastures were always the easy abode of political indolence, and that do-nothing ministries with their servile supporters always held rule in England. There is this difference between the position of the editor of a great

organ of public opinion like the *Times* and prime ministers and statesmen, that while they last but for a while, and either vanish, the victims of greater geniuses, or by accident and impolicy, or, it may be, tripped up by intrigues and insubordination within their own ranks, he goes on for ever; so long, at least, as he has strength and ability to meet the demands made upon his energies. Between May, 1841, when John Delane became virtually the editor of the *Times*, to the present date, there have been no less than twelve changes of administration, based for the most part on great changes or attempted reversals of policy. Consider the advantage which the permanency of his tenure of office gave to a man of Delane's capacity in dealing with political pieces so often swept off the board and replaced merely to begin the game of government anew. While statesmen on either side were bent on checkmating their antagonists, he may be said to have played the part of a moderator or dictator, to whom sooner or later they must one and all come for assistance and advice. Taking this view of his position, he was at no time what could be called a party man. That his instincts were intensely liberal, the columns of the *Times* during his whole tenure of office remain to prove. They are composed out of the very ore of liberty and progress, and will for ever remain the best monument to his memory. But he regarded the fall of one administration and the formation of another with quite other feelings than those of the wire-pullers of parties—of the Tadpoles and Tapers,—who deemed the end of the world was at hand if Whig ousted Tory or Tory Whig in the struggle for political power. If he thought of prime ministers or cabinets when these changes, inseparable from the essence of constitutional government, occurred, it was perhaps with personal regret that this or that friend had fallen, but always with the reserve and conviction of what was due to a sense of his own vocation. It was his pride to administer

the editorship justly and generously, without respect of parties or personal favour, and he remembered that, if he were the intimate friend of statesmen, he had a higher dignity; that he too was a prime minister—the prime minister of the public, and that it was his duty to serve them, and with them the friends and employers who were proud of him, and reposed unlimited confidence in him, with all his heart and soul to the very utmost of his power.

In this respect John Delane only showed himself the apt pupil of Mr. Walter, the patron who promoted him, whose great political maxim was never to be such great friends with a statesman as to forget that he might one day be your foe, but at the same time to bear in mind that if he were now your foe he might still be one day your friend. To this great principle, which became traditional and hereditary in the conduct of the great newspaper founded by the Walter family, John Delane was faithful and loyal during the whole of his rule over the *Times*. It was the keystone to his personal independence and to the power of the paper, and it enhanced tenfold the value of its adhesion and support; as was most gracefully recognised on a memorable occasion by the late Sir Robert Peel. No journalist of our time, none of any time, ever lived in more constant communication with statesmen of all opinions than John Delane, but no one was less their servant. He ever met them on equal terms, and if he was often indebted to them for priority of information as to political events just looming in the future, he gave them more than they brought; he, too, had exclusive intelligence to impart—foresight as to the temper of the people, the soundest advice as to the success or failure of political ventures, and, above all, wholesome warnings of the danger which ever tracks the course of those who embark on the great ocean of politics in an ill-found vessel manned by an unruly crew. In these respects

no man of our time has possessed more political sagacity, and the friends who had likened him to the great Athenian statesman when he was only an undergraduate, were proud to find their comparison verified by the insight which he showed in predicting the course which events would take with an un-failing certainty, which seemed akin to divine intuition.

And so it happened that for many years the *Times* newspaper, with Delane as its conductor, outstripped all its competitors, not only in the priority and excellence of its information and intelligence, but also in the readiness and power with which it commented on each fact of news for the instruction of the public. When we remember that in the great questions of the Poor Law and Free Trade; in Irish policy, beginning with the turbulent times of O'Connell, and ending with the abolition of the Irish Church, and the improvement of the Land Laws; in its support of Sir Robert Peel's financial measures and in the Repeal of the Navigation Laws—not to speak of the efforts of the paper in the cause of civil and religious liberty, as in the emancipation of the Jews and the removal of disabilities from Dissenters—when we remember, we say, that to the triumph of every one of these great measures, and many more, the *Times*, under John Delane, mainly contributed, while other organs of the press growled or shrieked as if the country were about to be utterly ruined, we shall be amazed at the courage and mental resources of the man who, without cessation or rest, could undertake the advocacy of each of these great changes, and never rest to labour for them day and night till he had done his best to bring one and all of them to a happy conclusion.

To war and its consequences he seemed naturally averse. It was with great reluctance that he saw the country embark in the Crimean War, though once engaged in the struggle he spared no pains and grudged no money to bring it to a victorious end. He possessed great knowledge of military

affairs and details, and statesmen now living can bear witness to the extent of his information on those matters, and to the mastery which he ever exhibited over the whole subject. But he looked on foreign war as a waste of our national resources, and once, at least, in the struggle between Denmark and Austria and Prussia for the Duchies, had a great hand in restraining the martial desires of a portion of Lord Palmerston's cabinet. Later on, in 1870, he showed his sagacity in predicting the triumph of the German arms, while most of the world were sure that the French would be at Berlin in a month. Throughout the rest of that struggle his support, so far as it went, was freely given to Germany, chiefly because he distrusted the policy of the Emperor Napoleon, and thought the success of Germany most advantageous to England.

That a man so influential in position, and so gifted by nature, should have been sought out by ministers and courted by society, was a matter of course. Besides, it was his duty to consort with cabinet ministers, and to mix in the great world if he could advance the interests of the paper, and at the same time escape the enervating influence of flattery and intrigue. We believe it would be the universal verdict of the statesmen with whom he constantly associated, and of the gay crowds in which he sometimes appeared, in them but not of them, that no man was so little spoiled by society as John Delane. He was the least given to gossip of any man, and no one could say that he had ever been tempted by vanity to reveal any of the many secrets which had been confided to his keeping. That he was more drawn to one statesman than to another is only to say that he was a man. Of all his friends of that class we believe he respected Lord Aberdeen the most, who had been his Mentor when he was new to his work, while his affection was most shown to Lord Palmerston, who in his geniality and readiness, and if one may so speak, in the hand-to-mouth character

of his statesmanship, resembled the natural leanings of Delane's mind. Some have thought that this was shown too much in the unflinching support which the *Times* gave to Lord Palmerston's policy, and especially to his postponement of reform. It was feared lest the younger of the two might find, when his Nestor had departed, that he had left a deluge of constitutional arrears behind him. This danger, if it ever existed, terminated with Lord Palmerston's death, since which event no prime minister can be said to have stood in the same dangerous intimacy with Delane.

In considering the life of a great man, the question ever arises, How much of his fame was due to himself, and how much to fortune? Had it not been that he was his father's son, and that the Walters, father and son, had been his firm friends, would the world ever have heard of John Delane? Perhaps not as editor of the *Times*, in that no doubt fortune stood his friend; but he was made of that strong stuff, and the fibre of his mind was so tough and elastic that if he had not chosen to spend his life shrouded in the veil which hides the personality of an editor from ordinary eyes, the world would assuredly have heard of him as famous in other fields of action. How great a general, or how good a judge, how subtle a diplomatist, or how farsighted a minister he might have been, the world will never know; but those who knew him best, and worked with him by day and night, know that in his conduct of the *Times* he displayed by turns all the characteristics of these noble professions. Of undaunted courage, admirable judicial power, profound knowledge of men and society, and the sharpest political foresight, he combined in himself all the qualities which make a man famous. This was the great secret of his success as a leader of men. All who served with him or worked under him, felt sure that whatever the emergency, and however short the notice, John Delane would never be taken by surprise, that he would be equal to the

occasion, and that the *Times* would be itself the next morning. No man ever had such willing workers, no workers ever served an abler leader. It is said there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it; but the sea is wide, and it must be a cunning fisher who could cast his net and catch so noble a fish as John Delane. Of arrogance and rudeness he had the greatest scorn, together with the happiest way of dealing with such people; as, when at an Oxford breakfast party, a Pembroke man asked whether the gentlemen commoners of Magdalen Hall dined in hall with their wives and children. "Just as true," replied Delane, "as that the knives and forks at Pembroke are chained to the table lest the undergraduates should run away with them."

Turning for a moment to what may be called his personal conduct of the *Times*, it has been said that he was "no writer." This is only true in one sense, and wrong in another. He did not write, but he knew how to write, and that better than most men. Much that appeared in the paper under the head of leading articles was so amended by his pen that it was in reality Delane's handiwork, and the ablest writers, instead of feeling impatient at his alterations and corrections, were free to confess that he had much improved their composition. In this he was in his full right, for he alone was responsible for what was published. It is true he had no need to write, for he was supported by a staff of writers who were devoted to him, and who were unequalled in their several styles for capacity and grace of diction. In one sense no living man, so far as our information goes, could approach him. He was beyond compare the best writer of letters of his day. His letters of instruction and advice to those who wrote for him were matchless. They were models of instruction, never missing a point, terse, and yet brilliant.

They put life into the dead bones of a subject, and as he read the writer was warmed by admiration to do his best. His letters to his friends and family were full of the most striking thoughts clothed in the simplest and purest English. Others were full of playful sallies, in which he reproached his friends for shortcomings and indolence, and thus jestingly led them on to better behaviour. On two memorable occasions, on great provocation, he emerged from the mystery of the editor's room and entered into a controversy with two great public men, one long since gone, the other still with us. This step in our opinion was a mistake, but certainly those letters as they remain will do no injustice to his ability as a writer.

What is left but to say that in private life no man was more affectionate in his nature, and certainly none more beloved by his family and friends. He had very simple tastes, though generous to a fault. To one love he remained constant almost to the end. On his writing-table in Serjeants' Inn lay a hoof of one of his old Oxford horses set in silver, and he was never so happy as when he was on horseback galloping over the Berkshire heaths to some review at Aldershot, or following the autumn manœuvres along the breezy Wiltshire downs. Up to two years of his death he continued to be the "centaur" which he had shown himself at Oxford; and when he could no longer ride, his chief delight was to drive to his old home near Bracknell, or to the peaceful churchyard of Easthampstead, where he sleeps side by side with his father and mother. There he has "rest from his labours," but it may be truly said that "his works do follow him," for they are to be found in the columns of that great newspaper which it was his pride and good fortune to have raised to unexampled excellence.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1880.

CETYWAYO'S STORY OF THE ZULU NATION AND THE WAR.

THE following narrative has been taken down from the lips of Cetywayo, by Captain J. Ruscombe Poole, Royal Artillery, who brought the ex-king from Zululand to Capetown, and is now in charge of him there. As a history of the war it is therefore necessarily incomplete, and in some respects onesided; but its chief and characteristic value would obviously have been lost if Captain Poole had added any remarks of his own to the story itself, which contains nothing that has not been received direct from Cetywayo, through Mr. Longcast, an able and trustworthy interpreter, who has lived for twenty years in Zululand. The few observations which Captain Poole thought necessary to illustrate and elucidate the text are given in the form of notes.

The history and traditions of the Zulus are, Captain Poole informs me, handed down by word of mouth, and this chiefly by the Kings and Indunas. Nevertheless it must not be supposed that Cetywayo is capable of giving a long consecutive narrative such as appears in the following pages, which are the result of many weeks intercourse, and probably contain much which the ex-king might have left unsaid if he had not been questioned.

Captain Poole, however, guarantees that every part of the story has been fairly told him by Cetywayo himself.—
EDITOR *Macmillan's Magazine*.

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I.

THE ZULU TRIBE.

THE Zulu tribe before Chaka's time, or rather before Chaka made it a great nation, was a small tribe occupying the Emashlabatini country. Its old, original name, Abanguni, is now almost unknown in Zululand, but the neighbouring countries still know the tribe by that name. In Zululand they are called Abakwa-Zulu (sons of Zulu), Zulu, and Undabezita. The tribe is divided into numerous families or sub-tribes, as follows:—

The Uhutilezi, which is a divided family, having Umnyamana¹ (who was Cetywayo's prime minister) and Umtyubane as their chiefs; the Uquabe, whose chief is Rouhlo; the Uzingu, whose chief is Unfanawenkela.

The Ubixela and Umgazi, which are one family, divided, with Umvumhlana as chief of the former and Mapoko of the latter. Sigodi, killed at Isandhlwana, and before him Masipula (Panda's prime minister) were chiefs of the latter.

The Umtombelo and Umblalosi are also one family, divided; Mabauda (dead) was chief of the former and Segetwayo is of the latter. The Fakazi, whose chief is Umkasana; the Umhloben, a scattered family, has no chief.

The Umtanzi, whose chief is Umboño.

The Igazi, whose chief is Umkanyile.

¹ Nyamana.

The Amagungebe is Sirayo's tribe. The Umzuzu, whose chief is Umxuswa.

The Ukanyile, whose chief is Upagatwayo.

The Ulanga, whose chief is Umhlaka; and the Umpungose, which is Ganse's tribe; and some others.

In addressing a man, no matter of what station in life, of any of the above families, the word "Zulu," or "Undabacita," is used.

The foregoing names of families do not include those of chiefs of the royal blood. They are only given to show the different families which form the Zulu race proper.

Of Cetywayo's brothers, the following are now alive:—Madunna, own brother, by Ungumbazi (dead), the daughter of Utyana, a chief in Umfanawenkela's family.

Half-brothers:—Usiteku, Magwendu, Dabulamanzi, Uziwetu, Uhama (Oham), Mahanana, Umgihlana, Shingana, Umsutu, Sukani, Umtonga, Usicota, Umkungo (whom Bishop Colenso educated, and who afterwards reverted to Kaffir life), and Ungatsha.

Usibebu and his brother Haiyana and other well-known chiefs are blood royal, and cousins of the king.

Umavumengwana was chief of the Ulundi regiment (three regiments). He is a well-known Induna, who fought at Isandhlwana, Ginginhlovu, and Ulundi. He originally had a very small following, but, owing to his humane treatment of his clansmen, it became a very strong tribe, one of the largest along the Tugela. Men flocked to him from other tribes where witch-doctors were all powerful.

Umalandela is the earliest king of the Abanguni tribe that can be remembered. He was succeeded by his son, Umdhlana, who was succeeded by his son Zulu, who was succeeded by his son, Untombela; who was succeeded by his son, Ukosinkulu,¹ who was also called² Mamba; who was succeeded by his son, Uimageba; who was succeeded by his son, Upunga; who was succeeded by his son, Undaba; who

¹ Big king.

² Large snake.

was succeeded by his son, Ufaina; who was the father of Senzagacone.

All these kings lived in the Emashlabatini country. Very little is known of them and their doings, except that they are believed to have had peaceful dispositions, and that they bred cattle, and made no wars.

II.

SENZAGACONE.—CHAKA'S BIRTH AND BOYHOOD.

WHEN Senzagacone began to reign he was unmarried; but he had a natural son, only a year or two old, by Unamdi, daughter of Umkeki, chief of the Langmeni tribe, named Chaka, or "the bastard."³

Soon after he became king, he married Chaka's mother, and a daughter was born to them, named Nuncoba, who married the chief Ulandela; but as they had no children, she, being of royal blood, returned, according to custom, to her own kraal, where she now rules her own small tribe in the Emashlabatini country. Senzagacone had many other wives, and numerous children, but Chaka's mother remained his favourite wife, and seeing that they had no son since their marriage, the king, according to custom, "gave her for a son" his natural son, Chaka.

But, before this, the king had meant to kill Chaka, thinking he would become troublesome when he grew up, and, indeed, when the lad was about fifteen, he sent to kill him, but a woman heard it, and warned Chaka, and he escaped and fled to Dingiswayo, chief of the Umtwetwa tribe, in Sumkela's country. When Senzagacone had made him a legitimate son, by giving him to his mother, he sent to bid him return, but Chaka would not, and remained with Dingiswayo till his father's death.

Meanwhile, by his skill and courage,

³ A bastard is now called "umlandhwana" by the Zulus. Since Chaka became king his name has never been used by them in its original meaning.

he raised himself from an ordinary man to an Induna of considerable reputation, and had become a great favourite in his adopted country. On his father's death the Zulu tribe sent to him and begged him to be their king; he consented, and all the people in the countries through which he passed on his way to the Zulus, accompanied him, and the whole Zulu tribe assembled to receive him, and he was made king with great rejoicings. His brothers acquiesced, and Chaka was kind to them during his reign. Umkaibye, his father's sister, whose name is well known to this day,¹ ruled the Zulus after Senzagacone's death until Chaka's return, and she carried on all the negotiations for his return.

III.

CHAKA'S REIGN.—HIS WARS AND CONQUESTS.
—HIS MILITARY SYSTEM.—HIS VIOLENT
DEATH.—HIS INTERCOURSE WITH WHITE
MEN.

Soon after Chaka's accession, Uzwid, chief of the Umdwandwe tribe, attacked Dingiswayo, defeated, and killed him. His tribe and Dingiswayo's were the most powerful in this part of Africa, and there was much jealousy between them. By Dingiswayo's overthrow, the Umdwandwe people became the strongest tribe; but the kingless and defeated Umtwetwa sent to Chaka and besought protection, and Chaka consented to be their protector. Upon hearing this, Uzwid marched to attack the Zulus, and although Chaka made what preparations he could, he was attacked before he was ready, on the south of the White Umvolosi, and a desperate fight ensued, of which the result was, that the left wing of each army was victorious, and there was a great slaughter, Chaka himself having a narrow escape; for, at one time, the par of his army where he stood was

completely surrounded and in imminent danger of being cut to pieces; but he had two good staunch regiments at hand, who cut their way out for him. Chaka retreated, and collecting his men, women, and cattle, left his country for the sea coast. The Umdwandwe army lost so heavily (their losses included five sons of the chief) that they also had to retreat, and retired into their own country.

When Chaka retreated to the coast, the Langmeni (his mother's tribe) attacked him; but he defeated them, and they left their country and joined the Umdwandwe people. Chaka also fought and defeated a coast tribe, and he then occupied the countries of both these tribes. His own Emashlabatini country lay waste and uninhabited.

Uzwid now collected a fresh army, and advanced to attack Chaka, who had again to make hurried preparations, and was not ready, being considerably weakened by his late fights; but he made a night march and surprised the Umdwandwe army near the Umhlutze river, between Kwamagwasa and that river, and defeated them, and then again retreated. Uzwid, however, collected his forces and followed Chaka; but the latter was too quick for him, and escaped, though with the loss of a large quantity of cattle; a great many of his kraals were also destroyed, and a number of men, women, and children killed, who were overtaken in the kraals, as Uzwid had advanced rapidly. Uzwid then retreated to his own country, and made preparations for a third attack, being determined to crush the Zulus. He called in all the small tribes that dwelt round him, threatening to "eat up" any that did not respond to the call. This force represented ten tribes, the Zulu force only two, so that the former were far superior to the latter in numbers; therefore, as Uzwid's army advanced, Chaka retired, and eventually took up a position on the Inkankla range, and there waited the attack. He gave strict orders to his men, on pain of death,

¹ Zulus, in taking an oath, invoke the name of some great chief or personage. Umkaibye's name is in common use in this way in Zululand.

not to throw their assegais,¹ but to close on the enemy, and fight them hand to hand. The broken nature of the ground favoured him considerably, as he had his men well posted, while the enemy had difficulty in keeping together in organised bodies. The battle commenced early in the morning, and lasted till after mid-day. The Zulus awaited the attack, and then "rushed" the enemy so impetuously that they carried everything before them at all points, and utterly routed the Umdwandwe army; Chaka, following up the retreat, scattered them all over the country. Uzwindi fled beyond his own territory, and never returned, and Chaka annexed it. He now became by far the most powerful king in that part of Africa, and raised tribute from all the tribes round him.

Chaka then waged several wars: he attacked the Mangwani tribe on the Drachensberg, who, on his approach, at first retreated with their women and children, but lost a quantity of cattle, which they could not get away in time; and then, returning suddenly, attacked Chaka's men as they were sleeping in the kraals. This attack, however, proved unsuccessful, and they were defeated, and retreated once more, saving their women and children, but losing a large quantity of cattle.

Chaka then divided his army, and sent a portion home with the captured cattle, and with the remainder attacked a chief named Zulukamafu, who lived north of the Drachensberg. This chief took up a position on a hill, with all his women, children, and cattle, and defied the Zulus to attack him. The Zulu army surrounded the hill, killed every man, woman, and child, and then returned home.

Chaka, soon after this, sent an army to attack the Pondos, and defeated them; but, being far from home, the Zulus did not follow up their victory, and took only a small lot of cattle. After a year had elapsed, he sent

another army to attack them again, but the Pondos retreated without an engagement, and lost much cattle; the Zulus then retired, and the Pondos sent messengers to Chaka praying for peace, which was granted.

Chaka now took steps to maintain his power; he claimed to rule over the whole country from the sea to the Pondola, to the Drachensberg, and to the Pondo country. If any tributary tribe failed to pay tribute, he sent an *impi*² and "ate them up." The petty kings were no longer recognised as kings, but all became tributary chiefs. Chaka was in the habit of calling up a number of these chiefs at different times, and used to receive them well. He established for the first time a standing army: every male was called upon to serve, each being told off to a regiment, generally according to his age. In this way, Chaka broke up clanship, and destroyed the power of his chiefs; for a man did not serve in his chief's regiment, but in one of the king's, which was composed of men of all tribes. The women were also grouped in classes, or regiments, according to age, and had to marry into regiments as ordered by the king; but on a woman marrying, cattle passed, as before, to her father or brother. Regiments were not permitted to marry until they were allowed to put on "rings,"³ which was generally when they reached the age of forty; and so both men and women married late in life.

Chaka sent two⁴ regiments to attack the Swazis. Half of one of these, however, was detached to punish a refractory tribe, so only one regiment and a half went, yet the Swazis were defeated, and made to pay tribute.

After this, Chaka sent a very large army beyond the Somba mountains to attack the Sotshangana people, beyond Delagoa Bay. A little earlier, three tribes had deserted from Zululand, and tried to get away north-

² Army.

³ Head-rings: the hair of the head is interwoven in the ring.

⁴ Regiments in those days were far stronger in numbers than those at the outbreak of the late war.

¹ Chaka introduced the short and stronger *stabbing* assegai.

wards; they were followed and overtaken by this army, and utterly destroyed.

It then moved on and defeated the Sotshangana people, and took a quantity of cattle; but on its return lost very heavily from fever, and from passing, thus enfeebled, through a hostile country; for the Sotshangana people followed them, killing all who were unable to keep up with the army. The advance of this great army was a stirring event; every able-bodied man was ordered to go; and the war-song made for the occasion, which is well remembered to this day was to the following effect:—

“Go every one to war!
Old bird and young!
*He*¹ says this—
Who is as big as the whole² country.
You who stayed at home yesterday
Won't stay at home to-day.”

While this army was away, and Zululand was almost destitute of fighting men, Chaka was one day sitting outside his kraal,³ talking to some Pondo ambassadors, when he saw Dingaan, and five more of his brothers,⁴ approaching, with assegais in their hands. They rushed upon the king and killed him. A chief, who was near, named Umxamana, picked up the dying king and begged them to kill him also: this they did.

When the Zulu army returned, which was soon afterwards, there was great consternation and confusion. Dingaan fled, and the army called on Panda to be their king, but he refused, saying: “Why should I be king? I did not kill my brother. I don't want to be king. Let Dingaan, who killed him, be king.” Meanwhile, Dingaan and Umhlangain (another of the murderers) quarrelled, and Dingaan slew his brother in a fit of passion.

Dingaan then became king. The Zulus feared, but never loved him. Chaka, on the other hand, had always been a great favourite with his tribe;

he was also friendly towards the white man, as was proved by his rescuing and taking care of Mr. Fynn and five whites who were wrecked near St. Lucia Bay. They remained in Zululand for about a year, under the protection of Chaka, who, meanwhile, sent messengers down country, as far as the old colony, to tell the white men that Mr. Fynn was with him. These messengers guided a white man, and showed him the port of Durban, where ships had been seen; and, eventually, Chaka himself accompanied Mr. Fynn down to Port Durban, to see him embark on a ship that had been sent round from Cape Town for him. Chaka also sent two chiefs at Mr. Fynn's suggestion, and at the cost of a great quantity of cattle, to go to England, and return and report on the English people and their country, meaning to go himself if they returned with favourable reports. These ambassadors returned soon after Chaka's death.

[NOTE.—It is doubtful if they got even as far as Cape Town.⁵ Chaka appears to have appreciated the white man and his doings, and had he had opportunities, with his extraordinary power of governing his people, would probably have introduced many civilising reforms into his country.]

Chaka died without children. It is said that all children born to him were killed by his order; he did not wish to have any.⁶

[NOTE.—It will be observed that no dates whatever are mentioned in the foregoing historical sketch; this is because the Zulus are incapable of expressing dates, as they are also very vague in dealing with numbers. To try therefore to fix a date on the

⁵ Shooter, chap. viii.

⁶ It is said in Zululand that a king is likened to a lion, who kills the male cub if he finds him, and it is customary to hide a male child that is born to a king. Cetywayo was so hidden for some time after his birth; but this was more from fear of Dingaan than of his father.

¹ Chaka.

² Zululand.

³ This took place at Stanger.

⁴ They had returned from the army, having feigned sickness.

foregoing events, from a Zulu point of view, it will be best to say, that Mr. Fynn and the few men who were wrecked near St. Lucia Bay, are said to have been the first white men that had been seen in those parts.]

Mr. Fynn was about a year in Zululand, and then left, having embarked at Durban; a year or two afterwards¹ he returned to Durban with a party of white men, and there established, with Chaka's sanction, a trading station. It was at this time, and through Mr. Fynn, that blankets were first introduced into Zululand; formerly skins, dressed and made up in various ways, were the only coverings the Zulus had. Mr. Fynn told Chaka a great deal about the white men, and when the latter invaded Pondoland the second time, it was through Mr. Fynn's representations that the army did not go on further, as he said if they did they would come into collision with the white man. The Zulus appear at this time to have known nothing about the Boers, except from hearsay through Mr. Fynn: they do not seem to have met.

When Mr. Fynn was at Durban, all the southern part of Natal was almost uninhabited, as Chaka, finding his people very scattered, drew in the southern Natal tribes, who were occupying the country round and south of Durban. Prior to Mr. Fynn's first departure from Durban, ships had been seen at anchor there,² but no trading station was known until Mr. Fynn returned. It is denied that any land was sold to Mr. Fynn or any other white man by Chaka; they were allowed to use the port of Durban, and encouraged to establish a trading station there.

Chaka once called upon Mr. Fynn to assist him with his white men in punishing a refractory tribe³ who had established themselves in a mountain fastness, which, without firearms, was deemed impregnable, and it was undoubtedly due chiefly to Mr. Fynn's

party, with their firearms, that this expedition was a success.

It is stoutly denied that Chaka was ever in any way capricious in his behaviour towards Mr. Fynn and the white men.⁴

IV.

DINGAAN.—MURDER OF ALL HIS BROTHERS
BUT PANDA.—WARS WITH THE BOERS.—
PANDA A FUGITIVE.—DEATH OF DINGAAN.

DINGAAN commenced his career as king by killing all his brothers, except Panda, also his brothers' principal chiefs and friends, with all their women and children; he looked upon his brother Panda as harmless, and so spared him. At least eighty men thus perished. Amongst the few principal chiefs of Chaka's who were spared were Umhlaka, who was a great Induna in Chaka's time (but in the end this chief also was killed by Dingaan, after serving for some time as one of his principal Indunas), and Sotobe, who was one of the chiefs Chaka sent as ambassador to England. Dingaan gave Sotobe the country south of the Tugela. A chief named Umquetu seceded from Dingaan and took his tribe down south. They came into collision with the Pondos and were destroyed, the latter taking all their cattle; but Dingaan sent an army and recovered this cattle. He sent another army against Umzikazi, who had also left Zululand with his tribe, and had settled where Pretoria now is. Umzikazi was easily defeated and retired further, losing a lot of cattle. The Zulu army then returned home and rested, but in the following year another raid was made against the same chief, and a pitched battle was fought,

⁴ Yet Chaka left a prophecy, well known to all old Zulus, which would seem, at first sight, to belie this statement; but it is said to refer only to the incapacity, want of judgment, and ill temper of Chaka's probable successor, Dingaan. It was to this effect: "After my" (Chaka's) "death the Zulu country will be overrun by the white man on horses." The Boers first fulfilled this prophecy, and now the English have again done so.

¹ Probably 1824.

² Probably for fresh water.

³ About 1827. Shooter, chap. viii.

when the Zulu army were again victorious, and took nearly all his cattle and then returned to the king. Umzilikazi retired further north.

The Boers had now appeared on the field at Natal, and made a demand on Dingaan to give up a lot of the cattle that he had taken from Umzilikazi, saying they had been stolen by that chief from them. Dingaan told them to recover some cattle that had been stolen from him by a petty chief. This the Boers did, and having also caught the chief, imprisoned him at Pieter Maritzburg. They¹ then went again to Dingaan to demand the cattle, but Dingaan replied that he knew nothing about the Boers' cattle, and certainly would not give up any he had taken from Umzilikazi.

[It appears from the Zulu story that Dingaan looked very suspiciously on Peter Retief and his party, and believed they were spying out the land. The Zulus assert that they actually caught Retief one night trying to surround the kraal Dingaan was in. A good deal of "double dealing" appears to have been going on *on both sides*—the Boers trying to outwit Dingaan, and Dingaan was doing the same by them. The end of it was,² Retief and his party were murdered.]

After Retief's death, Dingaan invaded Natal and killed a great many of the Boers, and took a large quantity of cattle and sheep. On reaching Ladysmith the Zulus attacked the Dutch laager there, but after some obstinate fighting were repulsed. They then retreated to Zululand with their plunder, the Dutch followed and overtook them as they were crossing the Tugela, but after some severe fighting they were forced to retreat, without recovering their cattle. About³ a year after this, the Boers invaded Zululand, and were met on the Itala range by a Zulu regiment which they defeated and

followed, when suddenly, they were surprised by another body of Zulus, lying down in the grass, and they were defeated in their turn, and driven with loss across the Buffalo river.

About the same time an English force from Durban, composed chiefly of black men, crossed the Tugela Middle Drift, and coming unexpectedly, carried off a large quantity of cattle with scarcely any fighting. A Zulu army was quickly got together and followed them up, killing many men and recovering most of the cattle.⁴

Some months after this, another force from Durban advanced and crossed the Lower Tugela. The Zulus were prepared this time, and an army under Panda met them, and drove them back into the Tugela with great loss, and very few escaped.⁵ The Zulu army then advanced into Natal and carried everything before them, destroying Durban and going even further south, and taking large quantities of cattle. Cetywayo was a lad at this time.

After this the Boers again invaded Zululand and built a laager on the Blood river and then raided from it, harassing the country, and Dingaan sent an army against them. They began skirmishing one afternoon near the laager, and the Boers retreated into it; next morning, just before daybreak, the Zulu army attacked the laager, and fought till midday, when they were obliged to retreat. The Boers then came out, and following them on horseback, utterly routed them. They then advanced to the Emtonganeni, burnt the military kraals there, and then retired into a laager they built on top of the Emtonganeni. A Zulu spy, named Bengoza, then went to the laager and told the Boers where the Zulu cattle would be found, and offered to guide them, saying all the Zulus had fled and deserted the king. He persuaded them to follow him and took them down the Upati mountain near

¹ This was Retief's party.

² Feb. 5, 1838. Holden, chap. v.

³ 1838. Holden.

⁴ This does not agree with Holden's account who describes this English raid as entirely successful.

⁵ 1838. Holden.

the Umhlatazi river, where it is very steep. When half way down, watching his opportunity, Bongoza ran into the bush, and the Boers then discovered that they were surrounded. They fought desperately, and cut their way out with heavy loss, and returning to their laager at the Emtonganeni, inspanned,¹ and beat a retreat. The Zulus followed, but did not molest them, they were only too glad to see them go.

This was the last fight the Zulus had with the Boers.

Negotiations for peace followed, and were satisfactorily concluded, the Zulus returning all horses and firearms taken from the Boers, and promising security to them in Natal. They also gave up Bongoza to the Boers, who killed him. The Zulus state that no cattle was handed over to the Boers.

Dingaan now grew jealous of Panda, and the latter, seeing this, fled into Natal, taking all his family and cattle, and a strong following. He then threw in his lot with the Boers, and joined them at Pieter-Maritzburg, leaving his people between the Tongati river and where Verulam now is. Panda seems to have made great friends with the Boers, and they treated him kindly. Cetywayo accompanied his father, and was shown to the Boers as Panda's chief son.

The Boers soon after this,² disbelieving in Dingaan's peaceful intentions, invaded Zululand with Panda and his army. Panda's army crossed the Tugela at the Lower Drift, and then marched up through the centre of Dingaan's country; while the Boers, accompanied by Panda himself, crossed higher up, and advanced to join the army. Before the junction was made, Dingaan attacked Panda's army, but some of his tribes deserted and joined Panda, just before the fight, which took place at Magongo on the Umkusi river. Dingaan was defeated and retired with a small following beyond the Bomba mountains, where he was killed by the Swazis.

¹ i.e. put to the oxen. ² January, 1840.

V.

PANDA.—HIS RELATIONS WITH THE BOERS.
—ARRIVAL OF THE ENGLISH IN NATAL.
—CETYWAYO AND HIS BROTHERS.—
PANDA'S DEATH.

AFTER Panda's victory over Dingaan he became king; but was obliged first to make a treaty with the Boers,³ by which he gave up the whole of Natal, making the Tugela the boundary. His country then extended from the sea to the Drachensberg, north of a line drawn east and west, along and from the Tugela. He also gave up to the Boers a large quantity of cattle. The Boers detained him until the stipulations of the treaty were fulfilled.

Soon after this, Panda asked permission from the Boers to send an *impi* to collect a lot of cattle that some chiefs had taken away, who had deserted from Zululand. This was accorded, and the cattle were recovered.

Panda was of a peaceful disposition, like his father Senzagacone, and was averse to wars; but he kept up the military system established by Chaka.

A great calamity now befel Zululand. Lung sickness broke out in the cattle herds, and a very large number died.

During his reign a small tribe in the Pongwala bush⁴ were guilty of cattle-stealing, and an expedition was sent against them. The cattle were recovered, and the tribe punished. At this time, when the army returned from the Pongwala bush, the Boers were in Durban and Pieter-Maritzburg, and Panda heard that the English under "Smith" had had a fight with them, and that the English, after getting the worst of it, had "gone under ground"⁵ and were holding their own. But the Boers had taken a cannon from the English; and it is said that when the English ships arrived in the harbour with reinforcements, the Boers pointed this cannon at them; but the English ships fired first, and a ball from one of them

³ 1840.

⁴ Luneburg district.

⁵ Entrenched themselves.

entered the mouth of the Boers' cannon and burst it. The Boers were defeated, and fell back to Pieter-Maritzburg. The English followed up, and at night seized the Boers' magazine, and the latter, failing in ammunition, had to give in. The Dutch then trekked over the Drachensberg, and asked Panda to give them leave to live in the country adjoining Utrecht; this Panda allowed, and the country where Utrecht now stands he gave nominally to a Boer, whose Zulu name was Ginginizi,¹ who was to be the outside, or border, Boer.

Panda was very glad to see the English take Natal from the Boers; he did not trust the latter, and was always in fear that they would turn on him and make further demands.

The English soon began to increase, and occupy the whole of Natal. Up to this date blankets were luxuries which only the king and chiefs in Zululand could afford; but as soon as the English occupied Natal, trade increased, and blankets were within the reach of all.

Shortly after this the Swazis had a civil war, and a large party came over to Zululand. Panda sent an army to meet them and cover their retreat into Zululand, and so saved their women, children, and cattle. These people then settled in Zululand,² occupying the northern district from the Pongola bush to the Bomba mountains.

Panda made another raid into Swaziland, but the Swazis heard of his advance, and retired into their strongholds with their women, children, and cattle. Then peace followed for a few years, when a raid was made against Sikwati, Secocoeni's father, who had been raiding on the border Zulus. When the army arrived, Sikwati had fled with all his cattle and people. The Zulus followed for some time, and then decided to return home empty-handed; but one of the

regiments, on hearing this, determined to make one more effort to reach the enemy, so they made a march that night, and suddenly came upon a large quantity of cattle, which they took with very little fighting. The army then returned to Zululand. A few months after this another small tribe revolted against the king of the Swazis and asked to give themselves up to the Zulus, so Panda sent a large army to meet them. After rescuing the tribe, he sent the army on into Swaziland and took a large quantity of cattle. Cetywayo was serving in his regiment during this campaign, which was the last of Panda's wars.

Langalibalele was shortly after this accused of stealing the king's cattle, and was going to be killed, but he fled with his tribe, losing his cattle.

Panda and his people now lived peaceably; he encouraged cattle breeding, and amused himself with dancing; he danced a great deal himself, and on these occasions dressing with skins, feathers, &c., was much in vogue.

Then came the quarrel between his sons, Cetywayo and Umbulazi, which occurred in this way. Panda had called up Umbulazi with his people to dance before him. Cetywayo, the chief son, was present. The dance was highly approved by Panda, and he told Cetywayo that he must go back to his people and dress them up, and teach them to dance like Umbulazi's people; he at the same time gave Cetywayo a quantity of feathers, skins, &c., to assist him in fitting out his men. This made Umbulazi jealous.

Soon after this, Umbulazi's brother³ came down and built a kraal in Cetywayo's country, near the Black Umvolosi, and harassed Cetywayo's people. The latter reported this to the king, who told Umbulazi to move his brother out of Cetywayo's country; but it was not done.

Umbulazi had a kraal on the coast, on the Amatikulu, and Cetywayo had one at Ginginhlovu, which is also in the coast country, and Umbulazi went

¹ One of the Landtmans (?).

² These tribes formed the Abaqulusi, so-called after the military kraal which was built for them.

³ *i.e.* a son of the same mother.

and destroyed the Ginginhlovu kraal, and took the cattle. The king, being again appealed to, remonstrated with Umbulazi, but without effect. He then called up Cetywayo and Umbulazi, to talk over the quarrel in private with him, but Cetywayo did not approve of this, and said — "No, let us talk it over in public before all the Zulu chiefs, and we will see who is right and who is wrong." But the king would not do this, and settled it himself. He told Umbulazi not to trouble Cetywayo again, and dismissed them.

Umbulazi immediately went and called his tribe together, and marched down to the Amatikulu country, forcing the neighbouring tribes to join him, and "making" them pay tribute, whilst he "ate up" all who remained loyal to the king.

Two of Cetywayo's chiefs went over to Umbulazi with a lot of cattle, and Cetywayo reported it to the king, who sent messengers to him to send back the cattle; but he refused to give them up. Then the king sent a second time asking what he meant by it, and adding—

"Don't you know that this is your future king you are treating in this way?"

And the king told him that this would be the last time he would ask for the cattle. But Umbulazi again refused, and when the messengers came back, Cetywayo was told that Umbulazi was killing the cattle and feeding his army on them.

So Cetywayo told Panda that as he, the king, could not get him his cattle, he would go and fetch them himself. He then called up his men, and having collected a large army marched towards Ginginhlovu. The armies met between the Amatikulu and Tugela, and a very severe battle was fought, and Umbulazi's army was totally defeated, and he himself killed.

John Dunn, who was a friend of Umbulazi's, was fighting for him, with some twenty or thirty men armed with rifles. Only two of Cetywayo's men, of whom one was a Dutchman,

had firearms. There was a frightful slaughter. Umbulazi's army being driven into the Tugela, could not escape, and numbers perished in the river.

Cetywayo lost heavily too, for John Dunn and his riflemen did great execution. They also very gallantly covered the retreat for some distance, but, in the end, had to ride for their lives. On getting to the river, John Dunn was so hard pressed that he reached his boat with the utmost difficulty, losing his horse and rifle.

After this another brother, Umtonga, gave Cetywayo considerable anxiety; for the king had now become weak-minded and easily influenced, and Umtonga's mother had considerable power over him, and was endeavouring to make him recognise her son as his successor. She died,¹ and Umtonga fled to Utrecht. Cetywayo sent an army and he was given up by the Boers and brought back, but the jealousy continuing Panda advised him to leave the country, and he went to the Boers again. During his supposed absence, however, it came to the knowledge of Cetywayo that Umtonga was visiting the king secretly, so he sent an army up to the king's kraal to seize him. However he escaped, but the tribe that sheltered him were punished.²

Panda died a natural death³ at his kraal at Nodwengu.

¹ She was killed by Cetywayo's order. (Longcast.) In *Memorials of H. Robertson; or, Mission Life among the Zulu Kaffirs*, published in 1865, it is related (chapter vii.) that it had been reported to Cetywayo that Panda had remarked that his successor might be "yet among the calves," i.e. not grown up, which Cetywayo believed must refer to this son of a favourite wife, who was a young boy, and he took his measures accordingly. Panda is said to have expressed to Mr. Shepstone his bitter but impotent resentment at Cetywayo's conduct, saying he did not believe the Amatongo—spirits of their dead forefathers—would suffer him to become king after such an act. He seems to have spoken as if the boy had been killed, which cannot be quite reconciled with the above.

² Some thirty kraals were utterly destroyed, men, women and children being massacred. (Longcast.) ³ October, 1872.

VI.

CETYWAYO'S ACCESSION.—HIS CORONATION BY MR. (NOW SIR THEOPHILUS) SHEPSTONE, AS THE QUEEN'S REPRESENTATIVE.—THE ENGAGEMENT TO GOVERN JUSTLY.—WITCHCRAFT AMONG THE ZULUS.

ON the death of Panda, Cetywayo ordered all the tribes in Zululand to go up to the funeral, a large number of cattle were killed, and much ceremony gone through. Cetywayo was not present, it being contrary to custom for a new king to be present at a late king's funeral. So he remained at his kraal at Ondini.¹ Some eight or nine months, the period of mourning, having elapsed, Cetywayo proceeded to Ulundi. Half the Zulu army accompanied him as escort, and half met him at the Emashlabatini; they met at the Emakeni kraal, where he was proclaimed king by Masipula, the late king's prime minister, and all the chiefs. The whole army then crossed the Umvolosi, and encamped under the hills, beyond the present site of the Ondini military kraal at Ulundi.

Cetywayo having applied to the English Government to recognise him as king of the Zulus, Mr. Shepstone² was sent up with an escort, as the English representative. He encamped on the Emtonjaneni, and asked Cetywayo to come and meet him there, but the latter replied, that as he had come so far, he might as well come to where Cetywayo was encamped, and after some talking, Mr. Shepstone went. Cetywayo treated the English well, and sent cattle and sheep for their use. After Mr. Shepstone had arrived at Ulundi, all the chief Indunas went to his camp and had a long palaver with him, and two days after, Cetywayo went himself to "greet" him. Mr. Shepstone then came with his escort and crowned Cetywayo before all the Zulus, at the Umlambongmenya kraal. At the ceremony he addressed the Zulus, saying, "Here is your king, you have

recognised him as such, and I now do so also, in the name of the Queen of England. Your kings have often met violent deaths by the hand of your own people, and if you kill this one, we shall require his blood at your hands." He then said, "That, as the English recognised him as king, they would expect him to give all men a fair trial before being condemned. Even a witch should be let off, and sent away to another district or kraal." The Zulus answered, "That they would kill any man who went with the king's women; any man who ran away with another man's wife; any cattle-thief, whether king's cattle or other people's; that a man who was accused of witchcraft would not be killed the first time, but should he persist in witchcraft, then they would kill him." Mr. Shepstone agreed to this. All the chiefs then rose and said, "We will so govern the country under Cetywayo, our king; and we look to England to support and recognise Cetywayo as the king of the Zulu nation." Mr. Shepstone replied with what he at first said, and added, that he hoped that the Zulus would lead a peaceable life under their new king, and that the English in recognising him as king, expected him to stand by what he now agreed to do. All Panda's sons recognised Cetywayo, and swore allegiance to him in Mr. Shepstone's presence, except Umtonga who was in the Transvaal. Cetywayo gave Mr. Shepstone and his men a lot of cattle to feed them on their return journey; and also sent another lot as a present.

With regard to the breaking of these agreements, Cetywayo once called up his army; they took a long time coming, and when paraded, were found to be weak; there were a great many absentees, most on the plea of sickness. He saw that he was losing his authority, so he called out a regiment and sent men down to the different kraals, and all the absentees were slain, Cetywayo saying, "You sick men are of no use to the country, so I will save the doctors the trouble of attending on

¹ 1873.

² Afterwards Sir Theophilus Shepstone.

you." He also made an example of the women. He had ordered a regiment, or class of women, to marry the men of one of his regiments; they complained to the king that there were too few men; the king gave in to them and named another regiment; but they made further objections, and a large number of them refused to marry. A regiment was called out and sent to punish the refractory women, and a large number were killed. Cetywayo said he "was determined to show his people who was the master."

With regard to witches, a man had to be accused of witchcraft two or three different times¹ before the king would sanction his death. At the same time, Cetywayo admits that he himself has no great faith in witch doctors; he knows that a good deal of bribery goes on; for instance, a rich man would say to the doctor he patronises, "If you do not 'smell out' such and such a thing, you are of no service to me." This undoubtedly does go on, and makes him disbelieve in them; but he appears to have been quite unable to cast them off.

There is a story told that Chaka, wishing to discredit the witch-doctors, laid a trap for them. He and two men, who were in the secret, got some bullock's blood, and one night sprinkled it over the huts of several kraals. He then called together all the witch-doctors in the land, and had a grand "smelling out." They were each called upon to name the man or

men who had done this, and a number of different people were accused, by all the doctors except two, who had the audacity or cleverness² to accuse Chaka himself of doing it! Chaka then ordered *all* the witch-doctors to be killed then and there, except the two who had accused him, so only two remained in the country.

They increased again in the reigns of Dingaan and Panda and also considerably in Cetywayo's. Cetywayo once had serious thoughts of getting rid of these pests, and told them that as his companies were suffering from there being so many of them (witch-doctors being exempt from soldier's service), he should collect them, and order them to build a kraal in some out-of-the-way part of the country and live there together, away from everybody else; but this was never carried out. Yes, Cetywayo admits that they are mischievous, although he himself recognised and favoured a few according to custom. It would be a very good thing for the country if they were not tolerated.³

VII.

CETYWAYO'S REIGN.—DISPUTES WITH THE BOERS.—THE BOUNDARY QUESTION.

WHEN Panda allowed the Boers to settle in the Transvaal, he gave one of them⁴ leave to settle at Utrecht, as the "outside" Boer. He was not to allow any Boer to come nearer Zululand, and on these terms only was he allowed to live there; but towards the end of Panda's reign, the Boers encroached a good deal, both east and north, building and settling down on

¹ Umkosana (a petty chief and induna now with Cetywayo) says:—"Yes, witches were killed in Cetywayo's reign, but it was not his fault. There were so many cases brought before him that he was obliged to authorise punishment. Black men from time immemorial have believed in witch doctors, and therefore how could Cetywayo do otherwise than accept the decisions of these men? Through Cetywayo's promise to Mr. Shepstone, many men's lives were saved. He always sent them away from their kraals for the first, and even second offence, to one of the district kraals. There were many such kraals in Zululand, viz., Uzubazu, Ukubusa, Wasi, Mangweni (since military kraal), Ginginhlovu, Isiquaqu, Impangisweni, and many smaller ones."

² They probably suspected something of the kind, owing to Chaka having made such a big affair of it.

³ Still, he is *very* superstitious. During his confinement at Cape Town, he was considerably depressed one morning, and for several days after, on account of his having dreamt at night, which made him believe that "something was going wrong at his home." The interpreter added, "If he were king now, some poor wretch would be 'smelt out' over this, and killed, and then his mind would be at rest again!"

⁴ Landtman? See above, § v.

the Zulu side of Utrecht, and especially in the Luneburg district, where they first went for wood. They were often reminded that they were on Zulu soil, and told to leave off cutting wood, but it had no effect; and to the king's messages they answered, that they were well aware that they had no right to the land, but were building "for the king."

The Boers at one time endeavoured to buy the Utrecht district; they sent 200 head of cattle to Panda for this purpose, but he refused to sell the land. He however accepted 100 head as a toll or tribute for the Boer living at Utrecht; but it was never considered as the price of the land, only as an acknowledgment that the Boers were living there by the king's leave. After this the Boers kept on encroaching, and treated the border Zulus with much harshness.

Panda was averse to war, and would not press his rights; but, wishing to assert his authority in the Luneburg district, he sent Utshingwayo there, with some of his people, to build a kraal, thinking that the Boers would not dare to interfere with a man sent there by the king. A kraal was built, and after a while Utshingwayo left, leaving his people there. As soon as his back was turned the Boers came and drove out his people, and destroyed the kraal; and so matters went on as bad as ever. In one case, the people in one of Uninquandi's kraals refused to turn out for the Boers, when a party of the latter rose up and surrounded the kraal, and shot one of the Zulus. The Zulus of the district then armed, and they took a Boer prisoner; but fearing to make a war, they let him go again.

After Panda's death, while Cetywayo was king, the same sort of trouble continued. A beast belonging to the Boers died close to a Zulu kraal; the Boers called upon the Zulus to assist them in dragging the beast down to a donga to bury it. While they were doing this, one of the Boers abused a Kaffir, and high words ensued, and then blows, upon

which the Boer took up his rifle and shot the Kaffir. Cetywayo, hearing of this, sent messengers to the Boers, and to Mr. Shepstone, representing the case. The Boers admitted that the man who used the gun was in the wrong, but no punishment was inflicted or satisfaction given. Mr. Shepstone replied that the Boers also made complaints against the Zulus, saying they were very troublesome, and accused them of stealing cattle and sheep, and amongst others, accused Sirayo's people. Sirayo replied to this charge—"Come and search through my country; look at my cattle and sheep, and see if you can see any of your property," but the Boers would not do this.¹

Then the Boers had a quarrel with Umbelini; he was originally a Swazi, and had come over from that country and settled down in Zululand. He had afterwards assisted his uncle, Umshiani, to come over, with his cattle and family, who also settled in Zululand with Umbelini, as part of his tribe. This uncle now left Umbelini and joined the Boers, with all his cattle. Umbelini did not care so much about his uncle himself leaving, but considered that the cattle belonged to the tribe, especially as it was through him that they were brought out of Swazi land. He did not follow him at once, but waited till he built his kraal and settled down, which he did close to Umbelini's country. He then made a night raid, killed all his uncle's people, and recovered the cattle. Umshiani, however, by chance, was not in his kraal that night, and so escaped.

The Boers then collected and followed Umbelini, until he reached a rocky hill in his country, where he "sat down and looked at them," upon which they retreated and left him. Shortly afterwards they accused him

¹ A mare was taken in Sirayo's country on the 12th January, 1879, that was recognised as one that a Mrs. Lee Burgh lost some months previously, and that was supposed at the time to have been stolen by Sirayo's people.

of stealing some horses, which he denied; and soon after this, Umbelini missed some horses himself; he tracked them into the Transvaal, and accused the Boers of stealing them, but they denied it, and would give no satisfaction. On his way back Umbelini retaliated and stole some of the Boers' horses. The Boers then came and complained to Cetywayo, saying Umbelini was a great nuisance, that they wished to punish him, but refrained from doing so on account of Cetywayo, and begged to have him moved or let them punish him. Cetywayo told them that he could not help them, that Umbelini was too turbulent a character, and that they had better punish him themselves; he added that he would send to the border tribes and tell them not to interfere, and that they might kill him if they could. The Boers then sent a force, and surrounded Umbelini's mountain, and tried to take it. They were there for two days; on the third day reinforcements arrived, but they then found that Umbelini had left during the night. Umbelini then fell further back into Zululand, and built a kraal on the Dumbe Mountains, north of the Zlobane, where he had a commanding view of the country. The Boers surrounded the kraal at daybreak one day, but the people made a demonstration on one side, and Umbelini escaped from the other side. The Boers contented themselves with taking all his cattle. Umbelini now made a raid into Swaziland to get some cattle; the raid was successful; he killed a lot of the Swazis, and took a quantity of cattle. Cetywayo was very angry¹ with him about this, as it was done without his authority, and might have caused difficulties with the Swazis. He therefore sent to kill him, but Umbelini escaped. Meanwhile, Umbelini had made another raid into the Transvaal to steal cattle. The Transvaal had at this time been annexed, and was British soil. The

Boers heard of his coming, and were prepared. Shots were exchanged, and Umbelini retired, without attaining his object. Cetywayo did not hear of this raid until after the Swazi affair, and when he had already sent to kill Umbelini,² so no satisfaction was given to the English.

When Mr. Shepstone came to Cetywayo's coronation, the latter spoke to him about the difficulties that had arisen between the Zulus and Boers, on account of the encroachments of the latter in Zululand. Mr. Shepstone said he would make inquiries, and sent two Natal Kaffir chiefs, with two of Cetywayo's, and a white man, to see and report on the disputed territory. They left for this purpose just as Mr. Shepstone was leaving the Emashlabatini country. When they returned, the white man told Cetywayo that the Boers were in the wrong, and that they would tell Mr. Shepstone so.

After the annexation of the Transvaal by the English, Mr. Shepstone met the Zulus at Conference Hill, to hear the boundary dispute. Every Zulu chief of any note came. It was a great gathering of chiefs. Only a few Boers were present. The chiefs asked Mr. Shepstone to let them argue the question out then and there, before him, with the Boers. Shepstone told them he had come to see the disputed boundary, and to hear what they had to say about it; he then asked them to tell him what they considered was their boundary. They replied that they claimed the Buffalo River, as the original and proper Zulu boundary. Mr. Shepstone replied, "Oh, that is too hard. You have allowed the Boers to settle round and about Utrecht so long, you cannot expect to turn them out of so much country now." But the Zulus would not give in. Mr. Shepstone then said, "If I were called upon to point out what I consider a fair boundary, I should say the Blood River and the old hunting road, which runs close by

¹ Yet, it is a fact, that Umbelini after each of his escapades invariably presented himself to Cetywayo, and never received punishment.

² A king never sends twice to kill a man. If he escapes he is considered acquitted, and might present himself to the king with safety.

Kambula, to the Pongola, or the Zulu side of Luneburg;" but the Zulu chiefs would not agree to this, and said they had never given up the Luneburg district at all, and had allowed the Boers to settle at Utrecht only on the condition that they came no further; that the Boers had broken their agreement, and therefore forfeited their rights to remain on the Zulu side of the Buffalo.

The chiefs then complained to Mr. Shepstone, saying, "Why do you talk? Why do you not sit and listen, as the representative of the Queen? The Boers now belong to the Queen of England, and we also consider the Queen our mother, since she sent her representative to crown Cetywayo. Let the Boers argue it out before you, and when you have heard both sides, then decide between us."

Shepstone replied that he was not then making a decision, but was only talking over the question with the Zulu chiefs, and that a commission would by and by decide the question. The chiefs went away, much dissatisfied, as they said Mr. Shepstone had come to a judgment without hearing the question argued out. The Boers had not spoken. Mr. Shepstone then arranged that there should be a meeting to settle the question at Rorke's Drift. Cetywayo was to send his representatives, and the Boers theirs, and it would then be argued out; he also promised to be present himself.

Cetywayo, on sending off his representatives, told them that they were to claim the Buffalo River as their boundary, and to call upon the Boers to show what right they had to the Utrecht and Luneburg districts, and to produce their claims. When the Boers were at this meeting, it is said that Landtman admitted that they had no right to the district beyond Utrecht, and that they had no legal claim to that country, as he was allowed to settle there on condition that he kept back the Boers from going any further into Zululand. After a good deal of talking, Mr. John Shepstone¹ told the

Zulus that they had had the best of it, and that he would go home and tell the Government so, who would settle the question.

This was the last the Zulus heard of the boundary question, until the award was received at the same time as the ultimatum.²

When Mr. Theophilus Shepstone went to the Transvaal, he sent word to Cetywayo to say he was going to try and settle the affairs there. Cetywayo knew that the Boers were at war with Secocoeni, but did not know much about their affairs, except that they were continually having rows with the border Zulus; he sent two messengers to Mr. Shepstone, to offer his alliance with the English, in case there should be a war. Mr. Shepstone sent back to say he did not require any help, that the Transvaal had been annexed by the British Government, and that all was quiet. He also told Cetywayo that he must not go to war with the Swazis, as they were allies to the British.

The young men in Zululand were getting very restless and quarrelsome, being anxious to get a chance of "washing" their spears. They were intent on having a war somewhere, and proposed a raid into Swaziland solely for this purpose. Cetywayo, being pressed by them, applied to the English to agree to his making a war with the Swazis, and called up his army, but as the English Government forbade it, he disbanded the army and sent them home. The nation was very hostile towards the Boers, on account of the frequent frontier disturbances, and there is no doubt that a very little fuel to the fire already smouldering would have brought on a war between the Boers and Zulus. Cetywayo himself was against a war, although he threatened to fight the Boers, but admits that had not the Transvaal been annexed, it was only a question of time how soon war would have broken out between the Boers and Zulus. The Zulus had no animosity against the English. Cetywayo asked Mr. Shepstone to place a

¹ Sir Theophilus Shepstone's brother.

² December, 1878.

magistrate on the Transvaal border to settle all border disputes. If a well-known¹ magistrate had been put there, there would have been an end to all disputes. Mr. Shepstone promised to do this as soon as the boundary question was decided.

VIII.

THE SIRAYO AFFAIR.—OTHER DISPUTES.— THE ULTIMATUM.

BEFORE giving the Sirayo affair, the following incidents should be narrated to show how Sirayo became poor and unable to pay a large fine, this being one of the excuses given for the non-fulfilment of the stipulations of the ultimatum.

Some little time before this² there was a dispute between Sirayo's tribe and the Ischeni people (who are of the king's tribe). The Ischeni demanded a man of their tribe who had been living for a long time in Sirayo's district, and now wanted to return to his own tribe. Sirayo considered that as he had lived so long in his district he belonged to his tribe; he did not care much about the man going, but would not let him take away his cattle. When the Ischeni tribe heard this, they collected some men and made a raid into Sirayo's country, and took away the man with his family and cattle. Sirayo himself was very ill at the time, but his sons called out a lot of his men to follow and re-take the cattle. They caught them up and a stick fight³ ensued; Sirayo's men got the worst of it, and had to retire. The next day all Sirayo's people collected, and at night went in pursuit. They caught up the Ischeni people at daybreak at the kraal where they had been sleeping (one of the king's district kraals), and being much stronger in numbers got the best of it, gave them a severe beating, retook the cattle, and retired. The Ischeni tribe now collected *en masse*, and, being a king's tribe, easily gathered more men than

Sirayo could, and went back to Sirayo's country. Sirayo's people finding they were overmatched in numbers gave way, and lost the cattle again and a lot more besides. There was then a "law-suit," and the whole affair was referred to Cetywayo; it was given against Sirayo, and the award was that the cattle should not be returned, and in addition to this Sirayo was heavily fined in cattle.

It must not be thought that this was considered a rebellious act towards the king on the part of Sirayo or his sons, although they fell out and fought with the king's tribe; it was simply a tribal dispute, which is common enough in Zululand, and never became an "assegai" affair, sticks only having been used. After this Sirayo remained on very good terms with Cetywayo. As soon as he got well he made a friendly visit to the king, and was one of the chiefs selected to go to the Rorke's Drift meeting about the Transvaal boundary.

About this time one of Sirayo's wives, who had formerly had a doubtful child and had been put on one side, got in the family-way again, and fled to Natal with the man she had been with. Another wife also, who had been living apart from Sirayo, was going to have a child, and she likewise fled into Natal. The latter was also accused of being the cause of Sirayo's illness. Nothing was done at the time, but Sirayo's sons hearing that these women were living in kraals close to the border, got together a body of armed men and went over in broad daylight and seized one of these women and took her away with them, recrossed the Buffalo, and then killed her. The Natal Kaffirs armed and turned out and threatened a rescue, but did not attack Sirayo's party. That night Sirayo's sons collected more men, and, with a much larger armed party, crossed the Buffalo again and seized the other woman, took her away, recrossed the river, and slew her. Sirayo himself knew nothing of all this at the time; the first he heard of it was by a

¹ One of repute.

² Sirayo's affair.

³ A common occurrence in Zululand.

messenger from one of his sons, telling him what they had done.

The English demanded Sirayo's sons. Cetywayo sent to Sirayo to tell him to collect cattle and hand them over to the English as a fine or punishment in lieu of the young men. Sirayo replied that he had no cattle, that he had just been eaten up and fined over the Ischeni affair; but he sent to say that he was sorry for what had happened, and that his sons had done wrong. The English Government again sent to say that they insisted on these two men being delivered up to them for punishment. All the chiefs advised Sirayo to give up his sons, but the father's feelings were too strong and he would not. Cetywayo then sent back an answer himself, saying they were only boys; that it was a wild freak of theirs, and on the score of their youth begged for mercy for them. At the same time he admitted that they were in the wrong and that the English had good cause to be angry; that he was angry with Sirayo himself for not giving up the sons or sending cattle instead. He then heard nothing more of the affair until he received the ultimatum.

The "Middle Drift" affair occurred as follows:—The English had made a road from Kranz Kop down to the middle drift on the Tugela. This road was made about a year before January, 1879. The Zulus asked the workmen where the road was going to. They replied that they were going to make a drift across the river. The Zulus said, "No you won't;" and asked if the Government knew about it and had sent them to do it. When the Natal side of the drift had been made, the workmen crossed the river and began to make it on the Zulu side. The Zulus of the locality armed and went down and told them to recross, as they had heard nothing from the king about a drift being made here, and therefore they would not allow them to do it. The working party recrossed. This is all Cetywayo heard of the business until he received the ultimatum, which demanded 100 head

of cattle on account of the misbehaviour of the Zulus at this drift in seizing and ill-using a white man.¹

In December, 1878, Mr. John Shepstone, at the Lower Tugela, sent to Cetywayo to say that he had an important message for him, and wished him to send down some chiefs to receive and convey it. Vumandaba and Unmudula were sent with others, and the ultimatum was explained and given to them, and they returned with it to the king. Cetywayo was first given to understand that it demanded 100 head of cattle for the Middle Drift affair, and 500 head for the Sirayo escapade. The decision of the Transvaal boundary was also sent at the same time.

Cetywayo says that he did not at first² understand that Sirayo's sons were demanded as well as the 500 head of cattle, and that he was not at first told that he was to disband his army and break up his military system by allowing his men to marry, &c.—but that he heard it afterwards. The reason given for disbanding his army was that they were a disorderly lot, and whenever called up there were riots and often bloodshed. This Cetywayo admits to be true—the men were quarrelsome and headstrong. Cetywayo sent back a message to the Lower Tugela by Usintwanga to say that he was going to gather together the cattle and pay the fine, in place of giving up Sirayo's sons, and that he would also pay the fine for the Middle Drift affair.

Lord Chelmsford told Usintwanga that the ultimatum demanded the sons of Sirayo and the fine as well, and that nothing else would be accepted. Cetywayo said nothing about disarming in his message, and so Lord Chelmsford added that he should insist upon the disarmament, as stated in the ultimatum, and if these terms were

¹ Smith, the road engineer, who had landed on the island at this drift, was seized by Zulus, stripped and ill-used.

² There is some reason to believe that his messengers were afraid to tell the whole of the ultimatum at once.

not accepted in the time named, his columns would advance into Zululand.

Cetywayo states that nothing would induce him to agree to the disbandment of his army. He also sent other messengers to Mr. Fynn at Umsinga, to tell him that the cattle were being gathered to pay the fines, and asked at the same time why the troops were assembling on the border. These messengers also saw Lord Chelmsford at Helpmakaar, who told them that nothing but giving up Sirayo's sons and the cattle demanded, would stop his advance; if they were delivered, he would then talk to Cetywayo about the other stipulations. When Cetywayo got these messages he sent up four men to catch Sirayo's sons,¹ but they found that they had fled; so he sent some more messengers to Lord Chelmsford to say that Sirayo's sons had escaped and that he was looking for them, but when the messengers got to the border the troops had crossed; they therefore returned to Ulundi.² Cetywayo then sent an army with 400 head of cattle to "meet Lord Chelmsford," avowedly to give over this lot of cattle and then have a palaver. . . . But by this time the English troops had entered Zululand; shots had been exchanged, and the two nations were at war.

Previous to this John Dunn had used every persuasion to prevent Cetywayo going to war with the English. Before the Sirayo affair he told Cetywayo that the English were in earnest, and quite intended to go to war with him if he gave provocation, and, when Sirayo's sons committed themselves, he told the king that now provocation had been given and that the English would certainly fight. Dunn's last message to Cetywayo advised him not to attack the English or invade Natal, but to

collect the whole of his army at Ulundi and force the English to march up to where he was.³

IX.

THE WAR.—CETYWAYO'S PROGRAMME.— ISANDEHLWANA.

As soon as the English troops had crossed into Zululand, Cetywayo called out the whole of his army,⁴ and sent out three armies to meet the three English columns; he held, and was collecting, a very large reserve at Ulundi, quite equal to the three armies he had sent out. He was afraid of a mounted force making a dash past one of these armies into the heart of the country; he also expected a column to invade him from St. Lucia Bay or Delagoa Bay, as ships had been seen passing up the coast, and especially close in land at St. Lucia Bay.

The army sent against Brigadier Wood was under Mahubulana; the one against Glyn under Utshingwayo; and that against Pearson under Godidi. They had orders to drive back the columns, and were not hampered with any particular instructions, but were left to act independently as they thought best.

The people in each district were ordered to keep "look-outs" and send in information. The border people were told to send spies into Natal and the Transvaal to collect what information they could, and also to Delagoa Bay. Some time before this, Cetywayo sent to Basutoland to Mapako to send him a doctor to doctor his soldiers;⁵ he did not send any spies or messengers beyond Basutoland or the Trans-

² John Dunn tells the same story, but in a different sense. He says he advised Cetywayo to draw his army together, so as to prevent a conflict, and let the English go where they liked without opposition, and then challenge them on the grounds of his peaceful attitude to forego their claims.

⁴ He had already a large force out, and all the Zulu people were quite expecting a war, and were very keen to fight.

⁵ This rather points to Cetywayo's warlike attitude before the ultimatum was sent.

¹ There can be no doubt that this was only done to enable him to say he had tried to catch these men. To send only four men to catch Sirayo's sons is ridiculous.

² Up to this time not one single head of cattle had been given up, nor one stipulation of the ultimatum carried out, although all the messengers said the cattle "were coming."

vaal.¹ Cetywayo also sent messengers to Secocoeni; but he asserts that he entered into no arrangements whatever with him, as he wished to be able to say, should things go against him, that he had acted entirely on the defensive. He was originally going to send to Secocoeni's country for some young bullocks that he wanted for breeding purposes, and so took this opportunity of informing him of what had happened.

Cetywayo hoped to be able to crush the English columns, drive them out of the country, defend his border, and then arrange a peace. He knew the English in Natal could not bring a very large force into the field; but he had often been told by white men (traders in his country) that they had a very large army beyond the sea. He knew that if the English persevered in the war, he would get the worst of it in the end.

NOTE.—It seems that Cetywayo quite believed in his power to crush the English columns, and that then by increasing his army on the frontier, and so menacing Natal, he might force the English to make peace before reinforcements arrived from across the sea. If this was his intention, it was frustrated—firstly, because two of his armies were beaten, and, secondly, he was quite unable to keep his armies in the field for any time after an engagement—even a victorious army. The Isandhlwana army never reached Ulundi intact; in the ten days it took to return, it melted away, only the Indunas and a small portion of it returned to the king. The king, throughout the war, bitterly complained of this misbehaviour and want of discipline to his Indunas, and especially alluded to it when they

were calling out to fight at Ulundi at the end of the campaign. At the same time, nothing would have been easier or more popular, flushed with victory as they were at Isandhlwana, than for Cetywayo to have organised raids into Natal; but it was *not his programme*. He wished always to be able to say, he had acted on the defensive. The battles at Isandhlwana and Inyezane were fought on the 22nd January, 1879; Wood's battle on the 24th.

The first news that reached Cetywayo of the doings of his three armies, was by a messenger who said that the camp of the middle column from Rorke's Drift had been taken and plundered, and nearly the whole of the English column destroyed. The messenger said he saw on his way the rest of the column returning, that when he left he thought the whole of the column had been destroyed; he spoke of it as a great victory. After this came the news that Godidi's army had been defeated by Pearson, and had scattered; and in another day or so came the news that the army sent against Wood had been defeated, and had scattered and gone to their homes. Of the Rorke's Drift fight, Cetywayo received most imperfect news. Dabulamanzi reported that he had successfully stormed and taken "the house;"² he attacked, and then retired, but admitted he had suffered heavily. The army that had fought at Isandhlwana had lost very heavily. It remained encamped close to the battle field for three days, chiefly owing to the large number of the wounded, including two sons of Utshingwayo, whom they could not move; many of the wounded were in a dying state. They buried a large number of their dead. It was ten days before they returned to Ulundi, and then the Indunas, and quite a small part of the army, was all that appeared; most had gone to their homes with their wounded or their plunder. Cetywayo was much disturbed

¹ It has been asserted that he sent spies to Kimberley. This is denied most positively. Cetywayo knows nothing about the Diamond Fields, except what he has heard in a very vague way through white traders. He does not even know where it lies. No Zulus (proper) work there. There are no Zulus in Zululand who have ever been there.

² The hospital.

at finding his losses so heavy; one regiment alone had lost over 500 men at Isandhlwana.

Cetywayo asked the Indunas when they reached Ulundi where the guns and the plunder were, and also how it was they had not taken any officers prisoners? They told him that the guns were left on the battle-field, and that one was capsized and broken; as for taking officers prisoners, that was impossible in the heat of the fight, and especially as the white men fought to the last, so could not have been taken prisoners; besides, they could not tell an officer from a soldier. Cetywayo replied that officers were armed with swords, and the soldiers with rifles, and added, "Don't you see how useful it would have been to me to have had some officers as prisoners?" He was altogether much displeased. As the army had scattered, and they had not brought the guns and plunder to him, he sent down orders to the people in the neighbourhood of Isandhlwana to collect and bring to him the two guns, and all the ammunition, &c., that was left on the ground at Isandhlwana.

The guns did not reach Ulundi until about the time the army was collected for the attack on Wood at Kambula. Meanwhile Cetywayo collected an army in the district around Etchowe to hem in Pearson.

The Zulu force sent against the column from Rorke's Drift was a regular army organised at Ulundi. It was made up of the following regiments:—

The Nodwengo, the Uhloko, the Ugobamakusi, the Undi¹ (three regiments, the Umbonandi, the Nokeni and the Umeityo²), *minus* the men attached to the reserve regiments at Ulundi, viz., the Undabakaombe, and the Ingwegwe and men living in the coast and Abaqulusi countries, who belonged to the above regiments, but

who were attached to the armies operating in their districts sent against Wood and Pearson.

The force sent against Pearson was the Umpinga regiment, *plus* the men belonging to other regiments who lived in the coast country; and that sent against Wood (in January) was composed of the Abaqulusi people who lived in that part of Zululand, and most of whom were irregulars, as they had not been incorporated in regular regiments. They were originally Swazis, who settled in that part of the country after Chaka's time—in Panda's reign. The Abaqulusi was, unlike all other regiments, made up of men of all districts; it was a "district" regiment, *i.e.* composed only of men living in that part of the country.

The force investing Pearson at Etchowe was made up of men of all regiments living in the coast country. A portion were employed investing the place, and the remainder were kept at the different district kraals, ready to form an army to meet any force sent to relieve Pearson, or to attack him should he attempt to retire. The whole of this force was present at the action at Ginginhlovu. The attack was delayed some two hours, to enable the investing force to join the army that had been collected from the district kraals.

A regular army was organised at Ulundi and sent against Wood towards the end of March.³ Men of all regiments were called up, except those living in the coast country. Hence no regiments were complete at Isandhlwana and Inyezane, on the 22nd January, at Wood's action of the 24th January, at Kambula on the 29th March, or at Ginginhlovu on the 2nd April, since men belonging to the different regiments engaged who were living in districts where another army was in the field, were kept back to serve there.

The attack on Kambula was premature, and not as was intended. Umnyama, Cetywayo's prime minister,

¹ Fifty companies of the Undi regiment, supported by part of the Uhloko regiment, crossed the Buffalo and attacked the Rorke's Drift post.

² Pronounced, Umqueechyo.

³ The action at the Zlobane mountain was fought on the 28th March, and at Kambula on the 29th March.

commanded. His plans were to advance on Kambula, encamp close by, harass the camp by attacking the horses and cattle when out at pasture, and worry the garrison in every possible way, so as to force Wood to come out and fight in the open; but on their way to Kambula on the 28th, firing was heard on the Zlobane mountain, and part of the army took part in that engagement.

The success of the Zulus there greatly elated them, and they thought if they attacked the camp next day they would obtain an easy victory.

Umnyama was short of a powerful contingent, the Abaqulusi regiment which had not yet joined him. He still intended to stand by his original plans and gave orders accordingly; but an insubordinate regiment—the Ingobamakosi—said they would attack, and actually advanced to do so, contrary to orders. Umnyama seeing this, then decided to attack with his whole army. The Abaqulusi regiment did not arrive in time to take part in the action. The Mgobamakosi regiment composed the right horn. The Zulu losses were very heavy, nearly, if not quite, equal to their losses at Isandhlwana.

During June and July, Cetywayo had decided on no definite plan of operations. He received information that Lord Chelmsford's division and General Crealock's would meet on the Emtonjaneni and move together on Ulundi. On the arrival of Lord Chelmsford's force there, he saw that it was impossible for General Crealock to come up in time, so he decided to give his whole attention to Lord Chelmsford. He called up men from all the districts, leaving only a few in the coast country to protect the cattle, and if possible to drive them out of the reach of General Crealock's cavalry. Meanwhile Cetywayo sent peace messages to Lord Chelmsford and General Crealock with tusks.¹ He saw that the war must go against him, but his people were headstrong and insisted on fighting. The chiefs, Umgenalo and Shibela

were sent to Lord Chelmsford, and Usintwangu to General Crealock. The message they bore was to ask what wrong he had done that the war was being so pressed, that he was not mixed up with the Sirayo affair, and that if Lord Chelmsford would withdraw his troops from Zululand he would then settle peace with him. All Cetywayo's regiments were represented at Ulundi; the force was about equal to that sent against Lord Chelmsford at Isandhlwana. Had the Abaqulusi regiment been present at Kambula that army would have been the largest engaged during the war.²

The two guns that were taken at Isandhlwana were found by Sir Garnet Wolseley's patrols a short distance on the Ulundi side of Kwamaizekanye. Cetywayo states they were on the way from that place to be handed over to Lord Chelmsford when the battle of Ulundi occurred, when they were left where they were found.

X.

AFTER ULUNDI.

CETYWAYO did not see the battle at Ulundi, he was at Umbonambi's kraal, about two or three miles short of Kwamizekanze. Uziwetu, Cetywayo's brother, was on the Umcungi hill with the German Vynn and saw it. Cetywayo had men on the look out to give him news of the fight. When he heard that his army was beaten, he at once retreated, crossing the neck of the Ntabankulu range into the bush beyond. Umnyama and others joined him there. Uziwetu and Fynn met him on the following day, but did not join his party, they went on to the former's kraal (Ematina). Cetywayo then retreated to Umnyama's kraal, Ekushu maileni, and the Isiqmehesi river, which he reached on the third day after the battle. He there heard that the English army had retreated. He remained at Umnyama's kraal for nearly a month. On hearing of Sir

² Even without the Abaqulusi it was probably the largest separate force that Cetywayo sent into the field during the war.

¹ Emblems of peace.

Garnet Wolseley's advance he sent three chiefs to him as messengers. They met Clarke's column, who directed them where to go to meet Sir Garnet. They eventually met him on his arrival at the Emtongjaneni. These messengers were sent to say that Cetywayo was gathering cattle and would send them on with Umnyama. Meanwhile Umnyama was gathering the cattle together. The messengers on their return met him with the cattle, and did not go on to Cetywayo, but returned to Ulundi with Umnyama. While this was doing Cetywayo moved to Zonyama's kraal and Vynn rejoined him there. Previous to this he had also sent Fynn to Sir Garnet Wolseley to say that Umnyama was collecting cattle and would bring them to his camp, and that afterwards Cetywayo would come in and give himself up.

When Fynn returned he told Cetywayo that the white men were determined to take him prisoner. Cetywayo then sent him back to Sir Garnet Wolseley without any special message;¹ he was afraid that the patrols to be sent out would kill him if he came in to give himself up.

Dabulamanzi also had sent a message to him saying that he suspected the English meant to kill him, and advising him to hold back until Umnyama had reached Sir Garnet Wolseley with the cattle, and made terms for him.

Cetywayo slept at Zonyama's kraal the night after Fynn left him, but on the following morning he went over the hill to the Mona river and slept in a kraal there. The next morning he crossed the stream and was going up the opposite hill when he received a message from Uziwetu to say that mounted white men had arrived at Zonyama's kraal. He sat down in the bush and soon saw the white men's scouts on the opposite hill. Instead of going up the hill, he went down the ravine into the Mona bush. That day he reached the thick bush on the

Black Umvolosi and slept there. On the following morning they killed two head of cattle, and had just finished skinning them when he was told the English mounted men were coming through the bush! He then told all the women and girls to fly and make their escape as best they could. He himself came out of the bush on to a mound just above the drift, where, while concealed in the long grass, he could see the patrol as soon as they crossed. He was within earshot of them, and could hear the men laughing as they scrambled across the awkward drifts. He and the few men² with him lay fast, and the patrol passed close by.³ He then went further up the Black Umvolosi and lived for some days in different kraals. He remained three days in one kraal; one of his women joined him there. Cetywayo then heard that the white force had arrived at the waggon drift, Black Umvolosi,⁴ so he struck off across country to the Mgome forest, and then he heard that Umnyama had promised Sir Garnet Wolseley to do his best to assist in capturing Cetywayo, and the people warned him that Umnyama had promised that he should be delivered up if he went to any of the kraals in his district. Cetywayo said, "Why does Umnyama do this? Why does he not send me a message to tell me to give myself up? Why should he act treacherously towards me?" He then went to the kraal at the Lugome, where he was captured. He here collected four more of his women; one of them eventually escaped on the way to Ulundi.

Fynn, after the battle at Isandhlwana, urged Cetywayo to make peace, telling him that although the English had been beaten there they would be sure to return, and would win in the long run. He told Cetywayo that if he gave himself up his life would be saved. Cetywayo then

² He had then only five or six men with him.

³ The English force divided at the drift. Cetywayo only saw the party that crossed.

⁴ Clarke and the 60th Rifles.

¹ Vynn accompanied the first patrol that went out.

sent messengers to propose peace, and admits that he acted stupidly in not sending the cattle or the guns, to show that he was in earnest and really desirous of peace.

At Ginginhlovu and Kambula the Zulus lost heavily, but it is generally considered by them that the heaviest loss was at Isandhlwana. For instance, the Umcityo regiment lost very heavily there. Their eight crack companies (they left Ulundi over forty companies strong) were terribly cut up. Umkosana, their Induna, was killed, and it is said these companies mustered only twenty or twenty-five strong afterwards.¹ All the rest were killed or wounded. Cetywayo states that 500² men in that regiment alone were known to be missing, and there must have been many more who were men not so well known. At the same time, the Zulus remaining masters of the battle-field, saw and fully realised the extent of their losses there, while at Kambula and Ginginhlovu their armies were defeated and scattered, and regiments had no opportunity of seeing what they had lost. At Isandhlwana the Zulus buried most of their dead; and after the retreat of the English from Ulundi, immediately after the battle, the women in the neighbourhood came up and buried a large number. Those remaining on the ground were men unknown to them.

The following chiefs were killed during the war. At Isandhlwana:—Umkosana, chief and Induna of the Umcityo regiment; Sigodi, son of the late Masipula, who was Panda's prime minister; his brother, Maboko, was also badly wounded there, but recovered.

At Kambula, Manhlanganpisi, son of Tondolosi, brother-in-law to Cetywayo, was killed.

The noted Umbelini was killed near Kambula.

Numbers of Indunas were also killed; a great many at Kambula, where they exposed themselves a good deal, attempting to lead on their men.

At Ginginhlovu there were only two officers of any note killed, but a great many sons of chiefs and well-to-do men were killed. Samapo commanded the Zulu army there, with Palane, Umarumengwana, and Dabulamanzi,³ &c., as his chief Indunas.

Cetywayo saw Grandier twice, a Natal Zulu acting as interpreter. Grandier's story of himself is substantially correct. Cetywayo told him he should send him to Wood's camp. Grandier did not like this, as he thought he should be killed on the way. On arriving at Umbelini's kraal, they found his people mourning over their dead chief. There was great wailing and weeping, and Grandier, who was under no restraint, quietly escaped during the night.

Cetywayo knew nothing about the Prince Imperial's death until he received a message from Bishop Colenso and Lord Chelmsford; he then sent down to make inquiries, and the sword was brought to him, and he sent it to Lord Chelmsford. It was purely a local affair. He believes that there was only a small party of Zulus present. They got a chance of retaliating on the English, and seized it, and so the unfortunate affair occurred.

Cetywayo was not satisfied with the decision of the Commission on the Transvaal boundary; and at one time intended to send Umnyama to Natal to protest against it, but he did not do so; his hands were then quite full enough with other matters.

¹ They were probably at least 100 strong each before the engagement.

² Approximately.

³ The word "Dabulamanzi" means "Dividing the water." He was born when Panda was crossing the river into Natal.

HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

CHAPTER XIII.

SPEARS was seated on his bench, with his tools and his glue-pot, as Sir William had seen him on the previous day, when Lady Markham entered the shop. He had never ceased to be industrious at his work, though he had so many other things to do. Indeed, the many other things he had to do made it incumbent upon him to work early and late, in order to keep, as he called it, "the pot boiling." For he was not a paid agitator. The man was proud, as men will be in all stations; and, moreover, he was uncertain—not to be calculated upon as a supporter of all kinds of measures which might be proved good for "the trade," and therefore not half so serviceable an implement as many who were much less powerful. Like the independent member who cannot be trusted always to vote with one party, he was looked upon with doubt even by those who took the greatest advantage of his gifts. His influence had never done himself any good. He had acquired it by exhausting labour, which had taken him away from the work by which he made his bread, without supplying any bread in the interval to nourish those who were dependent upon him; and the consequence was that he had to work at other times early and late, and was saved from all possibility of the idle life which a stump orator may be so easily led into. His shop itself was swept and clean, the boards freshly watered in large damp circles still marked upon the wood, and a great bundle of large flowers—sunflowers and dahlias—stuck into a large jug, stood in the window among the picture-frames. Some brilliant gladiolas, in the brightest tints of colour, lay neglected on the floor, and

a great magnificent stalk of foxglove nodded on the table at which he was working. These floral decorations, unexpected in such a place, made the shop cheerful; and so did a stray ray of morning sun, which got in through a break in the houses opposite, and fell across it, dividing it as with a line of gold. The door stood open; the air, even though laden with varnish, retained some freshness. Lady Markham came in softly, and stood, her heart beating, not knowing well how to open this important interview, in the middle of the sunshine. Her breath came quick. Now that she had arrived at the point for which she had been aiming, a sudden alarm seized her. Might it not have been better, she asked herself, hurriedly, to remain in ignorance—not to seek to be convinced? There are things which it is better not to know.

Spears, who was whistling over his work, did not hear the light footstep coming in; but he noted, with the quick sense of a man to whom daylight is indispensable, the shadow that had come across the sunshine. He paused and looked up. A doubt—a question came over his face. Was it possible he did not know her? Then he rose and came forward, holding out to Lady Markham a hand not free from stains of the varnish which perfumed the shop.

"Is it you, my lady?" he cried. His face beamed over with a smile of welcome, but showed no surprise or alarm at the appearance of such an inquisitor. He drew forth a rough wooden seat without any back, and placed it in the centre of the vacant space.

"I am very glad to see you in my poor place," he said.

"Thank you," said Lady Markham. She glanced round her with a little

perturbation. She did not know how to begin. "Mr. Spears!" she said, faltering a little, "I was very glad to see you in *my* house."

"Were you, my lady?" He stood before her with a good-humoured smile upon his face, but slightly shook his head. "Never mind, you were as kind as if you had been glad to see me, and that says more. But your husband upbraided me for coming to his house in his absence, which you know was your son's fault, and not mine."

"It is of my son I want to speak to you," said Lady Markham, seizing this easy means of introducing her subject. "Mr. Spears, you know something of what he is to me—my eldest boy, the one who should be the prop of the family: to whom his brothers and sisters will look hereafter as the head of the family."

"Ay, that's just it," said the revolutionary. "Why should they look to him? What is there so creditable in being the eldest son? It was no thanks to him. He was not born first for any merit of his. Far better to teach them to depend on themselves—to give them their just share—to make no eldest sons."

"As if that were possible," Lady Markham said, with a soft smile at this theoretical folly. "One must be the eldest, whatever you say; and if any harm were to happen to us," she added, after a pause, raising her beautiful head, "I have no fear that Paul would give up his position then. If we were to become poor, to lose all we have—such things have happened, Mr. Spears—my boy would not find it hard to remember to take up his duties as the eldest son!"

"Ah!" said Spears in involuntary sympathy. Then he added with again the same good-humoured smile, "There now, that is how you get the better of us, you aristocrats. You are terribly cunning in argument, my lady. You get over us by a suggestion of generosity when we are talking of justice. The thing will never happen, of course—not in our day, more's the pity—

your money and your land will never be taken from you."

"Do you think that is a pity, Mr. Spears?"

"Well, yes," he said, laughing, "from our point of view; but it will never happen, not in our time. And even if it did happen, don't you think it would be far better to live each man for himself, and not a whole family casting themselves on the shoulders of your son Paul?"

"My son Paul," said Lady Markham, in a low voice, looking at him through the tears in her eyes, "will be far away from us—will not be at hand to be of use or consolation in case anything should happen to us, if you and he have your will, Mr. Spears. He will be far away where he will be of no use to his family. Such a thing might happen, though God forbid it! as that I might be left to struggle alone for my children; and Paul, my eldest, my natural help, far away, lost to me, as if he had never been."

Spears turned away while she was speaking, and returned to his bench. He cleared his throat; his face flushed; he was as much embarrassed as she had been at the beginning, and did not know how to reply.

"My lady," he said, "this is too bad; I think it is too bad. After all a man has more things to think of in this world than whether his family has need of him, or if he can be of use to his mamma."

He said the last word with a semi-tone of ridicule, then blushed for himself as he caught her eye. Lady Markham saw her advantage. She would not let him escape.

"Are there then many things in this world that are better than being of use to your family, and helping in a hard task your mother? Do you think so, Mr. Spears? Ah, no! I am certain you don't. You are talking *au bout des lèvres*, not from your heart. If we should ever need him, Paul will be—who can tell?—thousands and thousands of miles away; and for what? Why do you want him to go

with you? Why are you going? I do not know the reason. Because you are impatient, and do not like the manner in which things are arranged at home?"

"We will not enter into that, my lady," said Spears; "we will not enter into that."

He said this, half in contempt of her intelligence, which did not rise to his lofty view, half because (and this really meant the same thing) it was very difficult to explain why he thought it expedient to go away. Many motives were mingled in his resolution which he did not dwell upon even to himself. He was tired of poor work and poor pay, and the struggle of living; tired of having to manufacture picture-frames for bread when he could have done something so much better: and disgusted that his higher work got no real appreciation from any one. And he was tired too even of his agitation, the speeches and popular applause which were all very well for the moment, but neither seemed to convince any one, nor to affect the world at all. All this was going on day after day, week after week, but never came to anything. Often speakers whom he knew to be much inferior to himself were more warmly applauded; and some whom he considered (as other people considered him) to be stump orators and noisy demagogues, got elevated and salaried, and swaggered about in all the importance of delegates and representatives of the people, while he received no such distinction. Though this was partly his own fault through the pride and love of independence which characterised him, yet Spears felt it. It soured him in spite of himself. All this, however, lay in his heart undivulged, except by a bitter word now and then; and what he said to himself was that the old country was thoroughly corrupt and hopeless, but that in a new country, under better conditions, life would be more worth having. Did this fine lady who knew nothing about it, divine what was secretly shut up in his mind? He

grew half afraid of her, simple and ignorant as she had seemed to him a little while before.

"Ah, Mr Spears, let us speak of it! You forget how important it is to me. But for you, I should not run any risk of losing my boy."

"I did not propose that he should come with me. You will do me the justice to believe, Lady Markham, that I never attempted to bias him."

"To bias him," she said—"what is it then? Is it not all your doing? Why should Paul go away, but for you? He has got these notions which you have taught him into his head—"

"On the contrary," said the workman, "I have told him that were I in his place I should certainly stay in England. This is no place for a poor man who thinks—but for a man who is not poor, who has a position like his, why, it is the ideal place. There is no aristocracy so solid as in England. I have told him so a hundred times."

Lady Markham's face grew whiter and whiter. It did not occur to her that this very advice might be conveyed in a tone which would make Paul wildly indignant at the supposed immunity and privileged condition with which his friend credited him. Such an explanation did not occur to her. Dismay stole over her heart; it was then as Sir William thought—Paul was not telling them the truth. The cause of his wild project was not philosophy and foolish opinions, since even his leader disowned it. It was something else. Her heart sank within her, she lost the control of her better sense. "If it is not you," she said, "who is it then—who is it, Mr. Spears? You have—a daughter?" This seemed to come from her in spite of herself.

"A daughter—I have three," he said, "but what have they—" here he stopped, and getting up from his bench gave vent to a low whistle of astonishment and perplexity. He was as much surprised as she could be, and not much more pleased. He gazed at her a moment speechless. "Can that be so?" he said.

Impossible to sink lower than Lady Markham's heart sank—it seemed to melt away altogether in humiliation and disappointment. She looked at him piteously, the tears so gathering into her eyes that she could scarcely see his face.

"Oh, Mr. Spears," she cried, "you know what such a connection always comes to; disappointment on both sides—the woman's as well as the man's. Whatever his feelings may be now, he would soon find out that she was not—like the women he had been used to; and she would find herself among—habits that were not congenial to her. Oh, Mr. Spears, for both their sakes—you that Paul thinks so much of, you whose opinion he follows so meekly—oh, will you not exert your authority, and forbid it—forbid it altogether?"

Lady Markham lost control of the words she was saying. She did not think whether this was likely to be a mode of entreaty that would be grateful to him. She lost her own fine sense of what was fit and seemly, in the eagerness of the appeal which might save her boy.

He stood over her, looking at her, changed, she could not tell how. His face clouded over before her eyes. At first this seemed only the effect of the tears that blinded her, but when these latter fell she became aware that the countenance which had been so good-humoured and friendly was full now of a very different sentiment. The man seemed to have expanded even in outline as he stood between her and the light.

"Forbid it, forbid it altogether!" he repeated, with a smile that seemed to freeze her. "Why?" She felt herself tremble before him as he fixed his eyes upon her. "My lady," he said, "you forget where you are, and you forget your politeness for once. How do you know my girl is not like the women he has been used to? By God! she's better than most he'll meet with among your depraved and worn-out race. *My girl!* if it is

true, and she likes him, do you think I would forbid it, to save your fine blood from pollution, and keep your Paul for some fine lady of the kind he's been used to? No, not for a million of mothers—not for all the soft-spoken insults in the world."

Lady Markham made no reply; she could not, her agitation was so great; but indignation began to steady her nerves, and give back her forces. What had she said to call for this? How dared he speak of insult, the man whom she felt she had honoured by coming to him, by appealing to him? She was not an angel, though she was a good woman, and instinctively she began to call together her faculties, to range herself, as it were, on her own side.

Apparently, however, after this outburst, Spears felt ashamed of himself. A fine sense of courtesy was in the man, almost finer than her own. He began to be ashamed of having thus violated hospitality, of having so addressed her in his own house. He turned away from her to recover himself, turning his back upon her, then came back with again a changed aspect. "I beg your pardon," he said; "I ought to have more control of myself in my own place. I don't believe it's true what you think. No, my lady, I don't mean you're saying what you don't believe—I think you're deceived. I won't ask who's told you or how it's come into your head; I'll put it to a better test. I'll ask the girl herself."

"Mr. Spears," said Lady Markham, "you have been very rude to me. I have not insulted you, nor did I mean to do so. It never occurred to me," she added, with a fine sting in her words which penetrated through all his armour, "that I need fear anything from *you* which I should not have encountered in—another rank of life. But I do not wish to make reprisals," she said, with a faint smile, rising from her seat. "If you question your daughter on such a subject it ought not to be before me."

"My lady," cried Spears, his face

full of passion, "unless it is to be open war between us it shall be before you. If there's love between them there should be no shame in it. My girl is one that can hold up her head before any on the face of the earth. It is not my beginning, but it shall be settled and cleared up on the spot. Janet! come down here, I want you," he called at the foot of the stairs.

Even in the midst of her agitation, Lady Markham had been conscious of sounds above, footsteps and young voices, one of which indeed had been persistently singing all the time, some trivial song of the moment in a clear little sweet voice, like the trill of a bird. The insignificant tune had run through all this exciting interview, and worked itself into Lady Markham's head, and in spite of herself she stood still, not resisting any longer, turning towards the stairs involuntarily, watching for the appearance of the girl who (perhaps) was dearer to her boy than anything else, who, perhaps, was his motive for relinquishing everything else, including his mother's happiness and the comfort of his family. What woman could remain unmoved under such circumstances? Once more her heart began to beat as she turned her face towards the dingy stairs. Was it some beautiful apparition which was to appear from it, some creature such as exists in poetry, some woman for whom it would be comprehensible that a man should give up all? Lady Markham had romance enough in her to feel that this was possible, almost to wish it, while she feared it. If it were so, it would be more easy to forgive Paul. Ah, forgive him!—that was never hard; that was not the question. Our forgiveness, like a weeping angel, is it not always hovering, forestalling even the evil to be forgiven, over our children's wayward ways? But to get it out of her mind, out of her memory that he had deceived her, that was not so easy. She, who had come in search of evidence to exonerate Paul, can any one wonder that she stood trembling, scarcely

seeing, scarcely hearing, yet all eyes and ears, to receive the testimony of this indisputable witness, against whom there could be no appeal? But when the girl's foot sounded on the stair it seemed to Lady Markham that she had already given up all hope that Paul was true—provided only that this woman for whom he had compromised the honour of his word, might at least afford some justification for the sacrifice.

CHAPTER XIV.

"WHAT is it, father? do you want me?"

The girl spoke to her father, but her eyes were caught instantly by the unusual apparition of the lady in the shop. Who was she? not an ordinary customer, not anybody with an order for picture frames. A flutter awoke in Janet's breast. Was it perhaps somebody sent from the shop to offer that situation which was the dream of her fancy? a situation, she did not quite know what, varying as her hopes and sense of self-importance varied from that of a companion (which, the forewoman of the shop had told her, her manners and look were equal to—not to speak of her education) to that of a lady's maid. Emigration was not an idea which pleased Janet. She was afraid of the sea, afraid of the unknown, and not at all desirous of being always at home, shut up within the circle of family duties and companionship. She wanted to see the world, as all young people had, she thought, a right to do. To go into the wilds had no charm for her. She had grown up in the close presence of all her father's theories without being affected by one of them. She had heard him speak by the hour and had paid no attention. All his moral independence, the haughtiness of his determination to be his own master, and stand under subjection to no man, affected his child no more than to make her wish the more fervently for that "situation," which would deliver her from the

monotony of these "holdings forth." Janet's ideal of a happy existence was that of a large "establishment" where there would be a crowd of servants, elegant valets and splendid butlers at the feet of the pretty maid whom nobody would be able to tell from a lady—or perhaps a chance of catching the eye of the master of one of these fine gentlemen, who would make her a lady in earnest, with servants of her own. Nobody knew of these secret dreams which occupied her fancy, and grew and flourished in the atmosphere of the shop; but when her father called her suddenly, and she came down to see Lady Markham standing so exactly like (she thought) a lady whom the forewoman might have sent with the offer of a situation, her heart began to beat, and her head to turn round with excitement—excitement only not so great as that of the woman who stood gazing at her with wistful eyes, asking herself if this was the woman whom Paul preferred to all the world.

Janet was tall, and possessed what the people at the shop called "a lovely figure;" the mantles and jackets never looked so well as upon her. The habit of putting these garments on, and making a little parade in front of the glass to show them, which was her daily duty, had given a certain ease of carriage not usual in her class. When you are accustomed to be gazed at, whether for yourself, or what you carry on your shoulders, it takes away the native embarrassment of the self-conscious creature. She was dressed in that gown of black alpaca which is the uniform of the shops, and which did full justice to the fine lines of her form. These were not the mere slim outlines of a girlish figure which might turn to anything, but really beautiful, finely proportioned, and imposing. She came down into her father's shop, into the line of sunshine that crossed it, with the air of a young queen. Her face, however, was not so fine. She was pale, her nose not quite so delicate, her mouth not so small as beauty

demand. Her hair was fair, with little colour in it, and affording but little relief to the forehead upon which it clustered in a wild but careful disorder, according to the fashion of the time. Lady Markham took in every line and every feature as the girl advanced: far more critically than if she had been, as Janet thought, an intending employer did she examine this new unknown being who (was it possible?) had Paul's future in her hands. They gazed at each other, forgetting the man who stood by watching their mutual interest with what would have been amusement had he been less indignant and curious. Men and women are always so strange to each other. He looked at these two with a half-despairing, half-comic (notwithstanding his seriousness) consciousness that the ideas that were going through their minds were to him a sealed book. He did not know, poor man, that the lady, who was a stranger, was the one of the two that was comprehensible to him, and that stranger than all Greek or Latin, more mysterious than philosophy, would have been to him, had he been able to see them, the thoughts in the mind of his own child.

"I want to ask you a question, Janet. Don't be alarmed, it is not anything to frighten you," he said. "In the first place this is Lady Markham, the mother of Mr. Markham whom you have so often seen here."

Janet made a curtsey to the lady, uttering a little confused "Oh!" of wonder, and opening her eyes, and even her mouth, in surprise. Could Mr. Markham have recommended her? *Mr. Markham!* She did not know what to think. Why should he wish her to be under his mother's care? Thought goes quick at all times, quickest of all in such a crisis, when the next word may change all your prospects in life. Her mind plunged forward in a moment into a world of possibilities, while her eyelids quivered with that expression, and her mouth kept the form of the "Oh!" tremulous

and astonished. The quiver communicated itself to her whole frame—what might come next?

"You must understand," said Lady Markham quickly, "that I have nothing to do with the question your father is going to ask you. It is not put in consequence of anything I have told him—nor is it put at my desire."

Spears gave a little laugh, elevating his eyebrows. Yes, this was the sort of thing to be expected. She had led him on to it, and now she protested that she had nothing to do with it—was not this the kind of tactics pursued by her class in all ages? To push the frank and honest man of the people into a corner and then to disown him. He laughed, though he had not much inclination to laugh.

"Quite right, quite true," he said; "it is for my own satisfaction entirely. Janet, nobody has ever come between you and me," the man added with a certain pathos. He looked at his daughter with a mist of honest affection and trust in his eyes, and without an idea, without a suspicion that between him and her lay a whole world of difference, indescribable by ordinary words. "I have been father and mother both to you. Answer me, my girl, without any fear. Mr. Markham has told his family that he is going with us to Queensland. Janet, answer me plainly, is it out of love for you?"

"Father!" Janet, whose face was turned towards him, gave a sudden cry. In a moment a flame of colour went over her. She opened her eyes still wider, and her mouth, with dismay. "Oh, father! father!" she cried, in a tone of warning and alarm.

It seemed to Lady Markham that nothing more was necessary. Her limbs refused to support her any longer. She sank upon the seat which she had abandoned. The girl was afraid to speak the truth before her; but yet what doubt could there be of the meaning in her voice.

"I ask you to tell me plainly—to speak out as between you and me," said Spears. He was not slow to per-

ceive what her tone implied, and the warning in it made him angry. "There is no reason why you should hesitate to say it. If so it is, there is nothing wrong in it as far as I can see. Blush you must, I suppose—girls cannot help it; but tell me, like an innocent creature as you are, tell me the truth. I tell you there is nothing to be ashamed of. Is it out of love for you?"

Her thoughts rushed, tumbling over each other in a wild dance, a feverish Bacchic procession, through Janet's head. She did not mean to say, or even to imply what was not true. But such questioning could only mean one thing, that Mr. Markham had confessed to his mother that he was "in love" for her—that unthought-of, bewildering promotion was within her reach. She did not mean to tell a lie. She blushed more hotly than ever.

"Oh, father, how can you ask me such a thing—before a lady!" she said.

"Then it is true?"

Janet did not make any reply; she drooped her head with a modest grace, twisting her fingers together nervously, her whole frame quivering. It was not she that had told them anything: they had told her. Ah! she remembered now a score of little nothings. Had not he picked up her thimble for her when she let it fall? Had not he opened the door for her when she came and went? How often she had wondered how he could come night after night and day after day—for what?—to talk to father, to listen to father! Many and many a time she had wondered at, and in her heart despised, her father's disciples. It was "bosh" that he was saying, and yet these others would sit round him and take it all in. But here was something altogether different. That a young man should only have pretended to listen to father, should have come for herself all the time, was quite comprehensible to Janet. There was nothing strange even—nothing out of the way in it. It was what lovers had done from the beginning of time.

"Is that all you have got to say?" said her father. "Can't you give us any more satisfaction? Speak out when I tell you, Janet. All this time that he has been coming here, not saying a word to you, pretending to be my disciple—" A little sting of wounded vanity was in Spears too. He did not quite like to feel that he had been deceived, that his most fervent follower was nothing but the lover of his daughter. "All this time," he repeated, "has it been for you he has been coming? That is what we want to know."

Still Janet said nothing. She stood with her eyes cast down, interlacing her fingers in and out, out and in—her mind in such a sudden heat of active operation, that she had not leisure to speak. It was not the first time that the idea had presented itself to her. She had thought of it as a very desirable thing that Mr. Markham (or one of the others) should fall in love with her. But up to this moment she had not been able to see any likelihood of her desire realising itself. However, her mind leaped into instant action, supporting with a whole array of proof the suggestion so suddenly placed before her, of the truth of which she did not entertain a moment's doubt. How could she doubt it? If he had told his mother, certainly it must be true; and the other facts adapted themselves as by magic to this great central fact. As soon as she had got possession of that as a foundation, the details seemed to come at a wish, and a whole superstructure of blessedness sprang upwards towards the skies.

"I don't know what you wish me to say, father," she answered, at last, after another peremptory call. She spoke with all the modesty of conviction, for she felt now that every word was true. "There are things as a girl cannot speak about. There are a deal of things as are nothing in themselves; but still a girl knows what they mean."

These modest words gave an inde-

scribable pang to both her hearers. As for Spears, it was all he could do not to cry out with anger and pain. To think that at this great crisis, at a moment when so much depended upon it, she should speak with such disregard of grammar, notwithstanding all the care he had taken of her education.

"There are things as a girl cannot speak about."

He knew that this would catch Lady Markham's ears, and he felt himself humbled before her—not because of the fact, which there was no harm in, which was indeed natural enough; but that his girl should tell it in such grammar occupied Spears to the exclusion of deeper sentiment. He turned to his visitor with a conciliatory tone, and a look of deprecation as if asking her pardon.

"Well!" he said, "my lady! there does not seem to be much doubt on that point. We will have to make up our minds to it, though it is not what I could have wished, any more than you."

The very light seemed darkened in Lady Markham's eyes, the room went round with her, and she saw nothing clearly. Oh, why had she come here to make sure! Why had she not let it alone, all vague as it was? An hour ago she had thought anything better than uncertainty—but now uncertainty itself would have been a boon. She looked at Spears, catching the tone of deprecation in his voice, which seemed so natural, and made a sudden appeal to him.

"Make up our minds to it," she cried. "How is that possible? Oh, Mr. Spears, I have always thought you so superior to anything of the kind. You would not take advantage of the confidence placed in you; you would not allow my boy, because of his admiration for your talents, to ruin himself, to compromise his position, to disappoint all our hopes!"

She rose up and put out her hands, appealing—in the forgetfulness of personal despair—to his generosity,

though it was against himself and his own child. The most courteous, the most considerate person will forget when it is their own dearest interests which are concerned.

His fantastic distress about the grammar went out of the man's mind. His forehead contracted, a gleam of anger came from his eyes. But he had no doubt as to having right on his side, and he answered with dignity. "Madam," he said, "we had better understand each other. I don't want your son any more than you want my daughter; but they have their rights, and if they like each other I will not interfere."

She was driven almost wild by this reply. "Sir William will never consent—he will never consent to it," she cried.

"That's none of my business—nor my child's," said Spears. He forgot the respect with which she had inspired him. "Here's the difference between your class and mine, my lady," he said with some scorn. "I consider the one thing needful in a marriage is love—on both sides. In our rank of life we don't consider much more. We don't ask questions about a girl's ancestors or her fortune. Most likely there's none of either sort, as in this case—but where there is love, what more is wanting? You will never persuade me to interfere."

"Marriage!" she repeated, in a voice of dismay. Of course that was what it must come to. She cast a look of dismay and almost horror at the girl who would, if this were so, take her own place, and hold her position in the world. She rose up suddenly from her rude seat, feeling that her limbs still failed her, but that in any case she could stay no longer here. "Oh, there is a great deal more wanting—a great deal more," she cried. "Life is not so simple for us. A woman should know what she undertakes—what weight she will have on her shoulders. There are other things to be taken into consideration in such a life as ours."

"You think so," said Spears. What he intended to be a superior smile dwindled into something like a sneer. He did not like this assertion, which he could not contradict. After all, it was true enough that his own existence was far more elementary and primitive than the other, and he did not like the thought.

"You do not know," said Lady Markham, "you cannot understand the difficulties of people who are looked up to by a whole district, who have the comfort of others, the very life of many in their hands. But why should I speak of this?" she said. "I thought you understood, but you do not understand. Now it is war between us, as you said. I want to harm no one, but I must do what I can for my boy."

She made them a curtsy which (for she could not be uncivil) included both father and daughter, then drew down her veil with a trembling hand and hurried away.

Spears went after her to the door. He was furious at this calm assertion of something higher, larger, and more elevated in her different rank; yet he could not help a certain reverence, an unwilling worship of the lady, of whom he had once said regretfully that nothing like her was ever produced in his own. He went to the door, and gazed after her as she went along, her steps still hurried and agitated, but her natural grace coming back to her. "Looked up to by a whole district—the comfort of others, their very life in her hands." Ah! there might be something in that after all. He felt in his own veins a fullness, a swell of rising blood as of a man able to bear others upon his shoulders, and fearing no responsibility. That should come in the new world to which he was bound. There he too would cease to be a single unit among other isolated individuals, and would become a head also, a leader, the first of a community. He felt as if she had dared him to it, and he would achieve it. But as he stood there half-angry, half-

stimulated, he was aware of his daughter behind him, straining on tip-toe to look over his shoulder—and turned round, looking at her with a new principle of judgment and discrimination in his eyes.

"Was it really Lady Markham? Is she Mr. Markham's mother?" said Janet, breathless with excitement. "Oh, how pretty she must have been, father! She's not a bit nicely dressed; not what I would call equal to her situation. But she looks a real lady. Don't you think you would know she was a real lady, whatever she had on?"

"I don't know what you mean by a real lady. You are quite as silly as the rest, you little fool."

"Oh, but you do know," cried Janet. "Miss Stichel puts on lovely things, but she never has that look. Was that the lady that was so kind to you in the country?—in that beautiful grand house?"

"Did I say she was kind to me?" said Spears, melting a little. "Well, yes, I suppose she was."

"And was it really," said Janet, drooping her head, after she had cast one keen glance at her father's face, "really—about nothing but Mr. Markham's nonsense that she came here?"

"Janet," said her father, taking her by the hand—his mind had wandered from the great question of the moment, but her words brought it suddenly back. He looked tenderly and anxiously into the girl's face, which sank before his gaze, but only with an easy blush and pleasant embarrassment. "I don't want to be inquisitorial. I don't want to pry into what is perhaps too delicate for a man's ear. But tell me if you can what you mean by Mr. Markham's nonsense. He has always seemed very serious to me. Try and tell me if you can—try and speak to me as you would have spoken if your mother had been here."

This touched her heart, for she was not a bad girl. She began to cry a little. "She would not have asked me—she would have understood," she said. "Oh, father, what can I tell

you beyond what I have told you? Besides, what does it matter what I say? He must have spoke himself, or what brought the lady here?"

This seemed conclusive to Spears too. It did not occur to him that "Mr. Markham's nonsense" must mean something more than what Paul had said to his mother. He put his arm round his child, and drew her close to him. "You should not say 'he must have spoke,' Janet—though it would seem indeed as if he had said something. She wanted me to order him off. Tell me, my girl, are you really—fond of this young fellow?" he said, with persuasive tenderness. "Don't turn your face away, there is nothing to be ashamed of. I thought you were but a child, and lo! you are a woman with lovers after you," he went on, with a smile that was pathetic. "I can't say I like it, but it's nature, and I won't complain."

"Oh don't, father," said Janet, drawing herself away. "Don't! How can I tell you—or any one." There was just enough of feeling to give a natural air of pretty reserve and delicacy to the girlish shrinking, the quick movement she made to conceal her face from his eyes. Her voice was tremulous, her cheeks suffused with the blush of excitement and pleasant confusion. After a pause she turned half round and asked, as if avoiding a more difficult question, "Is it a very grand house? Will it come to him after? Will he be a *Sir* too?"

"If it lasts till his time," said the revolutionary, "which let us hope it will not. The chances are, that all these detestable distinctions will be swept away long before, and the wrongs of the poor be made an end of. The country will not bear it much longer."

"Oh!" cried Janet, forgetting her bashfulness, and turning upon him a face full of eager vehemence and indignation. "I am sick of hearing of the country! What harm does it do the country? Will they have a penny the more for taking away his money?"

Why shouldn't I be a lady as well as any one else? To have a grand house, and a man in livery to walk behind me is what I should like above everything! I hope it will last till our time. I don't believe there will be any difference. Oh, father, won't you just give up making speeches and holding meetings, and let things be?"

"Janet!" he cried, with a flash of anger; but it seemed ludicrous, after all, to attach any importance to what such a child said. He laughed a confused and disconcerted laugh. "That doesn't come well from my daughter! And what do you know about such things? You are a little goose, and that is all about it. Besides, what does it matter? We are all going to Queensland—he, too. There will not be many grand houses, or men in livery, you baby! to be found there."

"Oh!" cried Janet, growing pale with disappointment and dismay; "but you don't think he will have to go there *now*?"

"Why not *now*? There is more reason than ever now, it appears to me."

"Oh!" cried Janet again—that stock English monosyllable expressing a whole gamut of dissatisfaction and surprise. "I thought that would only be because he thought his people would object, and didn't know what we—I—would say. He would rather go than be separated—rather than lose—us; it is easy to understand. But when he's been and told, and when his mother has come here, and when it's all in the way of being settled—Oh!" cried Janet again, with natural vehemence, "what in all the world should he go for now? Would any one go that could help it? and him that has everything he can set his face to, and sure to come into a fortune, and all made easy for him. What in all the world should he go for *now*?"

Spears stood and looked at her with a confusion that was almost stupidity.

He was indeed stupefied by this extraordinary speech. Was it really what it seemed to be, a revelation of an unknown character, a new creation altogether—or was it merely the silly babble of a child?

"My girl," he said, with a tone of severity, yet still keeping the half of his smile, so confused and uncertain was he, not knowing what to think; "what is this you are saying? It is not like a child of mine. What if I were to say—as I have a good right—he *shall* come to Queensland or he shall not have you?"

"You would not have any right to say such a thing," said Janet, with decision. "Don't you tell us we've all got the right, both men and girls, to do what is best for ourselves? and to judge for ourselves? and would you be the tyrant to take that from us? Oh, no, father, no! I never would have said a word but for this. Many a one has said to me, 'What are you going for? I wouldn't go a step in your place. I'd take a situation, and stay where all my friends are.' That's been said to me—times and times; and I've always said 'No. Where father goes I must go.' But, all the same, I always hated going. For one thing, I know I should be ill all the way. I hate a ship; and I hate living in the country, where you would never see so much as a street-lamp, nor hear anything but cows mooing, and sheep baaing; but I would have gone and never said a word. Only now," cried Janet, with rising vehemence, "what *would* be the good of me going, or of *him* going? If I was married I shouldn't be of no use to you; and what in all the world should take *him* there, if it wasn't following after me?"

Her father stood and gazed at her stupefied. His very jaw dropped with wonder. She had never made so long a speech in her life; but now that she had spoken, it was all as clear, as definitely settled and arranged, as pitiless in its reasonableness, as if, instead of a girl of twenty, she had

been a philosopher laying down the law. All her timidity was gone. She looked him full in the face while she ended her lengthened argument. As for Spears, the very power of speech seemed to be taken from him. A sound like a laugh, harsh and jarring came from him when she ended.

"So that's how it is?" he said, and turned and went back to his bench like a man who did not know what he was doing. Janet was glad enough to be thus released. She who had known her own sentiments all along was not startled by them as he was; but she felt that it was best now she had uttered them to let them have time and quiet to work their necessary effect. She turned to the eight-day clock, which had been ticking solemnly all this time in the corner, with a half shriek.

"Good gracious!" she cried, "it's past nine, and me still here. Whatever will Miss Stichel say?"

CHAPTER XV.

LADY MARKHAM walked away quickly, tingling in every nerve. She felt herself insulted and betrayed. She had gone to this poor man as if he had been a gentleman, with full confidence in him, and he had not justified her faith. A poor gentleman would have felt the impossibility, would have seen that a girl of no importance, without money, or rank, or connections, could not expect to marry Paul Markham, the heir of all the family honours. A person of any cultivation would have felt this, had there been the best blood in England in his veins. But this clown did not feel it; this common workman, wood-carver, tradesman, he did not see it. He ventured to look her in the face and tell her that they must make up their minds to it.

Lady Markham was angry; she could not help it. And there was an additional sting in the situation from the fact that she felt she had brought it upon herself. She had taken an

injudicious step. In her desire to relieve her own mind, she had compromised Paul. Her own alarms, her suspicion and doubt had realised themselves. She blamed Spears all the more bitterly that in her heart she wanted not to be obliged to blame herself. But by and by the needle veered round to that point of the moral compass which in a candid mind it is so ready to stop at, self-accusation. Why did she give this man the occasion of insulting her, and the girl the occasion of defying her? It was her own fault. She ought not, above all, to have compromised her son. This became the most terrible thought of all as she dwelt upon it. Instead of doing good she had done harm; instead of relieving Paul from the influence of the demagogue, she had riveted and strengthened his connection with the demagogue's family who were worse, much worse than himself. Was it possible that Paul, *her* son, the brother of Alice, could have chosen from all the world such a girl as Janet Spears? Her heart thrilled with the wonder of it, the disappointment of it. Was that all he could find in woman? and she herself had helped to cement the tie between them. How could she ever forgive herself? She walked along quickly recovering her outward composure, but more and more troubled in mind as she thought upon what she had done. Why did she go? how, she asked herself, being, like most women, ready to distrust herself and give in to the common opinion on the subject whenever anything went wrong with her—how could she forget that it was always dangerous for a woman to interfere? She was in the very deepest of these painful thoughts, angry with herself, and deeply distressed by the apparent consequences of her ill-advised mission, when, turning the corner of the little street which brought her into one of the larger thoroughfares, she suddenly, without any warning, found herself face to face with Paul. The surprise was so great

that she had no time to put on any defences, to prepare for questions and astonishment on his side. They met without a moment's warning, the two people who might have been supposed least likely to encounter each other at such a time and place.

"Paul!" she cried, with a sensation of fright. And he stopped, looked at her sternly, and cast a jealous inquiring look along the street by which she had so evidently come.

"Mother! what are you doing here?" he said.

"I came out—to take a walk, as it was so fine a morning," she said, forcing a smile. Then Lady Markham came to herself and perceived the folly of false pretences. "No—I will not try to deceive you, Paul. I have been visiting Mr. Spears," she said.

"Visiting Spears!"

"Yes; what is there wonderful in that?—you brought him to visit me. Other people may blame me for it, but I don't see how you can. I had a kind of faith in him."

"You *had*; has it been disappointed then, mother, your faith?"

"Yes," she said with a sigh. "No doubt it was foolish. A man of his class—must feel like his class no doubt. It was foolish on my part."

"What was there," said Paul with a sort of contempt which he hid under exaggerated politeness, "that Lady Markham could want with a man of his class—with a demagogue and Radical?"

"Paul," she said, her voice faltering a little, "it does not become you, however wise and superior you may feel yourself, to assume this tone to your mother. This is to change our positions altogether. I have done a thing which has proved ill-advised and may turn out badly, but I did it for the best. I will not hide it from you who are the chief person concerned. I went to ask him to use his influence with you, my own having failed, to induce you to think a little of your actual duties to your family. He did not take the same view of it

as I do, which perhaps was natural; and I saw, though without wishing it," she added, in a still more tremulous tone, "the—young woman——"

"What young woman?" His voice was angry, almost threatening. He came a step nearer, and stood over her with a cloud upon his face. "What young woman is it? whom do you mean?"

"It is a poor thing to make a mystery of it when it has gone so far. I confess my mistake, and why should you conceal your intentions on your side? This can only have the effect of making everything worse. I was made to see her against my will, and to hear from her own lips——"

"Mother!" cried Paul, violently, stopping her. Then he said, endeavouring again to calm himself, "I have heard often that it is only women who can be thoroughly cruel to other women."

"Then you have heard what is false, Paul, what is entirely and cruelly false; though you boys toss about such accusations at your pleasure, insulting the women who bear with you, and suffer for you. I tell you because I feel it would have been wiser had I taken no part in the matter; had I kept away; said nothing, and done nothing."

"And I tell you—" cried Paul, in vehement indignation; then he stopped short and cried out with an anxious voice, "Mother, what is it you have done?"

"Everything that is unwise," she said. "I have been rebuffed by your friend. I will tell you the truth, Paul. When he said that he had no wish to have you as a fellow-emigrant, I, in my folly, asked, Was it his daughter? And she was not so reticent as you are. She owned that it was so. She was more frank than you are; and to do him justice I will allow that her father looked as much surprised as I."

"She owned it was so!" Paul's face became ghastly in the morning light. Then after a minute's blank

silence, he said, with a harsh laugh, "Surprised? Yes, her father might be surprised; but why you? You seem to have been the only person who knew all about it, who had got it all cut and dry to be produced at a moment's notice. Oh, mother!" he cried, bitterly, "your morning's work will cost me dear—it will cost me dear!"

Lady Markham stood with bowed head to receive her son's reproaches. "I was wrong," she said; "I was wrong. Oh, Paul, my dearest boy, come home with me; let us talk it all over; let us think of everything! If you knew how hard it is for me to oppose you! and all the more when your heart is engaged. Am I one to set myself against love?" She blushed as she looked at him with a woman's reverence for the centre of all affections, and a mother's shamefacedness in opening such a subject with her son. "But Paul, there are so many things—oh, so many things to think of! and you are so young—and——"

"Mother, stop!" he said, "your arguments have nothing to do with me; they are wrong altogether. If my life is spoiled, it will be your doing; not mine, but yours—not mine, but yours."

Lady Markham lifted her head with the surprise and something of the indignation of a person unjustly accused. "This is going too far," she said. "I have been wrong, but to throw the total blame upon me is unreasonable. In this, as in other things, nobody could harm you; nobody could make your position worse, if you had not risked and lost it yourself."

There were few passengers in the streets, silent and semi-deserted as always in summer, and yet more because it was still so early. The two figures which stood there together breaking the sunshine were almost the only people visible, and the closeness of the discussion between them had hitherto been witnessed by nobody; just at this point, however, some one issued suddenly from the gate of one of the colleges near, and

came down the steps into the street. They were scared by the appearance of any one in this dreary city, and it was not expedient that the warmth of their conversation should be apparent to others.

"Walk along with me," she said. "Do not let us stand here."

Paul looked round him for a moment on either hand. On one side was the narrow street in which Spears lived, the line of colleges and better houses on the other. Lady Markham's face was turned towards the better side. This was enough to decide him, foolish as he was. He turned the other way.

"What is the good of discussing—of talking over? All the harm is done that can be done," he said, with a wave of his hand. Then he crossed the road quite suddenly, leaving his mother standing looking after him. Very miserable was the young man as he went away. He went down Spears' street, but he had no intention of going to see Spears. Everything seemed against him. The best thing for him to do, he thought, would be to get out of sight of everybody—to fly from the evils of fate that were gathering round his feet. What had he done to be caught like this in a tangle which he had not himself sought, from which indeed he had always done his best to keep free? It was no doing of his: chance and his parents had done it, and the detestable conventionalities of society, which made it impossible for a man to be civil to a girl out of his own class without laying himself open to remark. If he had not met her here, yesterday, so innocently, without premeditation! Already, by the folly of everybody concerned, this girl had got to be *her* to the young man; no name needed to distinguish the creature in whose hands some blind hazard seemed to have placed his life. Blind hazard—aided by his father and mother. How bitter were his thoughts as he went on. What was he to do? She had owed to it. Half he hated her for being

so foolishly deceived, half his heart melted to her for the deception which only some latent tenderness could have produced. Must he wring the girl's heart by making it all plain to her, and humble her in her own eyes? or must he accept a position he had not sought, which he no more desired than they desired it, and of which he saw all the inappropriateness, all the disadvantages? As he went on with that cruel question in his mind, there rose out of the morning air, appearing not much less suddenly than his mother had done, running towards him, the figure of the girl of whom he was thinking. To Paul it was as if his thoughts had taken shape. She came towards him, not seeing him, with all the ease of motion which unconsciousness gives—tall and graceful in her plain black gown. The girl's head was full of a subdued triumph, but for the moment all she was consciously thinking of was how to get to her shop as quickly as possible. She ran like another Atalanta, skimming along the unlovely street, her feet scarcely seeming to touch the ground. This sudden apparition filled Paul with excitement. She had changed to him altogether since yesterday, when she was nothing but Spears' daughter. Now she was suddenly identified, separated from all the world, and become herself. How could he help but be interested in her? She had owned to it. To what had she owned? It seemed for the moment almost a relief, bitterly as he resented her introduction into his life, to turn to her—who knew none of the complications involved, who was unaware of his fury and indignation against everybody round him—to turn to her, whose mind must be entirely single and simple, torn by no conflict. He did not know why he wanted to speak to her, what he wanted to say to her; but he stepped into her way with a certain imperiousness, making her stop short in her rapid career. Janet, thus arrested, gave a sudden cry. She stopped, the

breath coming quick on her lips, and put her hand to her breast; her heart gave a sudden leap, the colour flew over her face in a sudden wave of crimson.

"Oh, Mr. Markham!" she said.

"Where are you going so fast?" Somehow it seemed to him, with a half-consolatory sense of proprietorship, that here was a creature who belonged to him, who would find no fault with him as the others did, who was his. He put himself in her way, stopping her—not as if by accident, but of set purpose—assuming the right which she for her part never resisted. There were troubles and difficulties with every one else; but with her no difficulties, no troubles. She acknowledged his sway at once, stopped herself, blushed, and drooped her head. There was no question of approving or disapproving here. She answered his voice instantly, like a slave. There are many people who only see a thing in its best aspect when it becomes their own. For the moment Paul Markham became one of those. He had never thought her so handsome before; perhaps indeed in all her life she had never been so handsome as when she stopped all blushing and glowing at his call, acknowledging in her every look the proprietorship which it gave him a sort of pleasure to claim. "Where are you going so fast?" he said.

"Oh, Mr. Markham, I am in a great hurry! I don't know what Miss Stichel will say: I never was so late before in my life!"

"What has kept you so late?"

He was far more imperious in his tone than he had ever been when she was nothing to him. Then he had been courtly and polite, frightening the girl with a courtesy which she did not understand. She liked this roughness much better. It meant—it would be impossible to tell all it meant.

"I was kept by—visitors. Oh, Mr. Markham! don't keep me any longer now. I don't know what Miss Stichel

will say to me. She will be so angry."

"She must not be angry. How does she dare to show her anger to you? You had visitors. I know: my mother."

"Oh, Mr. Markham!" Janet said again, faintly, drooping her head; and then there was a momentary pause.

"I know," he said.

He did not know, and could not tell afterwards by what impulse he did it. Some infatuation took possession of him. He took her hand in the middle of the street, in sight of any one that might be looking. There was nobody looking, which vexed Janet, but he did it without thought of that. It would have made no difference if all the world had been there.

"That is how it is, I suppose," he said, holding her hand. And then he added, somewhat drearily, "If there is anything wrong in it, it is their own doing, there is always that to be said."

This somewhat chilled Janet, who expected a warmer address; but she reflected that the street was scarcely a place for love-making; and Miss Stichel, though not so important as usual, had still to be considered.

"Let me go, please, Mr. Markham," she said; "I mustn't be late: for whatever may happen afterwards I am still their servant at the shop."

He dropped her hand as if it burnt him, and grew red with anger and uneasy shame.

"This must not be," he said. "I will go and speak to Spears."

Though he was so firm in his democratic principles, the idea that any one connected with himself should be under the orders of a mistress galled him beyond bearing. It was a thing that could not be.

"It will not be for long," Janet said, cheerfully.

She, for her part, rather liked the shop. It was more cheerful than the other shop which was home.

"I cannot suffer it," he said, "for another day. I will speak to Spears."

This was all he said, but he kept standing there looking at her with eyes which were more investigating than admiring. If he had nothing more to say than this why should he keep her standing there and expose her to Miss Stichel's scolding? But she did not like to burst away as she would have done from a less stately wooer. She was much intimidated by a lover like Paul, though very proud of him. She stood with her eyes cast down, waiting till he should let her go free. The thing that would have made Janet most happy would have been that he should walk to the shop with her, showing that he was not ashamed of her, and give her the pride and glory of being seen by the other young ladies in company with the gentleman she was going to marry, the gentleman who had vowed that she should not remain there—not another day. This would have been the natural thing to do, Janet thought. But it did not seem to occur to Paul in the same light. He looked at her, examining her appearance with anxious and critical, yet with very sober and calm inspection. They were neither of them so happily fluttered, so excited as they might have been. She was not exacting, did not ask too much; and he was critical with the discrimination of a superior, a judge whose powers of judgment were biassed by no glamour of partiality.

"We shall see each other later in the evening. I will not detain you longer," he said, in a tone of gentle politeness.

He even gave a little sigh of relief as he turned away. Janet, not knowing whether she was more sorry or glad to be liberated, cast more than one furtive glance behind her at his departing figure. But it did not seem to have occurred to Paul to look after her. He walked on stately and straight, turning neither to one side nor the other, towards Spears's shop. He had not meant to go, but neither had he intended any of the other things that had come to pass. Fate seemed

to have got possession of him. He walked into the shop with the same straightforward steady tread, not as usual, that was impossible. Most likely there would have to be something said—but for that, too, he felt himself ready, if need were.

Spears was no longer working at the simple work of his picture-frames. He had thrown them into a heap—all the little bits of carved work which he had been glueing and fitting into each other—and with a large sheet of paper on the table before him was drawing with much intentness and preoccupation. He had set the plume of the foxglove upright before him, and was bending his brows and contorting both limbs and features over his drawing as he had done over the lily he had designed for Alice. The handful of coloured gladiolus which had been lying on the table he had pushed impatiently aside, and they lay at his feet, here and there, scattered under the table and about the floor like things rejected, while he drew in the foxglove boldly with a blue pencil. All his soul seemed to be in his drawing. He scarcely took any notice of Paul—a half glance up, a hurried nod, and that was all. Presently however, he took up one of the gladiolus stalks and laid it tentatively across the foxglove; then with a pshaw! of angry impatience tossed it away again.

“That won’t do,” he said, half to himself, “none o’ that. Nature will not stand it. The free-growing, wild thing is grand, but that poor stiff, conventional rubbish, manufactured out of some gardener’s brains, out of his bad dreams, is good for nothing; and it’s everywhere the same, so far as I can see. Things must be wedded after their kind.”

“Do you mean that for me, Spears?”

“Do I mean that for you? Which are you? the grand tower of the foxglove that’s good for everything—strength and continuance and beauty—or that poor spiky trash? I don’t

know. I mean nothing that I don’t understand.”

Then there was silence once more. Paul took up some of the bits of uncompleted work and fixed them together. He would not open the subject, but he knew Spears well enough to know that it must have been some great agitation which had driven him away from his pot-boiling to the work of designing. That was not a work that would ever “pay.” The frames answered the purpose of daily bread; but the designs into which all the rude artist’s soul was thrown were not profitable. A few of the young men who were his friends had bought some plaques and panels of his finer original work; but such purchasers were few and far between; and to spend a whole morning making a design for one of these delicate unprofitable carvings showed that the workman had certainly for the moment lost command of himself.

After a few minutes, during which he measured the little lathes together and fitted them carelessly, Paul went quietly to the back of the room, and taking an old coat which hung there put it on and sat down to do the work which the other had left undone. This was not a kind of work he had ever attempted before. He had been a student of carving, not because of any natural impulse towards the art, but partly for Spears’s company, partly in order to be able to aid in some small way his struggle for a living. This eventful morning brought him a new impulse. While his master laboured impetuously at his drawing, Paul took the humbler work in hand. After all the distraction that had been in his mind, there was something in this homely effort that soothed him. Cast upon it on all hands, in all ways, it was a sort of relief to him to identify himself altogether with this other sphere, which he had chosen and sought out, yet into which he had never cast himself so completely, so fully, as his own family had cast him. He smiled at this within himself, as

he began to work at Spears's everyday vulgar work. Well! if they would have it so, so be it! He had played with the notion of equality, of democratic simplicity, with the doctrine that it was every man's duty to earn his own living, and give up to humanity the full enjoyment of the land and accumulations of money, which no individual had a right to retain. All this he had held hotly in theory; but in the meantime had lived in his college rooms, and according to his natural position—an anomaly which only now appeared to him in its full vividness. Yes, now he saw it. He smiled to himself, no longer with bitterness, with a lofty disdain of his own past, of all his traditions, of his family, which by way of opposition and resistance to his purpose and principles had pushed him over the verge on which he had been hesitating. Perhaps but for them he might still have hesitated before he took the final step. It was they who had decided it, who had given him the last impulse. He smiled with a sense of the weakness of efforts which thus naturally balked themselves, feeling superior in his calm certainty of decision to all these agitations. Yes, it was over; there was no longer any question of what might or might not be. His fate was settled; he was a member of Spears's family, not of Sir William Markham's. That sense of calm which follows a great decision, and at the same time of proud resignation which succeeds a sacrifice exacted, calmed his mind. Somehow, Paul could not have told how, he felt himself a sort of sacrificial offering to justice and nature, making the most eloquent of protests against wrong, tyranny, injustice, and everything that was evil in society. With the dignity of a noble victim, and with a consciousness of innate, inborn, but most illogical superiority to fate, he drew the glue-pot and the tools towards him, and began to do the workman's work. Nothing could have been more illogical; for the superiority of labour was one of the first principles of his creed, and

to make picture-frames was a respectable occupation by which a man might live. Yet it was with a smile of unspeakable superiority that he began his first day's real work, enjoying the sensation of voluntary humility, of doing what it was beneath him to do.

Thus they went on in silence for some time: Paul working clumsily enough, with a sense of the humour implied in his adoption of the trade, which made it amusing in its novelty and inappropriateness, but which was most unlike the steady devotion of a man who felt this work to be his duty; while Spears pursued his with a fury of invention which denoted the perturbation of his mind. He flung the drooping bells of the foxglove upon his paper and erected its splendid stalk with an energy and force which was like a defiance, holding the somewhat coarse blue pencil in his hand like a sword, screwing his mouth and putting his limbs into every contortion possible, as he sat, with his stool pushed as far as might be from the table, and all the upper part of his person overhanging it. If it had been an eagle or a lion he was drawing the force and expression of his whole figure would have been more appropriate. As it was, the foxglove bristled with a kind of scornful defiance, yet drooped with something of melancholy, as an eagle might have done in all its pride of strength, yet with the pathos of all speechless creatures in its eyes. In this particular, though he was an actor, he was speechless as the eagle or the wildly-noble flower. He had seen a sight which had taken all speech out of him, as it might have done from Shakespeare. He had seen a something unknown, a small, vulgar, incomprehensible spirit, to him unrecognisable, a thing out of his cognisance, looking at him through the eyes of his child. What could he say to such a revelation? Nothing. It took his voice from him and almost his breath. He had not been able to endure the placid work which left him free for thought. Say that his design-

ing did not reach a very ethereal point of art; but it was the highest exercise of skill to him. He flung himself upon the paper, thrusting away all the painful enlightenments and contradictions of his life as he thrust away the gay-coloured spike of the gladiolus. He would have crushed them under foot if he had been able, but this he could not do. They would not disappear from his memory as the others did from his table. Thus he worked on, with a fervour which was almost savage, while Paul, with a proud smile on his face, handled the glue-pot. After a while the mere sense of companionship mollified the elder man. He was wounded, and wanted just such soothing as the sight of his disciple sitting quietly by gave him. His work grew less firm, his hand less rigid; the great pencil ceased to dig into the paper with its violent lines. Insensibly the softening went on. First, he threw a hasty glance from beneath his bushy eyebrows at the young man tranquilly seated near him. Then his fiery inspiration slackened; he paused to look at his model, to devise the next line, and doing so let his eyes rest upon Paul with a growing softness. At last he got up, threw down his pencil, and coming up to his companion struck him on the shoulder.

"Well!" he said. "Boy! So that

was how it was. You listened to the father—old fool! but your thoughts were with the girl. That was how it was." This was not the thing that gnawed at Spears's heart, but he put it forward by way perhaps of persuading himself, as we all do sometimes, that it was the lesser matter that hurt him most.

Paul paused in his work, and looked up. His face was very serious, with none of that glow of happiness in it which belongs to an accepted lover—as the man beside him, who had been a true lover himself, was quick to see.

"Who said that? Not I, Spears—not I."

"Who said it? Well, I cannot tell you. The women among them; they have their own way of looking at things."

And then the two men paused, looking at each other. This was the moment in which it was natural that Janet's lover should make his own explanation to the father of the girl whom he loved. The whole life of two people at least, and of many more in a secondary point of view, hung upon Paul's lips, to be decided by the next impulse that might move him, by the next fantastic words which, out of the mist of unreal fact in which he had got himself enveloped, he might be moved to say.

To be continued.

POULTRY-KEEPING AS A NATIONAL INDUSTRY.

It is, we believe, admitted on all hands, that the raising of poultry is a branch of industry which is very much neglected in England, and efforts have been made from time to time to draw attention to the subject, but hitherto with very little success. We are very fond of poultry shows, and pride ourselves upon the fine birds which we exhibit—upon the accuracy of their plumage and markings, upon the length of wattle, the precision of comb, and upon many other “points” all important in the eyes of the fancier; but we neglect to an absolutely ridiculous, or rather to a shameful, extent, to furnish our larders with succulent fowls, and a plentiful provision of eggs, content that the former, at their high prices, should remain the dainty of the rich, and that the latter should be cheap only in consequence of the enormous numbers imported.

To the buyer of any article it may perhaps signify very little whether the thing be foreign or English, provided that it suit his requirements and can be had at a moderate cost. This sentiment is not patriotic, but it is very natural, for human nature is selfish, and we are all of us wont to put our convenience before more remote considerations.

But the egg question is by no means remote; for who does not wish to have his breakfast-table supplied with these necessary articles in a delicately fresh condition? and to the Londoner who does not keep fowls this is a matter of impossibility, unless he be willing and able to pay a quite exorbitant price for a very simple commodity; while it is scandalously wasteful that we should expend two millions and a half of money, as shown by the Customs' Report for 1878, for what we are perfectly well able to produce our-

selves, this rate of payment being also an increase of 38,000% upon that of the previous year.

It is really an astounding fact that 6,529,000 great hundreds of eggs (that is to say, 391,174,000,000) were actually imported by us from the Continent in 1878. The expenditure upon imported poultry is of course very much more moderate, and it is difficult to fix its amount, since the Commissioners of Customs class game and poultry under one head, giving 403,000% as the total of the dues; but whatever the expenditure be it is superfluous, since there is nothing to prevent us from breeding in our own country a perfectly sufficient supply of fowls.

We shall perhaps be met at the outset with the stock argument that our miserable climate renders all effort in this direction abortive, and that we are absolutely unable to rear fowls with the success that attends our continental neighbours; so it may be well to clear away this objection before going farther, for if there is a physical impossibility in our way, the matter must necessarily be given up.

But there is no such physical impossibility.

If there were, would Ireland, with its humidity—to put the case mildly—be able to send us over millions of eggs, and a very large quantity of fowls? Would Holland be a good country for poultry raising? And would Normandy and Brittany, with their cold winters, their rain, and their fogs, be precisely those parts of France where the egg industry most flourishes, and from whence birds of very superior excellence are sent to our own and the Paris markets?

The late M. Mariot-Didieux, an eminent veterinary surgeon—a man of

great science, who studied the poultry question from every point of view, and who has written one of the best French works upon the subject, gives his opinion very strongly against the theory of climatic influences, which is brought forward just as much in France as it is with us; and he proves by examples that all parts of the country, although differing materially both in soil and in atmospheric conditions, are equally capable of producing fine and prolific birds. Entreating his readers not to attribute to climate what is really due merely to ignorance and want of skill, this writer pleads very strongly for something like systematic instruction in the art of poultry-rearing. And if this is thought necessary for France, which not only supplies its own markets to overflowing, but exports very largely to Spain and to our own country, how stands the matter with ourselves?

M. Mariot-Didieux had in view the dissemination of the larger and more profitable breeds, and the introduction of a better system of fattening; and much, very much, has been done since the first edition of his book was printed. *We* need to be taught, *ab initio*, the importance and possibility of poultry-raising as a national industry, and require to be made to see, what every French peasant is able to teach us, that, rightly managed, it is a distinctly profitable occupation. In this country the labourer thinks, and in too many cases with truth, that he has not the necessary conveniences for rearing poultry; the farmer, for the most part, believes fowls to be ruthless and unprofitable devastators; and the general public, save that small portion of it which is bitten by the poultry mania, holds poultry rearing to be an expensive hobby.

Of course there are better informed persons in each of these classes, but as a general rule such sentiments prevail; whereas amongst our Gallic neighbours the *bassee-cour* forms a notable item of profit in farms large and small, and

the peasant, whether proprietor or not, invariably makes a good thing of his lesser amount of feathered stock. There is, however, one very notable difference between English and French views of the matter. Over here, whenever the poultry question is mooted, it is always supposed that the business, to be profitable, should be carried out on a very extensive scale, and from time to time we hear of a poultry-farm being started, and usually, after a short period, ending in utter failure; while France may be traversed from one end to the other without finding anything which deserves to be called a *large* establishment; at least the present writer, who took some pains to inquire into the matter, was not able to see or even to hear of such a one.

From one to three hundred hens, much more usually the former than the latter number, may be kept on a French farm, of course under the intelligent supervision of the farmer's wife and daughter; or very possibly the whole concern is managed, and capitally managed too, by a widow. We do not find the fowls located in grand buildings, but they are allowed the run of the fields, and find comfortable lodgings sometimes in a shed of their own, but just as often in the great *remises*, or in winter time in the delightfully warm cow-stall. A hatching-house, however, is of course always provided. The peasant *ménagère* has naturally much less space at her disposal, and is obliged to shift as she can, but she always contrives to have a few fowls or ducks, and, like the Irishwoman of a similar class, to keep her favourites comfortable in inclement weather, well knowing that by the proceeds of her egg-basket she will be amply repaid for her trouble. It is the care bestowed upon the French poultry that makes them such a source of profit, and it is because they are kept everywhere that the supplies are so enormous.

Again, division of labour is found to work admirably in French poultry affairs. With us we have usually

no other idea when we embark in the business, than to hatch, rear, fatten, and kill the fowls on the same farm, while in many parts of France each of these things constitutes a distinct occupation; nay, there is very frequently a fifth, namely, the carrying the birds to the market. To take the Houdan district for an example, as that is a region more entirely given over than many others to poultry rearing, the *acouveurs*—a local term for those persons who employ themselves in providing young broods—will sell their chickens at twenty-four hours old, sending them to the *fermière* who has bespoken them snugly covered up with flannel in a little flat basket, for it is found that they travel much better at that age than later, as Dame Nature has provided them with sustenance for their first entrance into life, and they need nothing until the next day. Madame, on receiving the consignment, unites the little flock at night-time to one of the same age which is already in charge of a hen, who receives the new-comers with great affability, appearing proud of the sudden and mysterious increase of her little family, and when they are of an age to be fattened, madame either takes them to market herself, or sells them to a dealer. They are next transferred to another person, who makes her business of the *engrais*. This one may either merely fatten a few fowls at a time, keeping up a relay of them the year round, as she may happen to be supplied with provender, or she may possess quite an extensive yard, and buy largely from the surrounding neighbours. When the birds are ready they are either taken again to the market or consigned to the travelling dealer; but in any case they are sold alive, and conveyed by the last-named individual to certain villages where dwell the *trueurs de profession*, who kill, pluck, and prepare each bird for the poulterer's stall in the extraordinarily short period of one minute. Sometimes this last performance takes place at the *halles*, where it may be witnessed

by those who find pleasure in such exhibitions. It is considered very important, in order to preserve the fine flavour of the bird, as well as to insure its keeping for a proper time, that it should be plucked and drawn as soon as it is killed. This is a point much insisted on by the purveyors of the famous *poulardes du Mans* and other high-class poultry, although little understood with us; but indeed we are exceedingly behindhand in the niceties of rearing and preparing poultry for market—witness the yellow, skinny specimens we are not ashamed to see and to purchase.

The fact is we do not like trouble, and are content with a sort of happy-go-lucky method which never answers if poultry-rearing is to be profitable; but only conceive an English farm servant putting a bit of rag, bib fashion, on the breast of the fowl she is fattening, to prevent the smell of milk spilled upon its feathers and become sour, detracting from the value of her fine birds! Yet this is actually done by hen-wives who pride themselves on the quality of their produce. Here we hit upon a special blot in our arrangements. In France, the farmer's wife, however rich she may be, is by no means above putting her own hand to the business; the servant, if there be one, never being left to her own devices; while with us, unfortunately, rural maids and matrons of the better class pride themselves in being quite above what they are pleased to term "menial occupations," and in many instances could not milk a cow, make a pound of butter, or in fact do anything useful to save their lives!

Is it matter of wonder that husbands and fathers become bankrupt, and that we hear on every side that farming does not pay?

To be profitable, poultry must not, except in the case of fanciers who breed to sell at high prices, be kept by themselves, but should always form part of the live stock of a farm. A few fowls, say from eight to a dozen, may indeed be kept with very great

advantage where there is a garden or a little bit of allotment land; but if it is desired to rear considerable numbers, there should always be a farm to fall back upon, as the waste produce, of which there is necessarily a great deal, will go far towards providing for the feathered creatures. The thrifty French *fermière* practises the greatest economy in her *basse-cour*, but she takes care to feed her fowls well, knowing that half-starved creatures are never profitable. When the chicks are young, she does not grudge them barley meal and *petit lait*. Some more enlightened people are learning the value of maize-gluten, the refuse of the starch factories, which appears to be a cheap and excellent food. Used as it is, in a state of incipient fermentation, when mixed with barley meal it possesses alcoholic properties which, whether desirable or not for the human subject, seem decidedly favourable to the growth of chickens. For fowls of larger size, gluten is also extremely good, and buckwheat is used extensively, and considered to contribute both to strength of build and fecundity.

With us buckwheat is, however, rather too expensive to administer largely, but oats are very capable of supplying its place, and indeed are considered by French people to increase the size of the egg.

Sunflower seed is another excellent and very favourite food, and it can be easily and cheaply grown. Mariot-Didieux mentions a retired farmer who attributed in great measure the *aisance* of his latter days to the quantity of fowls which he had kept almost wholly upon the seed of sunflowers raised on rough portions of his land, although of course the *helianthemum* is more productive when grown on richer soil.

Sorrel, cabbage, and beetroot, both in their raw and boiled state, are much given to fowls, and so valuable are the leaves of the two latter considered to be that they are actually salted and preserved in heaps for use during the

winter. In spring time, the young tender foliage of the ash, the elm, and the lime, is also made use of as green food for poultry, which are so fond of lime leaves that they will even eat the dead ones that fall from the tree. In the north of France the peasants give a decoction of lime leaves to their milch cattle.

The poultry breeders of Paris buy for their fowls large quantities of scraps of bread from the *chiffonniers*, being willing to pay from six to ten centimes the kilogramme for them even in their dirty and mouldy condition. Bread made from straw, whether of maize, millet, barley, peas, lentils or beans, and of clover and grass, hay finely chopped and ground, especially when mixed with a small quantity of bean, pea, or buckwheat-meal, is said to be an excellent and economical food. Such bread used to be made for horses at Montreuil-sur-Mer, and at Boulogne near Paris, and perhaps may be so at the present day. At all events it is well worthy of our attention, as we might easily make this bread, which is much more nutritious than bran, since straw contains a larger proportion of starch and gluten, and hens are known to devour it ravenously, and to thrive extremely upon it.

The animal food which is so necessary for the well-being of poultry when kept in confinement may be cheaply provided in various ways.

In many of the French markets, little snails are sold for the purpose of being pounded up and mixed with meal. Small useless crabs and other shell-fish are also used in the same way; pounded mussels in particular being excessively relished by fowls. At the *embouchure* of the Rhone, a kind of water-snail is found in such quantities that it is collected in donkey loads as provender for ducks; while in many places along the French coast, coarse kinds of fish are largely used in poultry feeding.

It is time that we should learn to practise some of the thrifty ways of

our neighbours, for until we do so we are not likely to make our poultry breeding profitable.

The person who takes up the business should also have a definite aim in view. If the production of eggs alone be the desideratum, he will naturally proceed in quite a different manner from that which he would adopt if he intended to rear fowls for the market, or prize birds for sale. The latter is, in fact, quite a separate business, while the two former may to some extent be combined. Our advice, however, would be to have a leading object in view, and to pursue it steadily. In France in rearing fowls to fatten, it is absolutely necessary to study the market where they are to be sold, as what is suitable to one district will not do in another.

In many parts of Normandy, for instance, it is useless to rear light-coloured birds, or if you have them you may keep them for your own table, as it is an article of faith that only the flesh of black fowls is white and delicate; consequently the *creve cœur* and the fine square-built useful *poule de Pavilly*, and that of Bettigny, are the only ones prized, and you may visit a dozen farms without seeing any others.

The *poulardes du Mans* are also of course black, being of the celebrated La Flèche breed; while those of La Bresse, on the contrary, which are equally appreciated, are parti-coloured, so that it is probable that local prejudice has a good deal to do with the matter.

One thing however is certain, that it is a mistake to keep many different kinds; and it is better to select either one hardy useful sort like the Plymouth rocks, for instance, which cannot be beaten for general purposes, as they lay an abundance of large eggs, put on fat when required to do so with great rapidity, and are pre-eminently hardy; or a good cross, which must be maintained by keeping up the pure breeds so as to avoid any degeneracy. Whatever kind is chosen,

a succession of young hens must be kept if plenty of eggs are desired, and they must be hatched early if required to lay in winter. For ourselves, if we wanted to sell chickens, we should follow the French fashion of hatching all the year round, bearing in mind that while the number produced will be considerably less during winter, when the peasants say it takes three eggs to make one chicken, the price of the birds when brought to market is so much higher as to make it well worth while to spend additional trouble upon them.

The question of artificial *versus* natural incubation, which is so rife on both sides of the Channel, is not without its importance. French inventors and English inventors are continually vaunting their special successes in replacing by a system of heated drawers and boxes lined with wool the maternal offices of the hen, and certainly it would seem that with great care and attention this may in many cases be fairly well done. There is, however, much yet to be learned as to the combinations of heat and moisture, and the other subtle influences which are frequently the hidden causes of success or failure; but even independently of these difficulties we contend that for the farmer's wife, who has many other things to attend to, it is far safer to trust to nature. Many are the lamentations we have heard from practical people who, in a soft moment, have been deluded into the purchase of what they did not hesitate to style with a new reading, "infernal machines," and who, after the loss of considerable sums of money, were only too glad to revert to the good old ways. Of these, M. Boursier, M. Pillet, and Madame Ferré, of Houdan, may be mentioned as notable examples.

It is, however, incomprehensible that we do not adopt the French system of employing turkeys in the hatching business, since these birds have an extraordinary aptitude for it, and will sit contentedly month after

month, bringing forth brood after brood—as many as five consecutive hatchings by the same bird not being by any means a rare occurrence,—without suffering in the least from their exertions. Even so late as the month of October, we have in more than one instance, seen fifty turkeys thus engaged at one time, their owners telling us that had it been in spring we should have found the number four or five times as great. And each of these turkeys was hatching *de commande*, the brood being destined for some special person. The birds were all healthy-looking, and in good condition, and as soon as their work is over would be fattened and taken to market, new ones being purchased at the ensuing season, unless some one of them should be so exceptionally good a mother as to make it worth while to keep her during the months of idleness; for it is a great point of economy to maintain as few stock birds as possible, and merely to buy eggs and brooding fowls when needed from those whose business it is to supply them.

The turkey mother when fattened fetches quite as much as was originally given for her, and therefore has cost for the time of incubation nothing more than her keep, and whatever it may have taken during three weeks to put her into condition. All this is most accurately calculated, and the *fermière* knows exactly what she is about. Sixty-five centimes will, it is said, feed the turkey during each hatching, and it will take one franc seventy-five centimes more to make her ready for the market; and as it is only necessary during incubation to attend to her once a day, the process does not interfere with any other avocations, or require any of that close attention, failure in which is perfectly fatal in the case of the artificial process.

We have much to learn, too, as to the proper mode of fattening our poultry, and this business to be successful must be carried out systematically and with economy. In the first place, if cramming is to be resorted to,

the birds must be in good condition before they are shut up; and in the next the utmost regularity in the times of feeding is necessary, as well as the greatest cleanliness with regard to the poultry-house and the utensils employed. Whether it is best to administer the food liquid or in pellets is still an open question, although Professor Church did state, in his recent eleventh lecture at South Kensington, that this point makes all the difference between success and failure. We think it would be as easy to show as fine specimens upon one plan as the other, and opinions differ very much on the subject in different parts of France, just as there are advocates for the ingenious but costly *gaveruses* which we have seen exhibited at Kilburn, while others will have nothing but the old-fashioned *entonnoir*. For ordinary consumption neither the one nor the other is needful, as it is quite possible to fatten birds sufficiently even without depriving them of their liberty, and there are those both across the water and at home who consider their flesh when so treated more delicate as well as more wholesome.

It is not necessary, however, in an article of this kind, to go into all the minutiae of poultry production. What is needed is to draw attention to our shortcomings, and to try to induce a more general attention to an industry which should be extremely profitable, and is especially suitable for women. To this end, let us glance at our extraordinary omissions with regard to ducks.

The Vale of Aylesbury seems almost to have a monopoly of the duck-rearing business, while the rest of England is, for some inscrutable reason, perfectly content that it should be so. There is, however, no reason why ducks should thrive better by the quiet waters of the Thames than anywhere else; on the contrary, there are innumerable places throughout the three kingdoms, where they might be kept with great profit. In the departments

of Tarn, Aude, Ariège, Herault, Gard, Lozère, Ardèche, and Haute Garonne, in the south of France, as well as in Normandy in the north, duck-keeping is carried on to an immense extent, and with very great profit. In Normandy we find three special kinds, besides plenty of ducks of the commoner sort; there is the white tufted duck, which is extremely valued for its fecundity, its precocity, and its size; the so-called Rouen duck or canard barbotteur, and the splendid duck of Duclair, which makes its appearance so early in the Parisian markets. In the south a very fine duck is produced by crossing the Rouen with the Muscovy. These mules are very large and handsome, and lay a great number of eggs, and it would be quite worth our while to introduce them into this country. It is a great mistake to suppose that water beyond what may suffice for drinking and an occasional bath is in any way necessary for ducks. On the contrary, in those parts of France we speak of, they are reared for the most part in yards where they have nothing more than a tub sunk in the ground, or even an earthen pan, to supply all their wants. The great point is to have the ducklings hatched early, and ready for the Christmas markets, and accordingly in the region where this industry specially prevails, the warmest corner of

the cottage is dedicated to them, and they are tended almost as carefully as children, and for the few weeks of their existence—for to be really profitable they must be fattened quickly—are royally fed; and in this their owner find his profit, and expects to receive ten or twelve francs for each of them at eight weeks old.

Vérardi tells us that, having made experiments at Auteuil as to the respective cost of rearing ducks and chickens, he found that while it required two hundred and twenty-five centimes to make each of the latter fit for table, the duck at two months old and equally fat had only cost fifty-five, and both had been kept in the same yard—a fact which shows how much might be done if only the poultry question were more intelligently studied, and if it were possible to induce our rural population to devote themselves to this industry. Meantime, if ladies will take the matter up, as it would appear that some are disposed to do, not as matter of fancy, but as a business, to be carried out with system and with economy, the results will probably be such as to induce others to follow their example, and we shall perhaps manage to retain for our own benefit a considerable portion of the three millions we are at present content to bestow upon foreign countries.

JANE CHESNEY.

STAGE ANOMALIES.

AFTER describing at length, and with much minuteness, the stage and scenic arrangements of the Paris Opera House, Saint Preux, in *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, adds that a prodigious number of machines are employed to put the whole spectacle in motion, that he has been invited several times to examine them, but that he is "not curious to learn how little things are performed by great means." The little things, however, of the stage, have always possessed much interest for theatre-goers; and both in *La Nouvelle Héloïse* and in his *Musical Dictionary*, Rousseau himself, in spite of St. Preux's disclaimer, devotes much attention to them. "Imagine," writes Julie's lover to the object of his affection, "an inclosure fifteen feet broad, and long in proportion; this inclosure is the theatre. On its two sides are placed at intervals screens, on which are curiously painted the objects which the scene is about to represent. At the back of the inclosure hangs a great curtain, painted in like manner, and nearly always pierced and torn, that it may represent at a little distance gulfs on the earth or holes in the sky. Every one who passes behind this stage, or touches the curtain, produces a sort of earthquake, which has a double effect. The sky is made of certain bluish rags, suspended from poles, or from cords, as linen may be seen hung out to dry in any washerwoman's yard. The sun, for it is seen here sometimes, is a lighted torch in a lantern. The cars of the gods and goddesses are composed of four rafters, secured and hung on a thick rope in the form of a swing or see-saw; between the rafters is a coarse plank, on which the gods sit down, and in front hangs a piece of coarse cloth, well

dirtied, which acts the part of clouds for the magnificent car. One may see towards the bottom of the machine two or three foul candles, badly snuffed, which, whilst the greater personage dementedly presents himself swinging in his see-saw, fumigate him with incense worthy of his dignity. The agitated sea is composed of long angular lanterns of cloth and blue pasteboard, strung on parallel spits, which are turned by little blackguard boys. The thunder is a heavy cart, rolled over an arch, and is not the least agreeable instrument heard at our opera. The flashes of lightning are made of pinches of resin thrown on a flame, and the thunder is a cracker at the end of a fuse. The theatre is moreover furnished with little square traps, which, opening at the end, announce that the demons are about to issue from their cave. When they have to rise into the air, little demons of stuffed brown cloth are substituted for them, or sometimes real chimney sweeps, who swing about suspended on ropes, till they are majestically lost in the rags of which I have spoken."

Contemptible, however, as towards the end of the eighteenth century was the character of stage decorations, both at the Paris Opéra and the Comédie Française—and doubtless, therefore, at nearly all the French theatres—the art of presenting theatrical pieces suitably and magnificently was not at that time by any means in its infancy. It was rather in its decadence.

During the reign of Louis XIV., the sun and moon were so well represented at the French Opera that, as St. Evremond informs us, the Ambassador of Guinea assisting at one of its

performances, leaned forward in his box when those orbs appeared, and religiously saluted them. In the days before Gluck and Mozart, the Opera at Vienna was chiefly remarkable for its size and for the splendour of its scenery; and in a well-known description of an operatic performance at Vienna, addressed by Lady Mary Wortley Montague to Pope, we are told that "nothing of the kind was ever more magnificent," that "the decorations and habits cost the emperor 30,000*l.* sterling," and that "the stage, built over a very large canal divided at the beginning of the second act into two parts, discovering the water, on which there immediately came from different parts, two fleets of little gilded vessels that gave the representation of a naval fight."

When Opera began to be treated seriously as a form of musical art, these spectacular vanities were abandoned. But in Rousseau's time, the French Opera was remarkable neither for its scenery nor for its singing. In the eighteenth century the Italians already thought more of the music of their operas than of the decorations to which, at an earlier period, they had accorded the first place. The stage effects of Servandoni and Brunio, who were at once architects, sculptors, and painters, are said to have been marvellous. Many of the Italian theatres had been constructed so as to admit of the most elaborate spectacular representations.

M. Edward Fournier, contrasting in his *Vieux Neuf* the poverty of our modern stage representations with the richness by which those of ancient times were distinguished, sets forth that the Farnesino Theatre at Parma, built for dramas, tournaments, and spectacles of all kinds, contained at least 50,000 spectators. Servandoni was for some time scene painter and decorator at the Opera of Paris; but a stage which (as Rousseau, speaking through the medium of St. Preux, has told us), was "fifteen feet broad, and

long in proportion," could not afford the Italian artist fit scope for his designs; and he accordingly left Paris for Dresden, where Augustus of Saxony, Mr. Carlyle's *Augustus the Strong*, enabled him to work on a grand scale, and to produce pieces in which four hundred mounted horsemen could manœuvre with ease.

It was not until three quarters of a century later that horses, or even a single horse, was destined to appear on the boards of the Paris Opera House. To Meyerbeer, or perhaps to Meyerbeer and Scribe conjointly, belongs the doubtful honour of having introduced live horses in the musical drama. But long before Marguerite de Valois rode on to the stage in the opera of *Les Huguenots*, a real horse had, in the year 1682, appeared before an ordinary theatrical audience in the character of Pegasus. As poets, according to an inhuman creed, make better verses for being kept without money, so it was held that the unhappy Pegasus ought, until the end of his performance, to be deprived of oats. The sensation of hunger gave, it is said, "a certain ardour" to the movements of the poetic courser; and the sound of corn shaken in a sieve had the effect of making the proud but famished steed neigh, snort, and stamp in a style thought worthy of Pegasus himself.

The white horse which figured in the first representation of *Les Huguenots*, at our Royal Italian Opera, without being precisely a Pegasus, had often served as hack to one of the greatest of English writers. It was, or had been, the property of Mr. Thackeray, and answered to the name of "Becky Sharp."

From the work in which Servandoni in the eighteenth century introduced at the Dresden theatre four hundred horsemen, to the one-horse opera of *Les Huguenots*, the step is indeed a long one. Nor does it seem to mark a progress; though, as a matter of fact, the history of the theatrical spectacle is something

quite apart from that of the musical or of the poetical drama.

Opera has never profited by being represented with great scenic magnificence, nor by the attempts so frequently made to increase the interest of the work performed by introducing realistic or absolutely real accessories. The original stage Pegasus may perhaps have learnt to deport himself in a becoming manner; and it has been seen that precautions were taken towards that end. But the live goat in *Dinorah* always misbehaved itself until, ultimately, at the Royal Italian Opera, Madame Adelina Patti found herself obliged to discard her unruly pet, and to sing *Dinorah's* charming cradle song, either to a purely imaginary animal, or to a stuffed figure.

At a Paris theatre an attempt was once made to give reality to a pastoral scene by bringing on to the stage a flock of live sheep, which, however, frightened by the lights and by the clamour of the audience, lost no time in going astray, so that at the second representation it was found necessary to replace the live sheep by pasteboard imitations.

The insufficiency of the stage arrangements at the Paris Opera, when Rousseau was expatiating on the artistic poverty of that establishment, may be explained in some measure not only by the smallness of the stage, but by the manner in which it was blocked up on both sides by the aristocratic section of the audience, who sat in rows on both sides of the singers, while the baser portion of the public stood in the pit, which, until a comparatively late period, was unprovided with seats. Often the occupants of the benches on the stage took quite a different view of the representation to that formed by the upstanding spectators in the *parterre*; and ideas were sometimes exchanged between the two great divisions of the public with an irritating effect, and with results which sometimes took the form of open violence. The actor, or singer, under this absurd

arrangement, stood in the midst of his audience; and when as sometimes happened the remarks made by those on the stage induced him to turn round, he was accused of showing disrespect to the public in front of the orchestra. At times, under this arrangement, a piece was hissed by one division, applauded by the other; it was not always the aristocratic section which allowed itself in the right. *Le Grondeur*, by Brueys and Palaparet, was received with hisses from the stage, with applause from the pit. Molière's *Ecole des Femmes*, which delighted the pit, found no favour in the eyes of the too fastidious, but not sufficiently intelligent, patrons of the seats on the stage, one of whom, at each fresh burst of laughter, is said to have exclaimed, with a shrug of the shoulders, "Laugh away! laugh away! you fools in the pit!"

The benches on the stage of the Paris Opera were abolished, at the instance of the Count de Lauraguais, who, it has been surmised, may have felt annoyed at Sophie Arnould's being stared at, and spoken to by the frequenters of these seats. This munificent patron of operatic art—and of operatic artists—paid, in any case, a sum of 12,000 livres, by way of compensation, for the loss sustained by the theatre, in consenting to the abolition of the *banquettes*.

At our English theatres, the spectators who were allowed to take seats on the stage, did not, as in France, place themselves prominently before the public. The practice, however, of admitting so many visitors behind the scenes, and of allowing them to remain on the stage while the performance was actually going on, could not but be attended with many inconveniences, one of which is mentioned by Mrs. Bellamy in a well-known passage of her memoirs. A Mr. St. Leger, as Mrs. Bellamy passed before him on the stage at Dublin, kissed her on the neck, and received a box on the ears in return. Lord Chesterfield

rose in his box and applauded. His example was followed by the whole house; and at the end of the act, Major Macartney, deputed by the Viceroy, waited on Mr. St. Leger, and requested him to make a public apology. This incident had an important effect in bringing about a reform which had long been advocated.

Many reforms or innovations, supposed to be of the present day, are but returns to ancient practices. There is much in Herr Wagner's musical system—including the use of horses on the stage—which is not by any means so new as is generally supposed. There was novelty at one time in bringing the orchestra before the public, instead of keeping it out of sight, as was done in the early days of the drama, and quite lately at the Wagner Festival of Bayreuth. The custom, too, adopted, at Bayreuth, of proclaiming the approaching representation by sound of trumpet, though apparently new in the present day, is not so new as the system of distributing programmes, which dates only from the time of Dryden. In France the custom of naming the artists in the bills of the performance is still more modern, being not quite a hundred years old. On the 9th September, 1779, the actors of Paris held a meeting, at which they adopted a petition, begging the Mayor of Paris not to force them to print their names on the programmes. It was held by the profession to be for the advantage of theatres generally, that singers and actors should remain anonymous; for if, in an important part, a favourite artist was to be replaced on a given evening by an artist of no great popularity, the public, it was argued, would not be prevented by such a substitution from attending. It was not until 1791 that the Paris Opera adopted the custom of announcing the performers' names. However the general interests of the stage may have been affected, it can scarcely be said that artists, as individuals, suffered from this change; for under the

old system they were frequently hissed, not by reason of their own incapacity alone, but because the public was disappointed at finding them "cast" for parts in which it had expected to meet actors of greater popularity.

On one occasion, an irritated amateur rushed from the Paris Opera House, and began to beat an unfortunate ticket-seller from whom he had purchased his place. The cause of the gentleman's anger was at once understood.

"*Est-ce que je savais qu'on lâcherait le Pouthien ?*" cried the ticket-seller; for it was the singing of Pouthien which had excited the opera-goer's wrath.

Talking of hisses, I may here mention that an actress of ability in her time, Mrs. Farrel, after being hissed in the part of Zaira, the heroine of the *Mourning Bride*, especially in the dying scene, rose from the stage, and advancing towards the foot-lights, expressed her regret at not having merited the applause of the audience, and explained that having accepted the part only to oblige a friend, she hoped she would be excused for not playing it better. After this little speech, she assumed once more a recumbent position, and was covered by the attendants with a black veil.

Such incidents as the one narrated by Mrs. Bellamy were doubtless of frequent occurrence at the French theatres. Not that they always took so serious a turn. On one occasion a dancer was listening to the protestations of an elderly lover, who was on the point even of kissing her hand, when as he stooped down his wig caught in the spangles of her dress. At that moment she had to appear on the stage, and did so amid general laughter and applause; for she carried with her the old beau's wig, or scalp, as if by way of trophy. The applause was renewed when a bald head was seen projecting from the wing in search of its artificial covering. Stories, too, are told of imprudent admirers, who,

after exciting the jealousy of a machinist or "carpenter," did not take the precaution to avoid traps, and, as a natural consequence, found themselves, at the first opportunity, shot up to the ceiling, or sunk to the lowest depths beneath the stage.

The abolition of the *banquettes* at the Paris Opera House, though due in one sense to the Count de Lauraguais, as already mentioned, may be attributed also to the representations made on the subject by the actor Lekain, who played moreover an important part in connection with the reform of scenery, of costume, and of stage accessories generally.

Molière, in the opening scene of *Les Fâcheux*, and Voltaire, in several of his works, ridiculed the custom of allowing spectators to take their places on the stage. The actors cannot but have known this practice to be absurd, and in an artistic point of view most injurious. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the French would for so many centuries have respected the least respectable of the three unities, that of place, had they not been absolutely forced to do so by the conditions under which their actors performed, and by the absolute impossibility with a narrow and crowded stage of changing the scene.

Although the honour of reforming stage costume—to the extent at least of doing away with flagrant anachronisms in dress—is claimed for Lekain, it was not to a great tragedian, but to a very distinguished ballet-dancer that this reform was really due. In the early part of the eighteenth century, Roman, Greek, and Assyrian warriors appeared on the French stage in a conventional military costume, which seemed to be considered suitable to warriors of all nations and of all ages. The dress consisted of a belaced and be-ribboned tunic, surmounted by a cuirass, and of a powdered wig, with tails a yard long, over which was worn a plumed helmet.

Mademoiselle Sallé, the ballerina, who first undertook the herculean task of rendering stage costume reasonable and natural, proposed, in defiance of the prevailing custom, to give to each person in a ballet, or other dramatic work, the dress of the country and period to which the subject belonged. Mademoiselle Sallé was a friend of Voltaire, who celebrated her in an appropriate verse; and she carried with her, in 1734, when she visited London, a letter of introduction from Fontenelle to Montesquieu. Appearing at Covent Garden Theatre in a ballet of her own composition on the subject of *Pygmalion and Galatea*, Mademoiselle Sallé dressed the part of Galatea not in the Louis Quinze style, nor in a Polish costume, such as was afterwards adopted for this character at the Paris Opera House, but in drapery imitated as closely as possible from the statues of antiquity. It was announced on the occasion of Mademoiselle's benefit at Covent Garden that "servants would be permitted to keep places on the stage." This, however, was an exceptional arrangement. Endeavours were already being made in England to confine theatre-goers to their proper places in the front of the house; and on many of the play bills of this period, the following notification appears:—"It is desired that no person will take it ill their not being admitted behind the scenes, it being impossible to perform the entertainment unless these passages are kept clear."

Strange mistakes sometimes arose from the author's name not being announced. At the first performance of the tragedy of *Statira*, Pradon, the writer of that work, took his place among the audience to judge freely of its effect. The first act was a good deal hissed, and Pradon was about to protest when a friend whispered to him not to make himself known, but in order to conceal his identity to hiss like the others. Pradon hissed, when a mousquetaire at his side asked him

why he hissed a piece that was excellent, and the work of a man who held a distinguished position at court. Pradon, annoyed at his neighbour's interference, replied that he should hiss if he thought fit. The mousquetaire knocked his hat off. Pradon struck the mousquetaire, and receiving a severe beating in return, left the theatre, insulted and injured, but not mortally hurt.

A tragedy, in six acts, by M. de Beausobre, called *Les Arsacides*, had been formally accepted at the Comédie Française by some mistake. A large sum of money was offered to the author on condition of his withdrawing the work; but it had taken him thirty years to write the piece; he was now sixty years of age, and he was resolved to see it played. The tragedy was hissed from beginning to end. The actors wished to finish the performance at the end of the second act; but the public were so amused that they insisted on hearing the whole. The next day the author went to the theatre, and assured the actors that if they would give him one more rehearsal, and, above all, would allow him to add a seventh act, the work would have a glorious success. They prevailed upon him to accept an indemnity, and the piece was not played again.

The story is perhaps sufficiently well known of the celebrated English actor, Powell, who sought in vain one night for a supernumerary named Warren, who dressed him, but who on this occasion had undertaken to play the part of Lothario's corpse in the *Fair Penitent*. Powell, who took the principal character, called out in an angry tone for Warren, who could not help raising his head from out of the coffin, and replying, "Here, sir." "Come, then," continued Powell, not knowing where the voice came from, "or I'll break every bone in your body." Warren, believing his master to be quite capable of carrying out his threat, sprang in his fright out of the

coffin, and ran in his winding sheet across the stage.

Our dying heroes and heroines in the present day wait to regain animation until the curtain has fallen. Unless, however, they are supposed to be dead, they reappear in their own private character at the end of each dramatic scene which happens to have procured for them marked approbation. A distinguished tenor, the late Signor Giuglini, being much applauded one night for his singing in the Miserere scene of *Il Trovatore*, quitted the dungeon in which Manrico is supposed to be confined, came forward to the public, bowed, and then, not to cheat the executioner, went calmly back to prison.

A much more modern story of the confusion of facts with appearances is told, and with truth, of a distinguished military amateur, who had undertaken, for one occasion only, to play the part of *Don Giovanni*. In the scene, in which the profligate hero is seized and carried down to the infernal regions, the principal character could neither persuade nor compel the demons, who were represented by private soldiers, to lay hands on one whom, whatever part he might temporarily assume, they knew well to be a colonel in the army. The demons kept at a respectful distance, and, when ordered in a loud whisper to lay hands on their dramatic victim, contented themselves with falling into an attitude of attention.

Jules Janin, in the collection of his *feuilletons* published under the title of *Histoire de la Littérature Dramatique*, tells how in the ultra-tragic tragedy of *Tragadaltas*, an actor, in the midst of a solemn tirade, let a set of false teeth fall from his mouth. This was nothing more or less than an accident which might happen to any one. Lord Brougham is said to have suffered the same misfortune while speaking in the House of Lords. But the great tragedian showed great presence

of mind, and also a certain indifference to the serious nature of the work in which he was engaged, when he coolly stooped down, picked up the teeth, replaced them between his jaws, and continued his speech.

At some French provincial theatre, where a piece was being played in which the principal character was that of a blind man, the actor to whom this part had been assigned was unwell, and it seemed necessary to call upon another member of the company to read the part. Thus the strange spectacle was witnessed of a man supposed to be totally blind, who read every word he uttered from a paper he carried in his hand.

At an English performance of *William Tell*, the traditional arrow, instead of going straight from Tell's

bow to the heart—perforated beforehand—of the apple placed on the head of Tell's son, stopped half way on the wire along which it should have travelled to its destination.

Everything, however, succeeded in Rossini's *William Tell*, except the apple incident, as everything failed in Dennis's *Appius*, except that thunder which Dennis recognised and claimed as his own when he heard it a few nights afterwards in *Macbeth*. Yet it has never been very difficult to represent thunder on the stage. One of the oldest theatrical anecdotes is that of the actor, who, playing the part of a bear, hears a clap of stage-thunder, and mistaking it for the real thing, makes the sign of the cross.

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS

SOME HINTS ON THE TEACHING OF LATIN.

WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PUBLIC AND HIGHER CLASS SCHOOLS OF SCOTLAND.¹

I TRUST I shall not be thought to have chosen too plain and practical a subject for my remarks. I have chosen it because I feel that in the present state of education in Scotland a strong and decided word needs to be said upon it; and though there are many of those whom I am addressing who are as competent to speak on it as I am, yet I may be allowed to plead my position as giving me peculiar opportunities for forming an opinion on the subject. Since I have been connected with Glasgow University, not less than from 4,000 to 5,000 students have passed through my hands. They come in most cases fresh from the schools; and if Latin be, as it is called, the portal of the university, I may with equal right be likened to the Janitor, who scans the face of each candidate for admission and demands his qualifications. The number of our students is increasing with marvellous rapidity. It is incumbent upon all who have to do with the training of them to see that this increase of numbers shall, if possible, be accompanied with a corresponding rise in the standard of qualifications.

We draw our students from every county in Scotland: in the present session, the Latin class contains no less than 658 students, coming from 353 different schools. Of these 83 are secondary or quasi-secondary schools; 11 are outside Scotland, and 259 are elementary schools. Materials therefore are not wanting to enable me to form a judgment on the work now being done in the public schools of Scotland.

¹ This paper was read, nearly as it stands, to a congress of Scottish schoolmasters assembled at Glasgow, on December 30th, 1879.

The schools referred to include all schools under the management of school boards, whether secondary or primary.

I need scarcely say that I am an out-and-out believer in classical education. I have no desire in this place to draw comparisons between classics and other subjects as instruments of education. In the great work of bringing out the varied faculties of the human mind there may be, and there is, room for all; and I believe there is no subject capable of being studied seriously, and systematically taught, out of which there may not be forged an effective instrument for evoking and fashioning the forces of the mind on one or other of its many sides. But while refusing to no subject its proper place in the educational programme, what I assert is this: that as by far the most numerous and most important of the relations into which the adult man is cast in life are the human relations—those which bring him into contact with his fellow-men—so is it of paramount importance for him that he should receive a thorough training in the *human* subjects of instruction, and cultivate, in a special degree, all those faculties by which man has contact with man.

Some sound knowledge of these subjects—some mastery over these faculties—is simply indispensable to a rational human being; to know nothing of the principles of language and thought, of history or literature, is to be ignorant of the currency in which ninety-nine hundredths of the transactions of civilised man are carried on. Of these studies language holds the first place, for it supplies the key to them all. Thought is impossible without language; without a clear understanding of language, clear thought is no less impossible. As then language affords the key to all the other human subjects of instruction, so, in my view, does the study of one

or other of the classical languages afford the only, or the best key to that thorough understanding of, and that perfect mastery over, human speech which is essential to the conduct of life in all but its lowest forms, and without which access cannot be gained to the thoughts of others.

If the above view be sound, it follows that of all studies open to the educator the study of the classics is the one which fulfils in the highest degree the condition of *utility*. We often hear the champions of what are called the modern subjects of study claiming a superiority for them on the ground that they are more *useful* than ancient studies: it would be hard to select a better example of the confusion of thought which arises from a want of exact linguistic training than is afforded by such an argument. *Useful* in what sense? No doubt to a starving man it is more useful to have half-a-crown in his pocket, or to have a wealthy uncle within reach, than to know by heart a Greek play; but if by useful subjects of instruction we mean those which train a man to use with intelligence, precision, and mastery those faculties of speech and thought without which no rational occupation whatever can be carried on; and if, as I maintain, there is no more certain and effective way of obtaining such a mastery than through the scientific study of the classical languages, then it follows as an inevitable conclusion that classical studies are in the highest and widest sense the most useful of all studies.

Nor should I hesitate to pit the classics even against science as a vehicle for training the mind in the use of scientific method. Scientifically taught, Latin or Greek will give the teacher the same opportunities of bringing out the faculties of observation and inference which are afforded by scientific study. Pointing out at every step the logical relations involved in the use of cases, moods, and tenses, he will lead the mind to mark uniformities and differences, and to grasp the causes of each—to form gradually

generalisations, and note the limitations to which each is subject—and thus advancing by regular logical processes from the known to the unknown, become gradually familiar with modes of inductive and deductive reasoning strictly analogous to those supposed specially to belong to science.¹

But all this I must now take for granted, this attempt to prove; contenting myself with quoting the report of the Schools Inquiry Commission, p. 23:—

“Passing from languages in general to the choice of them . . . there was a very great preponderance of opinion in favour of Latin. . . . All masters appear to be agreed that nothing teaches English grammar so easily or so well as Latin grammar; and next to that they would place some other foreign grammar, such as French. . .”

Again, p. 24:—

“The schoolmasters were almost unanimous in regarding Latin as their chief educational instrument. It might almost be said, that in proportion to a schoolmaster's success was the emphasis with which he expressed this preference. Not a few declared that boys who learnt Latin beat boys who did not learn Latin, even in other subjects with which Latin had no direct connexion.

“And some even stated that they would teach Latin, if only for two years, and even to peasants, if peasants could be induced to learn it.”

In Scotland it is not necessary to enforce this view. In Scotland the study of Latin has been for centuries *the* distinguishing mark between the higher and the lower education; it still is the recognised portal to the university, and so long as it remains so, whether we agree or not in the view taken above, it is of the last importance to the community that the subject should be taught with thoroughness, with method, and with life, and with a true appreciation of the practical results to be gained from it.

I shall begin by laying down the

¹ Since writing this paper I have had my attention directed to the masterly paper on “The Study of Language as a Scientific Discipline,” by Mr. C. P. Mason, published in the *Educational Times* of November 1, 1879.

fundamental principle on which, in my opinion, the teaching of classics should be based; and this I cannot do better than by inveighing energetically against the view which lies at the root of the term "*Dead Languages*," so often applied to them. If the classical languages be indeed "dead" languages, then the sooner they are buried, and for ever put out of sight, the better. The number of living interests to which the human mind has to be applied is so great that it can spare no time for studies that are dead. But the very reverse is the fact. The classical languages are dead in no sense except that in which the seed-corn dies in the production of a new harvest. The study of them is essentially a living study. It is to understand the languages of to-day that we study those of the past. We study them because the languages, the laws, the history, the literature of ancient Greece and Rome are the direct ancestors of our own, because their life has determined or modified ours at a thousand points—because we cannot, with full intelligence, read a single page of English, or enter upon the discussion of a single modern problem, whether literary, or religious, or political, or æsthetic, without using or coming across terms, ideas, modes of thought which are either unintelligible, or yield up to us only a maimed, confused meaning, if we cannot refer them to their source. We study Latin and Greek because they are the essential complement of modern studies; because, as Mr. Freeman well puts it, "They are needful to modern study as its natural beginning, and to which modern study is needful as its natural continuation. We must study Greek and Latin not as something alien to English, French, and German, but as something without which English, French, and German cannot be fully understood, and which is not wholly understood without a knowledge of English, French, and German." So that if we had no other object in view than to gain a scientific knowledge of modern languages, we could no more

pretend to such a knowledge apart from a knowledge of the ancient languages than a tourist could claim to have explored the valley of the Thames who had never traced its course above London Bridge.

This principle should guide us in our teaching from the very outset. Latin should be taught as a real living language, standing in a definite direct relation to the modern languages of Europe; spoken by living men and women, used for objects as real and tangible as the world about ourselves; with peculiarities of form and structure, with points of strength and weakness, which should be contrasted at every point with those of our own. A boy should not be taught to regard Latin as a kind of mysterious puzzle, to be solved by applying certain rules which he can only half understand, or be held to have achieved his end if he can, by help of grammar, dictionary, and other aid, stumble indifferently through a bit of translation. What is needed is that a boy should acquire, to however limited an extent, a real mastery over the language, a power to use it at will for his own purposes. He should begin from the very first to translate simple sentences—the very simplest conceivable—from English into Latin, as well as from Latin into English. As soon as he can decline a single noun he should be taught a tense or two of an auxiliary verb, and a tense of a regular verb; each word thus learnt should at once be used to construct a sentence; each day some fresh words, names for common objects and declined in the same way as the word first used, should be learnt by heart—an adjective or two may soon be added, and the pupil exercised to weave each word as it is learnt into a number of sentences similar in character, but varied in form and difficulty, and with the introduction of new words day by day, till he can with quickness and accuracy turn a variety of sentences at once, and with equal ease, from English into Latin, or from Latin into English. New declensions, new tenses

and conjugations, will be learnt in the same way; whilst the teacher will at the same time introduce one by one, and in a natural manner, the principal constructions given in the syntax, giving no rule whatever in the abstract form until the pupil has become familiar with the usage in the concrete. The above lessons should be conducted almost entirely *viva voce*, with as little as possible at first of the dreary work of learning by heart prescribed portions of a book; but once familiar with the form which the sentences should take, the pupil should be required to write out the sentences thus framed so as to ensure accuracy and correct spelling.

The words first selected should be the names of every-day objects, of common qualities, and of all the ordinary actions in life, so that by degrees a little vocabulary may be permanently acquired, and the pupil grow accustomed to throw into a Latin form the names of the objects and ideas around him.

A clever teacher will secure the attention of his class by bringing words and ideas into his sentences which have some natural interest about them. He will not torture and dismay his class by the attempt to Latinise such ridiculous and pompous platitudes as we find at the head of copybooks; such as "Persevering effort is crowned by success," or "Procrastination is the thief of time." He will draw largely upon the dog, the mouse, the cow, the cocks and hens—the things the boys are seeing and doing every day of their lives—throwing in a bit of humour now and then, and thus both pin the attention of his class, and, what is more important still, make them feel that the so-called dead language they are learning is to be used with exactly the same kind of readiness, and for the same kind of purposes, as their own.

Whilst this stage of progress is being reached the main parts of the grammar must be constantly and reiteratingly learnt; the lesson thus learnt should be at once applied in the formation

of sentences, and thus transformed into a living possession. The pupil who can apply correctly in this way a few of the main principles of the grammar has advanced further than one who can repeat faultlessly the whole volume by rote.

I have sketched thus in detail what I mean by teaching Latin as a living language, not because there is anything new or untried in the method I have described, but because I believe it to be the sound method, and because I can thus best illustrate what I have found to be the main defects in the teaching of Latin in the schools of Scotland. I know well under what difficulties Latin is often taught, especially in the elementary schools—how little time can be given to it, what a pressure there is upon the master to satisfy first the formal requirements of the Code, and how apt the whole system is to turn the teacher into a machine for extracting the maximum number of passes out of his children. But the less time there can be given to Latin, the more essential it is that the time given to it should be used in the best possible way; and I feel confident that were the best methods employed, the results obtained, both from secondary and elementary schools, would be far more satisfactory than they are at present. Numerous exceptions there are, no doubt; cases in which one is astonished at the excellent scholarship acquired, under circumstances of difficulty, both at elementary and secondary schools; but looking at Scottish scholarship as a whole, there can be no doubt that were all the first-year students in the Scottish universities examined at entrance, their average attainments in Latin would be found to be far below what they might be, far below what they ought to be, in a country which is justly proud of its education, and which especially founds its higher education on the study of Latin. For much of this, no doubt, the universities are to blame. They ought, before this, to have instituted Entrance Examinations, to be compulsory on all

students entering the university with a view to taking a degree; and before long, it is to be hoped, such examinations will be established. But this is beside the present question; what I maintain is that under all existing difficulties, taking the amount of time and trouble which can, under present conditions, be devoted to the subject in our schools, better results would be obtained if better methods were pursued.

But I must first show the fact; and I can do this most shortly by referring to the results of a voluntary entrance examination which I have carried out in the Junior Latin Class in Glasgow University for the last ten years.

The result of these examinations is this.¹ Excluding the forty or fifty students who come to the university, (principally from secondary schools) well enough prepared to enter the Senior Class at once, and taking only the bulk of the students who enter the junior class in the ordinary way with a view to the four years' course in arts, I find that from one-fourth to one-third of these students are unable to pass a strict examination in grammar; not more than a tenth part can put correctly into Latin at sight three out of four easy sentences—some simple, some compound—such sentences as any one would have to construct if landing as a stranger in a foreign country. Obviously, Latin has not been studied by the bulk of such students as a living language. But let no one suppose that these students have got no further knowledge of the language than these facts bring out. Many of them have read, and with time and dictionary can understand, difficult authors; they may have acquired a great deal of classical information. But unfortunately they have never been trained in composition; their hold of what they have learnt is loose and unstable, and, in too many cases, they discover when

too late that because the base is rotten, the whole superstructure of knowledge built upon it is rotten also. The importance of composition is now making itself felt everywhere, and the requirements for Latin in the schedule for special subjects in the Scotch code are already having influence on the work of the schools. But the old Scottish notions of reading authors rather than studying the language inevitably produced the results which I have described. Grammar was hurried over, and never systematically applied. Boys were frequently kept working at the language for three or four years—in some cases even longer—before any composition was attempted. The grand object used to be to hurry a lad or a class "into Cæsar," or "into Virgil," as it was called. "Cæsar" and "Virgil" were regarded, not so much as authors to be mastered, but rather as standards marking a certain stage of the progress. Turn your pupil "into Virgil," and your task was done; he was a scholar and a gentleman.

Now this is no imaginary picture. Over and over again, in former years, students would ask me whether they should join the junior or the senior class. "What have you read?" I would ask. The unfailing answer would be "Cæsar and Virgil." "Do you consider Virgil a difficult author?" was my next query. If the student answered *no*, as he would do in nine cases out of ten, my reply would be, "Then, sir, I think you had better join the *junior class*." A young scholar who thinks Virgil easy can never have been taught what accuracy of translation means; he has been shoved through a few lines in a semi-conscious way; he probably cannot explain a construction, perhaps not parse a word correctly. I used to come across such cases frequently. Under the Burgh and Parochial Schoolmasters Act of 1861, it was my duty to examine applicants for such schools in Latin. In many cases the situations were such that it was absurd to exact from applicants a knowledge

¹ I have not thought it necessary to give here in detail the statistics of these examinations. They will shortly be published in the *Educational News*.

of Latin; but whatever the school, Latin was invariably professed. I would ask the candidate what he had read, and suggest some easy book. But he always knew Virgil. I would give him a Virgil, and ask him to choose any passage he liked. He would choose the beginning of the *Æneid*, and put a few lines into English more or less resembling the Latin. But the moment I pressed upon his knowledge, it would, as a rule, give way. Cases, moods, tenses, were all in a kind of jumble, and his real study would be not of the text, to find out what it contained, but of my face, to see what unreasonable answer I expected. Not unfrequently I could get translations of the utmost ingenuity, original, if not accurate; as in an instance which did not indeed happen to myself, but for the authenticity of which I can vouch. The candidate professed Virgil as usual; but being unable to make much of it unassisted, he was considerably furnished with a crib, and given an interval for preparation. The examination resumed, the candidate waded boldly enough through the opening lines, till he fairly floundered at the fourth:—

“*Sævæ memorem Junonis ob iram.*”

At length, after much hesitation and infinite encouragement to go on, he brought out sententiously this unique rendering—*Iram*, “I will go,” *ob*, “upon,” *sævæ*, “the seventh,” *Junonis*, “of June.”

In another examination, a candidate, professing to know a book of Horace, translated:—

“*Merses profundo pulchrior exiet,*”

“Riches which are more beautiful exist in the profound deep.”

A third rendered:—

“*Bella plane accinctis obeunda,*”

“A beautiful woman must obviously be well dressed.”

A fourth:—

“*Nilus Crocodilum alit belluam quadrupedem,*”

“No crocodile carries on war with four-footed beasts.”

Of course I don't bring forward cases of this kind as typical instances; I only mention them to show how ruinous to the mind, how destructive to the sound logical development of the understanding, is the system which hurries on a learner to the difficult parts of a subject before he has mastered the elements of it, and tempts him to soar before he has learnt to creep. Such a one is past praying for. He has been taught to believe that rotten knowledge was sound knowledge, and unless he gets that lesson unlearned in other ways, he will be an intellectual impostor all his days.

The two first principles therefore to bear in mind for the teaching of Latin will be these:—

1. Never advance till you have made the ground absolutely your own behind. Don't be ashamed of confining your teaching to the simplest sentences: they contain the gist of the whole language. Do not begin to read an author at all till the grammar is thoroughly and practically known, and till the pupil can grasp and explain the logical relations involved in the constructions he has to translate.

2. From the very outset let translation from English into Latin go hand in hand with translation from Latin into English, and let the pupil learn from the first that he has to obtain a mastery over the language for the purpose of using it correctly and forcibly in practice.

I had occasion, some years ago, to see the classical work done in several German Secondary Schools of note, and I was much struck with the completeness with which the first of the above principles was carried out. A class is not allowed to go on to more difficult work until it has thoroughly mastered the stage behind. Every boy in the class is expected to go through the lesson of the day without a mistake; no half-knowledge, no guessing, no shuffling; nothing short of absolute accuracy and completeness is accepted. The result is that a thoroughly sure foundation is laid; the learner never has the baffling, dis-

couraging sense which half-knowledge brings with it; he feels himself progressing regularly, and when the more difficult stages are reached, everything falls naturally into its proper place, and he advances with a certainty and rapidity which overcome all difficulties.

There still exists in some of the Secondary Schools of Scotland one great obstacle to the carrying out of this principle, and that is the old-fashioned vicious principle of promoting a whole class at a time, good and bad alike, without regard to the proficiency of each individual boy. Against that system I have never failed to protest; it is, I believe, disappearing fast, and I have been able to trace the greatest improvement in those schools which have abolished it, and substituted promotion by merit in its place. But wherever that system prevails, it is hopeless to expect that the best results can be produced. It necessarily condemns one half of a class to be carried on beyond their real knowledge, trains them in self-deception, and accustoms them to presenting the appearance of knowledge instead of the reality.

Passing from these two general principles, there are some further points to which, it seems to me, attention should be directed.

3. From the very first, in translating from English into Latin, point out and insist upon the use of the right order of the words. The order of the words is an essential element in any language; most of all in inflectional languages like Latin and Greek. The order of the words represents the logical order in which the genius of the language requires ideas to succeed one another; and unless that logical order is grasped and mastered, we lose the logical and imaginative process involved in taking the ideas of one age and people and transmuting them into those of another. Unless we study the order of words in a language, we cannot get at the way in which the people who used it thought; and until we can *think* in a language, we can neither understand

it thoroughly nor use it correctly—much less use it with force or elegance. The simple fact is that the order of the words is part and parcel of a language, and that without the order you have not got the language. We all recognise this in the case of modern languages. If we had to translate “When I am tired I shall go home,” into German, and turned it so, “*Wann ich bin müde ich werde gehen nach Hause*,” we should simply say that is not German at all. It has no pretensions to being German. It is simply English with the words changed into German words. Or if a German were to say “When I tired am, will I home go,” we should smile or stare, as a restaurant-keeper in the Strand stared lately at a foreign lady who asked him over and over again, but all in vain, to supply her with “a chop lamb.” If order be important in modern languages, of far greater importance is it in a language like Latin, in which the order is so elastic and variable that a speaker can almost turn it which way he wills so as to bring out the sense he wants, and present his ideas exactly in the order in which they will tell most.

In comparison with English, this power of order is *the* great power which an inflectional language possesses, and the study of it helps us more than anything else to distinguish between the essence of a thought and its accidents.

English sentences are too often without form and void: the thought *needs* no arranging before it is expressed, and therefore it seldom gets it. Hence it is that we often read or hear long sentences which are unintelligible or ambiguous until the sense is drawn out in sentences longer still, or whose sense can only be determined by the stress of the voice. I remember hearing the Dean of Norwich once quote the following as a good instance of such a sentence:—“The Novum Organum of Bacon was not intended to supersede the Organon of Aristotle.” An excellent sentence; but what does it mean? It is obvious that

according as the stress of the voice is changed it may bear any one of six meanings; if we say "the *Novum Organum* of Bacon was not intended to supersede the *Organon* of Aristotle," we should imply that some other work of Bacon's did so supersede it; if we say "the *Novum Organum* of Bacon was not intended," &c., we mean that some other author's *Novum Organum* did so: if we lay stress on the word *intended*, we mean that the result was unforeseen by Bacon; if on *supersede*, we imply that Bacon meant only to add to, or supplement, Aristotle's work; while by emphasising the *Organon* or *Aristotle* respectively, we should transfer the statement to some other of Aristotle's works, or to a work of the same title written by some other author.

In Latin or Greek such an ambiguity would be impossible or inexcusable. In Latin every sentence is organically constructed; no loose jumbling of words in the middle of a sentence without anything to indicate their mutual connection, no confusion of subject and predicate (if we except oracular statements) is permissible; and to feel the force and beauty of the order of ideas in a sentence is as essential as to understand the meaning of the words. Yet frequently fairly good scholars are found who have never been taught to pay any attention at all to the order of words in a sentence; and even many writers of Latin prose exercise books, if one may judge by the kind of Latin they furnish for their "keys," seem to suppose that boys may begin by putting their words in a purely English order; and that they will learn better afterwards. I believe, on the contrary, that you can't begin teaching the right order too soon. Order is no doubt a subtle subject to master; but there are certain plain rules which may and should be observed from the first. The verb especially should never be allowed to stand where it does in English. A boy should be taught that *Cæsar vicit hostem* is not Latin, and that he should say *Cæsar hostem vicit*,

or *Vicit hostem Cæsar*, according to circumstances. He should be taught that the first and last places are the emphatic places; that the verb usually, unless for some special reason, comes last, the object or the subject first, according as the one or other is the more emphatic word; the subordinate ideas somewhere in between, and in their proper connection; and so on. He should be taught that the adjective usually comes after, not before its noun, and that it is no more Latin to say *Romanus senatus et populus*, than it would be English to say *the people Roman* instead of "the Roman people," or "the people of Rome;" that he should not say, as in English, "When Cæsar had conquered Gaul, he returned to Rome," but *Cæsar, quum vicisset Galliam, Romam rediit*. His ear will thus gradually get trained to the niceties of order; he will learn to think as the Romans thought, and to put his English into a Roman mould before attempting to translate it.

4. Another point of importance is this: from the moment that a boy is able to translate simple sentences correctly into Latin, give him sentences which are not intended to be, and which cannot be, translated literally, but which must be put into a new shape before they can appear in Latin. This brings us to the great leap in the study of the language: the passage from the simple sentence to the compound sentence. This is an immense stride. To understand the various ways in which subordinate clauses can be used in Latin is a severe logical and linguistic discipline. It requires the student to take his own language to pieces—to analyse the thought—to grasp the logical relation of the parts to the whole; and having done so, to forge them into a new shape, in which those logical relations are accurately and scientifically expressed. He will thus learn that the words "to" and "that" are used in half a dozen different senses in English, and that each meaning must be differently expressed in Latin. He will find English loose everywhere: Latin everywhere

so exact, that if he does not think out logically the thought, he is bound to go wrong. To keep him right, point out and explain all the various meanings underlying common English phrases, and in what various ways they may be expressed in Latin. Take such a sentence as "*Seeing is believing*." The unregenerate scholar is bound at first sight to translate that into *Videns est credens*. What light he has gained when he has learnt the absurdity of such a sentence, and can at once resolve it into its logical equivalents: "To see is to believe;" "When I see, then I believe;" "Those who see, believe;" "A man cannot believe unless he sees;" "What things I see, those I believe;" &c., &c.

If, again, he is able to grasp the true mode of rendering the present participle in such phrases as "On seeing the enemy, he retired;" and sees that in words like "a painting," "a building," it denotes not a process, but a result, he has made a great stride towards the power of accurate thinking. So when he is made to realise that Latin has no present participle passive and no past participle active—truths which it takes ill-grounded scholars years to grasp—and knows in what various ways the meaning of those forms can be expressed in Latin—when he is confronted with such a phrase as "Those killed in battle," and knows *why* it is absurd to render it into "*Illi interfecti*"—he has gained a power of making fine logical distinctions which will be of value to him in whatever position in life he may be placed. An excellent instance of the kind of thought required to turn English into Latin is given in Mr. G. L. Bennett's *Second Latin Writer*: he takes the simple word "without," and shows how many different ideas it may express, each requiring a different rendering in Latin:—

1. "Without hope" = *sine spe*.
2. "Without the city" = *extra urbem*.
3. "He is without courage" = *virtute caret*.
4. "He went away without shutting the door" = *nec januam clausit*.

5. "He was condemned without a hearing" = *causa indicta*.

6. "You cannot succeed without study" = *nisi studes*.

7. "I never saw him without calling him a fool" = *quin appellaverim*.

8. "He would not go without the general's leave" = *injussu ducis*.

9. "His management was without success" = *male rem gessit*.

The first step towards a proper rendering into Latin must be a careful analysis of the English. It is this that makes the study of Latin so valuable. A boy can translate into a modern language almost without thought; but to translate into Latin he must first penetrate to the fountain-head of the thought, and thence descend again by new channells into new forms of speech. Not a page of English can be found which does not bristle with points which are totally non-Latin in form, and which can only be made into Latin by first extracting the kernel of the thought, and then transmuting it into Latin—the vague everywhere replaced by the exact, the abstract by the concrete, the indefinite by the positive. Such a process, I need scarcely say, is as valuable for gaining a mastery over English as over Latin: it is in this way that English and English grammar should be taught, and not by means of the pedantic and trivial technicalities—the miserable rubbish of endless and unmeaning distinctions—which we find in certain well-known grammars, which are or were only too much used in our schools.

This leads us to a fifth point.

5. Let the pupil be accustomed to use as little as possible—not at all would be best—the English-Latin Dictionary. Let him rely on the vocabulary in his own brain, and turn about his sentences till he brings them within range of what he knows. Nothing is more misleading and more weakening than the constant looking out of single words in a dictionary. In nine cases out of ten the dictionary word is the wrong word altogether. The usage of words in the two languages is so different—the associations

they convey so incongruous—verbs need so often to be rendered by nouns, and nouns by verbs—that the dictionary is sure to lead astray. The dictionary will only help to write English with Latin words. The scholar should from the first be taught to break down his probably complicated or at least abstract English phrase into some simple concrete idea for which he can command the Latin. Asked to translate, "*He was a general of consummate ability*," if he looks out "*consummate*" and "*ability*" he must go wrong: he should think of the whole as equivalent to "*a good leader*." Or if the English begins, "*I have a great mind to change my profession*," the dictionary-hunter is safe to write, "*Magnam habeo mentem*"—(let us hope he is right there)—"*mutare professionem*." Instances of such renderings as "*He made a miss*" into "*Puellam fecit*" might be multiplied indefinitely by any teacher, and any number of ludicrous illustrations given of the folly of allowing students to translate literally into Latin; but enough has been said. The same rule applies to translation from Latin into English; while every passage should be translated literally once, to make sure that the construction is understood, the scholar should be made to turn it into the best idiomatic English he can command. He should be taught especially to translate tersely; to use simple, plain, short words—above all, Saxon words—and not the monstrosities of long-winded pedantic Latin words which were threatening some time since to overflow our honest English. He will call a place "*a place*," not "*a locality*;" a man will be "*a man*," not "*an individual*;" he will be "*ill*," not "*suffering from indisposition*;" and he will not follow the example of the paraphraser who improved—

"The fat stags champ the boughs
On the Ciminian Hill"

into "*the corpulent stags masticate the ramifications on the undulating heights of the Ciminian forest*."

No pains should be spared to fill scholars with an abhorrence of such barbarous phraseology, and to teach them to take their example from writers like Horace, who used the plainest, simplest words of every-day life, rather than that of the semi-educated pretentious poetaster who could not express himself without interlacing his language with pedantic words borrowed from the Greek.

But it is not only the choice of words that has to be attended to in translation: to produce idiomatic English we must break up the structure of the Latin, and put it into English forms, just as we break up English to turn it into Latin. In Latin the ordinary style of narration is through the organically constructed period; a mode of writing which is clear and logical in Latin, but which is apt to become intolerably confused in English. There is no finer logical exercise than that involved in analysing such a period, and translating it into pointed vigorous English. If I may be so rash as to give an example of a Latin period, and explain the kind of work which should be put upon it to make English of it, I would refer to Tacitus *Annals* I. Cap. 2:—

Pōstquam Bruto et Cassio caesis nulla iam publica arma, Pompeius apud Siciliam oppressus, exutoque Lepido, interfecto Antonio ne Iulianis quidem partibus nisi Cæsar dux reliquus: posito triumviri nomine, consulem se ferens, et ad tuendam plebem tribunicio jure contentum, ubi militem donis, populum annona, cunctos dulcedine otii pellexit, insurgere paulatin, munia senatus, magistratuum, legum in se trahere, nullo adversante, cum ferocissimi per acies aut proscriptione cecidissent, ceteri nobilium, quanto quis servitio promptior, opibus et honoribus extollerentur, ac novis ex rebus aucti tuta et praesentia quam vetera et periculosa mallent.

This is a fine example of the Latin period. In one single sentence, with only two principal verbs, we have some eighteen or nineteen distinct statements, all marshalled without confusion in their natural logical order. To

translate this literally would be to produce chaos; but a little thought will enable us to express the sense accurately, and yet in a fairly English form:—

"The death of Brutus and Cassius had deprived the Republic of her last army. The defeat of Pompey in Sicily, the deposition of Lepidus, and the death of Antony left to Octavianus the undisputed leadership of the Julian party. Laying aside the title of Triumvir, he assumed the consulship, and professed that he would be satisfied with the powers of the tribunate for the protection of the people's rights. Then winning over the army with largesses, the populace with cheap corn, all classes with the sweets of peace, he gradually raised his pretensions, and gathered into his own hands the functions of the senate, the magistrates, and the legislature. Opposition there was none; for the most independent spirits had fallen either on the field or in the proscriptions; while the rest of the nobility, finding themselves advanced to wealth and office in exact proportion to their servility, preferred the safety of the present to the dangers of the past."

Even Messrs. Church and Brodribb, whose translation is often so good, seem to me scarcely to succeed in making English of this passage.

6. On one other point, a caution seems to me to be required. Some excellent teachers practise and advocate what is styled the *pitfall* principle of teaching Latin prose; according to which the unhappy learner is to be taught truth by being perpetually and unsuspectingly lured into error. The system cannot be better described than in the words of one of its advocates, Dr. Abbott, author of an otherwise excellent little book on Latin prose. On p. vii. of the preface, Dr. Abbott says:—

"The exercises are arranged on a principle that I have adopted for many years, and that I may call the *pitfall principle*. Each exercise contains a number of pitfalls, or traps. All traps that prove fatal are repeated in the following exercise, in a disguised form. If the fatality continues, the traps are repeated, always masked in different expressions, until even the weakest pupil in the class gains experience

enough to warn him of danger. One instance will explain what is meant. In the first exercise of term the teacher sets, perhaps, 'The excellent Balbus answered in haste, I asked you to come to Rome, and you promised to do so,' &c. The bottom boy sends up, '*Egregius Balbus respondit celeritate, rogavi te venire ad Romam et tu promissisti facere ita*.' The teacher points out the correct expressions in each case. . . . Then he sets something like the following, only carefully dispersing the different traps through different parts of the new exercise. . . . The old pitfalls are introduced, and one or two, not worth now mentioning, are introduced for the first time. It is needless to say that the bottom boy will fall into the same pitfalls four or five, or even ten, times; but at last even the dullest avoid some pitfalls, and are found to have been goaded, or wearied, into something approximating to thought."

Now it seems to me that the principle of instruction here advocated is a radically wrong principle. We want to lead a pupil to understand and use what is right; we insidiously lure him into what is wrong. We want him to understand as he goes along the reason for all the constructions he uses; we deliberately force him to attempt to translate passages which are chosen on the very ground that he does not, and cannot, understand them. We want him to glide naturally into correctness of thought and expression; we diabolically strew his path with difficulties which he cannot surmount. We want him to move swiftly and with judgment through a difficult country; we begin by deliberately training him to expect to find a pitfall gaping under every sod, a spring-gun concealed beneath every bush. We ought to proceed in a manner diametrically opposed to this. We should lead on the intelligence of the pupil gradually, not discouraging him with difficulties to which he has no key, but, on the contrary, giving him all the confidence we can by making him feel that he will have to face no difficulties but such as can be solved by the weapons which have been already put into his hands. He should learn that there is no strange

inexplicable mystery about the language, and that a little thought and common sense will keep him straight.

We cannot take a better illustration than from the science of spelling. In teaching spelling, a good teacher takes care, as far as possible, that the correct mode of spelling a word shall fasten itself in the eye and memory of the pupil, so that he may glide almost insensibly into the use of the correct form. When he propounds a new and difficult word, he will not conceal it in ambush, but he will first make the child notice the spelling of the word in a book; he will then write it upon a blackboard; he will then ask the pupil to write out the word, or the passage, for dictation, with the correct spelling before him; if he makes mistakes, he will make him write out correctly the words wrongly spelt; his object being, if possible, to secure that the only impression allowed to take hold of his mind shall be the correct impression, and that even in the case in which he makes a mistake, he shall have seen and noticed the word correctly spelt five or six times for every single time that he has seen it spelt wrongly. So should it be with other subjects; we should not raise sudden insurmountable objects to a pupil's progress; we should lead him to understand each new point as he goes along, and help him to feel how easy and natural the steps in his progress are, not how difficult they are; only increasing the difficulty of his task with the increase of his capacity to surmount it. It is impossible to estimate how much impression is left upon a boy's mind by the mode in which he has for the first time worked out the construction of a sentence for himself. The effort which he has made to construct the sentence at all will cause every part of it, right or wrong, to cling to his memory like a burr; and no subsequent correction of mistakes by the teacher will wipe out the original impression. Our object should be not to beguile into error, but to bring on

the pupil naturally from point to point, so that if possible he shall not fall into error at all, or, at any rate, into no errors that are avoidable. Who has not felt, in learning a foreign language, that if one has allowed some trifling inaccuracy of gender, or termination, or usage, to creep into one's mouth, "not all the king's horses and all the king's men" can pull it out again?

The "pit fall principle" of teaching Latin is essentially the principle of "how *not* to do it." The infinite labour of such a method should be enough to warn off teachers from adopting it; for while the way of truth is one, the ways of error are infinite in number. The idea at the root of the principle is that we should learn error first, truth afterwards. The pupil is to have no guide to tell him which is which; he is deliberately taught that Latin is a region of surprises, that every sentence has some dodge about it, and that the most likely way of being right is to avoid everything that seems natural and simple, and to take refuge in that "unexpected" which "always happens." Such a process is certain to confuse the understanding and to sow distrust of the ordinary powers of the mind and of ordinary methods. Such a process produces the men at Oxford and Cambridge who believe in the "art" of writing examination papers, and in the science of "tips." It produces the examiner (sometimes found amongst Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools) who holds it to be his first function to display the wisdom of the examiner; who baffles and frightens a class of poor children by asking questions of a kind, or in a form, which makes them instinctively "refuse" rather than jump into a possible trap; and who, for the simple and strictly definite aim of discovering the extent of the examinee's knowledge, substitutes the boundless task of fathoming his ignorance.

GEORGE G. RAMSAY.

A NIGHT WATCH.

"Tout lasse, tout casse, tout passe."

I.

UPON the threshold of her door she lies,
 The yellow harvest light is over all;
 Once more she watches as the daylight dies;
 Once more she watches the long shadows fall.

Around, the silent land stretched waste and bare;
 Below, the waters rose and broke and fell;
 And throbbing through the heavy windless air
 Came the dull murmur of the distant swell.

The wild white sea-gull screams above her head,
 And bloodless roses climb about the door,
 And in her heavy eyes delight is dead,
 And passion lies death-bound for evermore.

Her naked feet rest on the sharp gray stone,
 Her empty hands fall idly still and cold,
 Her lips forget the joy they once had known,
 The vain sweet rapture that was theirs of old.

II.

The damp night wind is rising through the land,
 Stirring the grasses on the low sea wall,
 The chill sea mist creeps slow along the sand,
 And in the night the dark waves rise and fall.

The midnight tide comes swiftly up the shore,
 Across the darkened sky the black clouds sweep,
 And still she watches by that silent door
 With dreamless eyes weighed down with pain and sleep.

And hour by hour the restless waters rise,
 And drench her loosened hair with wind-blown spray;
 About her weary feet the sea foam lies,
 And yet she watches—till the break of day.

III.

Far off the sunk moon lingers, dim and red;
 Far off the pale dawn wakens, chill and gray;
 Over the land a shadowy light is spread,
 And with the night the storm winds die away.

The waves have brought their burden to her feet—
 Her drownèd Love, with blood-red seaweed crowned—
 Her drownèd Love (oh, bitter yoke and sweet
 With which Love's hands our idle hearts have bound !)

Silent and cold, low at her door he lies,
 About his brow clings close the tangled hair,
 And closed for ever are the blinded eyes—
 The passionate lips are still and calm and fair.

Take back thy Love—he has come back at last—
 Take back thy Love of lonely desolate years;
 Kiss his dead lips to life—forget the past—
 Wipe off the stain upon his brow with tears !

IV.

Slowly she rises—Life has run its race—
 Her gray eyes look upon his crownèd head,
 On the dark waters, on the calm white face—
 With dull dead eyes she looks upon the dead.

No cry from her set lips—no flush of pain—
 He has come back; but she had long to wait;
 Long weary years had she kept watch in vain—
 Love has come back, but he has come too late.

Take back thy dead, oh strong, dark, ruthless Sea,
 Hide his fair face in beds of wind-blown foam;
 Fear not, pale Death, he will be true to thee!
 Fear not, O Sea, he will not leave thy home !

Over the threshold drifts the tide. The door
 Is shut. The waves have borne their dead away.
 The Watcher is within—but never more
 Will she keep watch until the break of day.

THE HALCYON'S NEST.

“ Like the water-fowl,
They built their nests among the ocean waves.”

WE have most of us in spirit climbed that “rude brick campanile” of Torcello from whose summit Mr. Ruskin unfolded to us a sunset view, so dreamlike and so strange, that we seemed to gaze upon it through—

“—Magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn.”

Some few of us have been privileged, gently swayed on the waters of the Adrian Sea, to watch such another sunset over these same moorlands of gleaming sea-weed—with the music of his words in our hearts—until the fiery west seemed to us to catch an added glow from the flaming battlements of Altinum: the boom of the great bells to ring out an alarm at the Hun's approach, and the noise of the busy city to gather itself up into a “lament from the multitude of its people, seeking, like Israel of old, a refuge from the sword in the paths of the sea.”¹ It is only when one goes out solitary in the evening into the gloom of the deserted islands that one realises the sacrifice of the men who founded Venice; leaving the pleasantest and richest of the lands of Italy, in which they had been bred, for the “formless waste and stagnant pools of the sterile shore of the sea.” I quote from the *Nürnberg Chronicle*, which goes on to reflect, “Doubtless they were driven by the hand of God to take those places, so soon to become chief, which no prudence would have chosen in times of peace and of security.”

Who were they?—is a question that must have occurred to every one whose heart is moved with pity for their fate.

¹ *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. p. 12.

Its answer demands an investigation of the early history of the peoples who inhabited the little corner of land which is bounded on the north by the Noric or Carnic Alps, on the east by the Julian Alps and Istria, and on the south by the stretch of Adriatic shore between Istria and the mouths of the Po. In short, the ancient Venetia. And this is necessary, because it is agreed on all hands that Venice proper was founded by the men who fled before Attila from the ruins of Aquileia, Altinum, Concordia, and Padua.

“A few in fear,
Flying away from him whose boast it was
That the grass grew not where his horse had
trod,
Gave birth to Venice.”

This Venetia, the north-eastern key to Italy, has been perhaps more than any other portion of that kingdom the subject of antiquarian tradition and myth. The story of the first settlement on her shores takes us back to the days immediately after the flood, when *Fetonte*, the son of Ham, the son of Noah, being sent into the west by Janus, Ogyges, and Saturn, occupied the tract between Istria and the mouths of the Po. He left a son Venetus, who built the most ancient city Venetia, on the left bank of the river Piave, which now is a wilderness. And this legend Piloni gives on the authority of M. Porcius Cato, adding naively, “if those are really the works of Cato which among us are attributed to him.” We should naturally refer this legend to the early days of Christianity in Italy, on the principle that, as for us English the coming of the Norman

Conqueror, so for the early Christian the hero of the flood, and for the pagan of Greek or Latin race the destruction of Troy was the source of nobility. Nor is the complementary tradition lacking which should confer upon the Roman colonist of Venetia his patent of distant nobility. The siege of Troy is the epic which, of all others, holds undying sway over the minds of men. To this day the peasants of Italy in the country districts, chiefly in the neighbourhood of Pistoia, introduce a vernacular version of it into their Maggi, or May dramatic plays—open-air representations resembling the *Passionspiel* of the Oberammergau—and it is no fallacy to assert that it is to them a more living reality than the representation of incidents of modern civilised life by Sardou or Ferrari is to the dwellers in the cities.

The destruction of Troy was probably to the early Romans what the expulsion from Eden was to our fathers—the date of the casting forth of man upon the earth to fulfil his destiny independently of a peddling Providence. So arose the tradition of the second settling. Here it is. When Antenor, the brother of Priam and son of Laomedon, escaped from the flames of Troy, he took with him his nephew, Priam the younger, and about twelve thousand people. Taking ship, he made for the northernmost shore of the Adriatic, and coming to the islands about the mouths of the Po, there settled, that he might be free from lordship and jurisdiction of all other peoples.

Another account states that Venetia, or at any rate the islands, were then held by Greeks, whom Antenor, with his Paphlagonians or Heneti, expelled, taking their settlements by storm. These were the Greeks who, coming over with Hercules, settled in fair Venice, and called the aborigines Euganei, or well-born.

“*Quique gravi remo limosis segniter undis
Lenta paludose proscindunt stagna Ravennæ,*”

*Tum Trojana manus tellure antiquitus orti
Euganea, profugique sacris Antenoris oris,
Nec non cum Venetis Aquileia superfluit
armis.”*

The aborigenes are variously styled Tuscans and Euganeans, and are represented by the annalists as making peace with the invading Trojans, and living on amicable terms with them. It is very interesting to find Tuscans in this corner, supporting, as it does, the theory that the Etruscans passed into Italy from the north-east. Italian chroniclers report that Gomer, son of Japhet, came into Italy one hundred and thirty years after the flood, and founded many colonies on both sides of the Apennines, and that these colonists were called Tuscans (or sacred people) because they sacrificed to the great God; but, afterwards expelled by the Celts, they retreated into the Alps which are between Italy and Germany. As we shall see, it was by this route that the Huns under Attila made their famous raid upon Italy. May not their predecessors, Altaic-Oural peoples, restless and nomadic, have swept across the great Russian plain, and, coming into the land of promise through Venetia, have settled in the Tuscan forests? The supposition is not an extravagant one: it is merely the reference of a migration back some centuries—many centuries, it is true—but civilisation was completely at a standstill, and there could have been nothing in the condition of the ancestors to prevent their undertaking what their descendants did. What, for instance, could exceed the savagery of the Huns thus described by an eye-witness, Ammianus Marcellinus?

“The Huns surpass in ferocity and in barbarity all that one can imagine of barbarous and of savage Their thick-set bodies, with enormous superior members, and heads out of all proportion, give them a monstrous appearance. You would say that they are beasts on two feet.” They were beings who, under human form, lived in the state of beasts. For their food

they used neither seasonings nor fire; the roots of wild plants, and flesh made tender between their thighs and the backs of their horses, formed their nourishment. They never used a plough; they inhabited neither houses nor huts, for every walled inclosure appeared to them a sepulchre, and they did not think themselves safe under a roof. They wore a linen tunic, which was allowed to rot upon the body, and over it threw a cloak made of the skins of rats. They spent their lives on horseback;—"there they hold meetings, buy and sell, eat and drink; sleep, even, stretched upon the necks of their steeds."

Three hundred years earlier, Tacitus, speaking of the Finns (a race of North Eastern Europe, which was reduced to subjection by the Mongols, and engulfed by the Hunnic confederations of the Oural and Caspian line), does not draw a much more hopeless picture.¹ We should seek in vain among the accounts which travellers and missionaries have given us of the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands, or of the wilds of Patagonia, for a state of deeper moral depravity or of more profound destitution of intellectual life.

So deeply were the German races impressed with such foul and incorrigible bestiality, that among the earliest of their national chants—which among the Goths took the place of historical records—we find a tradition ascribing the origin of the Huns to demons and sorceresses. In the days of King Filimer, the scalds recount, women suspected of sorcery—All-runes—who enticed the soldiery away from military duty by their blandishments, were banished from the army, and driven into the wilds of Scythia. There these damned women met foul spirits wandering like them in the desert, and from

their union sprang the fierce race of the Huns. This tradition must have gained very wide-spread credence, for we find Simon of Keza, the earliest and most celebrated compiler of Hungarian chronicles—who wrote at the express request of Ladislas III. about the end of the thirteenth century—setting himself seriously to prove the impossibility of procreation by spirits, seeing that they have neither flesh nor bones. "Hence it is clear," he concludes, "that the Hungarians sprang, like the other nations of the world, from a man and a woman."

Such were the men who—united into one vast army by the genius of Attila—swept down from the Scythian wilds which had produced them, ravaged the fairest provinces of Italy, and closed the annals of Roman civilisation. They formed the thongs of that scourge, so unsparing and so resistless, that men have ceased to call it by any other name than that of "The scourge of God."

Let us consider upon whom it fell. We learn from Livy that in 186 B.C. the transalpine Gauls, probably a Celtic people, came into the province of Venice, and set about building a city. The Roman senate demanded explanations from the chiefs of the tribe from which the people had come out, and got for answer that they disclaimed responsibility, not having authorised the emigration; whereupon the proconsul advanced upon the infant town. The Gauls surrendered at once; there were twelve thousand of them, armed chiefly with agricultural implements; and, stripped of their possessions, they were ordered to return whence they had come. Ill-brooking that they should lose these implements, they sent messengers to Rome to complain of the matter. These, introduced to the senate by the prætor, declared that, the population being excessive in Gaul, they, driven by lack of land and by the pressure of poverty to seek a settlement, had crossed the Alps, and had settled on those lands which they

¹ "Fennis mira feritas, foeda paupertas: non arma, non equi, non penates: victui herba, vestitui pelles, cubile humus; sola in sagittis spes, quas, inopia ferri, ossibus asperant."—Tacit. *Germ.* 46.

perceived to be uncultivated, being solitudes. And they had begun to build a town, which was a proof that they had not come to offer violence to any one. A few days after they had made peace with Claudius, and surrendered themselves into the good faith, rather than into the power, of the Roman people, they were ordered to leave field and city; and they had had it in mind to go quietly away into what lands they might, but that their arms were taken away from them, and all the other implements which they carried and used; and they prayed the senate and the Roman people not to treat them—harmless, surrendered folk—more harshly than enemies. It is satisfactory to know that their prayer was in great measure heard. Rome was still just. But the poor Gauls were sent across the Alps again, and a stern injunction was thundered to the parent tribe to “keep its multitude at home.”

I have mentioned this incident to show, first, the tendency of the northern and barbarous nations southwards, urged by the nomad tribes which poured into Germany from Scandinavia; and, secondly, Venetia as the point of contact between Roman civilisation and northern barbarism. They were only separated by the Alps. In 181 B.C., during the Istrian war, the military colony of Aquileia was founded. After some debate, it was determined to establish it as a Latin colony—not one of Roman citizens—and land was accordingly allotted to the soldiery in the following proportions:—Three thousand foot-soldiers received about thirty-one acres each, the centurions sixty-two acres each, and the equites eighty-eight acres each. About ten years later, the Aquileians sent to Rome, begging the senate to take measures for the due fortification of the new town, which was in danger from the Istrians and Illyrians. We have just seen the Roman account of her foundation: there is a Hunnic

legend about it as well. I abridge from the *Chronica Hungarorum* (thirteenth century) of Bishop Chartuicius.¹

After leaving Cologne (where he had slain Saint Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins), Aquila (or *Attila*), the king of the Huns, came into Lombardy, where he found many and fair cities adorned with walls and decorated with loftiest towers, all of which he destroyed and wasted the land, earning for himself the name of “*Plaga Dei*.” Desirous of conquest, he set out for Rome. At midnight, when he slept, a holy angel appeared to him, saying—

“The Lord God Jesus Christ teacheth thee. Enter not with thy ferocity into the holy city Rome, where repose the bodies of my apostles, but turn and avenge my chosen King Casimir, who served me faithfully, with entire affection of his heart and mind, in the parts of Slavonia and Croatia—avenge him upon those who foully and traitorously slew him. For they said, ‘Never shall there be king over us, but we ourselves shall reign.’ Moreover, I shall cause thy generation after thee to visit Rome in humility, and to have a perpetual crown.”

Having said these things, the angel went away. And when it was morning the king moved his armies into the province of Venice, and came upon the shore of the sea, and there built a new city, and called it Aquileia in honour of his name, and to remind posterity of it; wherefore it took its name from Aquila, king of the Hungarians.

Too late, my good bishop, by more than six hundred years! It is a curious speculation how the city *did* get its name. Sabellicus derives it, with great appearance of probability, from the eagles or standards of the Roman legions; and in confirmation, he states that in his time the arms of the city bore a tawny eagle. And, strangely

¹ This and subsequent quotations from Hungarian chronicles are taken from Mons. Amedée Thierry's *Histoire d'Attila*.

enough, every notable event in the history of the city has a bird story attached to it. Attila was encouraged to prolong the siege of it by the sight of white storks flying away from the city with their young on their backs; and when the governor Menapus left by night with all the inhabitants, leaving wooden images on the bulwarks to personate soldiers, the Hunnic king was first apprised of the deception by seeing an eagle perch upon one of the figures. The pigeons which have their home in the campanile of the great piazza of Venice at this day, and the reverent care with which they are tended, are doubtless connected with the bird-myths which group about the beginnings of the city. But the eagle which preceded the invincible legions of Rome has given place to the dove which announced the birth of the Prince of Peace: the black rock that afforded scant footing to the fugitives from the scourge of God has been paved with marble—a very table for the white-winged doves.

The other principal parent-city was Altinum, situated about twenty miles to the north of Aquileia, anciently called Antenoris, just as Villani called the first Venice Antenora. It is a lovely little town, set upon a spur of the Alps—an outpost on the Austrian frontier.

Tradition refers the foundation of the city and the elevation of the hill upon which it stands to Attila. During the siege of Aquileia, the king of the Huns was at a loss for a fortress to which he might escape in case of reverse, and also for a point of observation commanding the plain about Aquileia. He selected Utinum or Altinum, the modern Udine. Each of his soldiers brought his helmet full of earth, and his shield laden with stones, from which in an incredibly short time—three days, says the historian—the mountain grew, and on its summit he built a very strong castellated fortress, which was still to be seen in the sixteenth century. This

absurd legend was quite current in the middle ages; in fact, Otto of Freisingen, in his chronicle, expresses admiration for the constructive skill of the Huns, and wonder at their numbers—"a marvellous multitude"—as evidenced by this mountain which they had raised so rapidly, and which he himself had seen.

Before passing to the incidents of the siege of Aquileia, which immediately preceded that of Altinum, and to the result of which Venice owes her existence, I wish to trace the influence and conditions which combined to form the noble, steadfast race of men, the stamp of whose character and genius the queen of the Adriatic bore through centuries. What those characteristics were, every chronicler lingers over with a loving insistency; and we find the most complete and authentic confirmation of them in a letter which Cassiodorus wrote from Ravenna to the tribunes of the Lagoons, at the command of the emperor Theodoric during the famine of 528, calling upon them for assistance in the transport of provisions. He speaks of these island-homes, facing the fair Ionian shores, as covered with houses like *Halcyon's Nests*, in groups, built upon rocks clad with soil, which had been brought from the neighbouring continent, and kept in position by ozier-hurdles. This their only rampart against the encroachment of the sea.¹

Fish formed almost their only subsistence; poverty and wealth lived on equal terms together; the same nourishment for every family, the same thatched roof for every house. There jealousy had no place, nor envy. Salt-works were their principal labour. The cylinder of the salt-maker took the place of the plough of the labourer and of the sickle of the reaper, for salt

¹ It is curious to note that the Celtic races when hunted have very often taken refuge in the water. The Scotch and Irish buildings in tarns and peat bogs, and the pfahlbauten, or lacustrine dwellings of Switzerland, will occur to the reader's memory.

was their culture and their harvest. And Cassiodorus summoned them to get ready those ships which they attached to the rings of their walls like domesticated animals. Such the origin of the gondola. From other accounts we learn that these fugitive settlers were most worthy, noble and rich men, who coming down before the inroad of the Huns, brought with them their treasure and their wives, and betook themselves to fishing and the making of salt. The wealthier engaged in merchandise, and some remained at home to make laws and to maintain order in the city. And their first care was for religion. The priests looked not for luxury, nor for vain pleasures, but held their charge in virtue and continency. One man was not distinguished from another by wealth; but they all lived together in love and innocence, paying no respect to clothing, but to honesty, to which rightly they gave the honour. "You would have thought," says Sabellico, "that it was a company, not of fugitive citizens, but of ancient philosophers reposing in peace."

"Genti v'eran con occhi tardi e gravi,
Di grand' autorità nei lor sembianti:
Parlavan rado, con voci soavi."

Perhaps the most striking feature of this primitive picture is the care for religion, which took precedence even of magisterial measures. One would surely expect that a race of men, dispersed, seeking refuge from a barbarous and merciless foe in places which they were unable to fortify, would devote their first energies to the establishment of some sort of military discipline, in which the chief men for strength or counsel would form an oligarchical rule. But the Providence which ordered the limits of the rise and fall of the Adriatic tide, and sent the currents along the baffling sinuosities of their courses, that Venice might be possible, ordained as well that her founders should be noble and equal and toiling—true descendants in spirit of

the fishermen who, at the beginnings of the religion of renunciation, were the companions of its Christ, and at His bidding left all and followed Him. And having so ordained, prepared them for their task by means of the patriarchal church of Aquileia.

This church was founded, according to the old tradition preserved in the Acts of the Saints, by S. Mark, who, being in Rome with Peter and Paul, was fully instructed in the life of Jesus of Nazareth, and sent by Peter to Aquileia, which was then a very famous city. His preaching was most successful, converting a great multitude; and he there founded a church, "in most wise care for worship and in inviolable solidity of faith." There, too, he is said to have written his Gospel. The notices of this church are of an entirely traditional and untrustworthy character until the end of the third century. After Hilary, who was ordained Bishop of Aquileia in the year 276, the episcopal list is tolerably complete. Hilary was very famous in his life and martyrdom; he was beheaded in 286 for refusing to sacrifice to pagan gods. His violent death marks the fate of almost every bishop of this persecuted church for another hundred years. Paganism was the religion of the state, and paganism in its latest and most inane form, when every occasion called into existence a new divinity. As an example, I may cite the dedication of a temple to Venus the Bald, to commemorate the heroism of the women of Aquileia during the siege of the city by Maximin in 283, when they cut off their hair, and gave it to make bow-strings of, when cords failed. The Aquileians were continually in tribulation. For, at first, their city, the capital of the province of Venetia, was torn asunder by two religious factions, and her annals are surcharged with revolting tales of persecutions and martyrdoms of old men and maidens. There are few more pathetic incidents in the *Lives of the Saints* than the butchery of the vener-

able Bishop Grisogonus on the sands at Grado, whither he had fled for security.

And no one can look at Paul Veronese's *Martyrdom of Sta. Giustina*—the huge picture over the altar in the church at Padua, dedicated to the virgin saint—without a thrill of admiration for the constancy of that king's daughter, who looks upwards wistfully as if she heard the cherubim singing to their instruments in æry ring about the Madonna, while the brute Roman soldier, at a glance from his pitiless and utterly unchivalrous chief, plunges a knife into the maiden's breast. Diocletian, too, sent down orders to slay the Christians of Aquileia. The year 382 put a term to religious persecution; for in it, Gratianus, the second emperor of the western empire, enacted that all peoples should be converted to the religion which the Apostle Peter had showed to the Romans, and which the Pope Damasus practised; and further decreed that all who refused should be held as heretics and damned. It is very noteworthy that at this time the patriarchate of Aquileia governed twenty-seven suffragan bishoprics. But scarcely had the fear of persecution been removed, and liberty of worship secured to the Church, when it was beset by foreign invaders. First came Alaric; then Radagaisus, who, starting from Dalmatia and Istria with 200,000 Goths, and passing through Venetia, took and destroyed Padua, and wasted the whole province, vowing that he would offer up Roman blood to his gods. He proceeded into Tuscany, where he was surrounded on the hill of Fiesolè by the Romans under Stilicho, and destroyed, he and his army, by hunger, rather than by the sword.

A few years later Alaric returned, took Rome, and left it in flames. These incursions passed by Aquileia as too strong for successful siege. In the midst of the plain which sweeps down from the Julian Alps to the sea, the watchmen on the towers of Aquileia saw the robber-bands swoop down upon

the teeming province, and return blood-stained and booty-laden. Secure within their moat encircled walls, the artificer soldiers of Aquileia thought only of the ruin which the fair-haired Goths had wrought in their campagna, leaving the vines, dragged from their airy, festooned arbourage, bruised under hasty feet, and the trees felled for firing and for shafts and for chariots. In that fair sunny land that crowned itself with flowers and with vine-tendrils, as for holiday, at the first breath of the approaching spring, resounded in 452 the cursed hoofs of the Hunnic cavalry. For Attila, taking short repose after his defeat by Aëtius in Gaul, left his quarters by the Danube in midwinter, and, advancing by rapid marches, passed the Julian Alps at Laibach, crossed the river Isonzo unchallenged, and made his first halt before the walls of Aquileia. We have already seen what manner of people these Huns were. Their king was even more terrible. Short and broad-chested, he had an enormous head, small deep-set eyes, thin hair, a flat nose, and a very dark complexion. When he walked, he carried his head thrown back; and his way of gazing all round restlessly and curiously gave to him an imperious and proud appearance. He was terrible in his wrath, vindictive and merciless to his foes; overthrowing to destroy, rather than to pillage, and slaying that he might leave a thousand corpses exposed to the view of the living. Yet he was just to his subjects and accessible to submissive petitions. In his dress he was extremely simple, but cleanly; his food was of uncooked meat, served upon wooden platters; but in his passions he was unbridled, addicted to drink, and his children are said to have formed almost a people. Although he had numberless wives, he added a fresh one almost every day. No religion claimed him for a votary; in lieu, he had attached to his court sorcerers, who read to him his fate in critical circumstances.

Strangely enough, the quality which

pre-eminently distinguished this remarkable man was a subtlety of strategic and diplomatic skill which was more than a match for the astuteness of the Roman general Aëtius, and which secured for him the allegiance of Italy without shedding blood, except upon her thresholds, Venice and Lombardy. To his statecraft, too, is due the vast confederacy of barbarous tribes: Ostro-Goths, Burgundians, Franks, and Gauls, which gave him an empire co-extensive with the Roman, and enabled him to combat successfully the last efforts of Latin civilisation. A great part of the influence of Attila upon the unsettled semi-nomadic inhabitants of the continent of Europe was due to a superstition. The peoples of Scythia worshipped a naked sword, buried in the ground so that the point alone appeared above the surface. This sword of Mars, as the Romans called it, became neglected, and for centuries even the position of it was forgotten.

A Hunnic drover, one of whose heifers had been severely wounded in the hoof by treading upon the sharp point, drew it from the ground, and presented it to King Attila, who recognised in its recovery a sign of the confirmation of his sovereignty over all peoples by the gods. This interpretation of the incident he diligently spread abroad, and from that day spoke and acted as master and emperor of all the barbarians.

Such was the army and such the leader that in 452 began the siege of Aquileia. The town was and is situated in the bosom of the most northern bay of the Adriatic, about seven miles inland, a little to the west of the river Natissa, which flows down from the height Piz di Crem. From this river a stream was diverted and turned into a moat, which completely encircled the city walls, crowned with many and fair towers. It was considered impregnable on account of its natural position and of its artificial strength of battlement and tower. Only once had it succumbed, when

the engineers of Julian built towers equal in height to those of the city, and floated them across the moat. Now, however, the Aquileians had to do with barbarians unskilled in any but predatory warfare, and watched the camp of their foes with no feelings of unusual apprehension. For three months the siege lasted uneventfully, and the Huns began to murmur at an inaction which threatened to deprive them of that year's harvest of spoils. Attila himself, dispirited, debated whether or not to raise the siege. If he persevered, he foresaw nothing but failure; and the flagging spirits and open murmurs of his soldiers warned him that his only bond of alliance with them was success.

If he abandoned the siege, he dared not proceed into Italy, leaving so strong a fortress in his rear. He knew his old antagonist Aëtius too well to give him such an advantage. So he deliberated as he walked round the walls of Aquileia seeking inspiration, when he saw the white storks fly away from the city with their young on their backs, as rats leave a sinking ship. He immediately communicated the good omen to his soldiery, and called upon them to redouble their efforts, with such good effect, that after a very few days the battering rams, plied by hopeful arms, made breaches in the vaunted walls, through which poured the merciless and eager Huns. The city had fallen. We hear of no terms of surrender, no conditions of capitulation; the enemy rushed in, sword in hand, unrestrained, fired with long-unsated thirst for blood and greed of plunder. The swift escaped by flight, the weak perished by the sword. We read of one young and beautiful woman called Dognna, who, wrapping her head in her veil, flung herself headlong from the ramparts to escape dishonour. How many more, fair and young as she, suffered deaths, more tragical and more pitiful, we shall never know—*quia carent rate sacro*. Those who escaped, fled to Grado, whither, in anticipation of

the siege, the Aquileians had sent their treasure, their wives and their children. There stood the little exiled band, driven to the brink of that oft-sung sea whose shores had been reddened by the blood of saints under Roman persecution, as now the northern sky was reddened by the flames from the barbarian torches that made a bonfire of their homes.

And Attila went on to Altinum, which he levelled with the ground and burned. Its inhabitants, with those of Concordia which shared the same fate, in sad groups on the seashore, looked back towards the hills from whence came help no more, and with stern resolve launched rafts, and steered towards the sombre islets, now submerged and now exposed as the tide advanced or receded, which offered an asylum secure only because of its bleakness and obscurity.

It is impossible to measure the extent of their tribulation, who exchanged the well-drawn furrows of the fruitful Trevisan glebes for the uncertain rippling of the Adrian wave, the lowing of fat cattle and the bleating of white-fleeced flocks for the shriek of the sea-bird and the monotonous lapping of the fretful waters against frail ozier sea-fences, and golden grain and purple grape for the sea-harvesting of fish and dulse and sea-weed. We can imagine in what sadness of heart these fugitives brought out the soil from the mainland with which they raised the level of their island-homes beyond the reach of advancing tides, remembering, as they prepared these shifting sands for permanent habitation, the rock-founded city set upon a hill which they had left. Altinum had six gates, we are told, which gave their names, to perpetuate remembrance of them, to six of the islands upon which her sons had settled; to wit, Torcellum, Majorbium, Buranum, Amorianum, Constantiacum, and Amianum.

It will be observed that the migration to the islands is here fixed at 452 A.D. The generally accepted account

is that the fugitives, before the Hunnic invasion, from Padua, settled on Rivus Altus (Rialto); those from Concordia on Caprula; those from Altinum on Torcellum and Maurianum; Opitergium sent hers to Equilium; Alteste and Silices to Philistine, Metamaucus, and Clodia. But a very ancient record in the Paduan Archives points to a settlement on Rialto thirty-one years earlier, viz. in 421. This document has many points of coincidence with that of De Monaci, quoted by Mr. Ruskin in the first note in the appendix to the first volume of his *Stones of Venice*. It states that in view of the inroads of the Goths and other barbarous peoples, the consuls and senate of Padua judged it expedient, at a meeting held on the 17th day before the kalends of April (16th of March), 421, to enact the building of a port on the island Rivus Altus, and the appointment of biennial consuls to superintend the work of construction. And it was further decreed that the inhabitants of the other islands should be forced to come to dwell in this new port, as well as people from the marshes and generally from the province of Venice; and that a naval station should there be established as a defence and a refuge. Accordingly, on the 8th day before the kalends of April (25th of March), about mid-day, the foundations of the new city were laid by Albertus Faletrius, Thomas Candianus, and Zeno Daulus, consuls.

And in that year there is a notice of the building of the church of San Jacopo on Rialto, *ex voto* for the checking of a fire which had originated in the house of Entinopos, a Greek shipbuilder. There is considerable ground for the conjecture that Rialto was the principal, if not the earliest, settlement; in fact, Venice was called Rialto for nearly seven centuries.

Repeated inroads on the part of the barbarian tribes prevented the return of these refugees to their former homes. But Aquileia appears to have been re-peopled, for it was only in 571,

according to Dandolo, that the metropolitan see of Aquileia was transferred to Grado. At the transference of the see and consecration of the new metropolitan Church of Sta. Eufemia at Grado, the patriarch Helias, in his address to the suffragan bishops, declared that the city Aquileia was first entirely destroyed by Attila, king of the Huns; later shattered by inroads of the Goths and of other barbarians, and at the time of his address was unable to withstand the scourge of the impious Lombard race under Alboin.

The foundation of Venice was coincident with the fall of the western empire. Attila, advancing upon Rome, was met on the banks of the Mincio, not by phalanxed legions, nor by the serried ranks of armed defenders of an outraged country, but by a peaceful pope, who, by a word, stayed the advancing Hun. How rapid the decay of Rome may be realised from the fact that she who had successfully resisted the Hunnic raid upon Gaul, had not sufficient vitality left a year later to lead a single army into the field to defend her own existence. How strange it is that the barbarous and headstrong king should have been deterred from the crowning triumph of his career by superstitious dread, the very weapon which he himself had used, as we have seen, to found and consolidate his power. Legend says that Attila, taxed with his weakness in lending too ready an ear to the exhortations

of Leo the Great, replied: "It is not the priest that has driven me back, but another, who, standing behind him with drawn sword, threatened me with death if I obeyed not."

It is a very significant fact that the list of emperors of the western empire was closed by Romulus Augustulus, the son of Orestes, a Pannonian, the principal secretary of Attila.

With Italy in ruins, and overrun by pitiless robber-bands, our peaceful islanders wrung, in Christian resignation, a scant subsistence from the sea; and when the Angelus rung out from the bell-towers of the many churches which their wise care for religion had raised almost ere they had sheltered themselves from the sea-breezes, the sun set not upon a more innocent or a more wisely-governed people. Resolute, loyal, and crafty, their training in affliction made them fierce and uncompromising before untruth and treason. And these qualities, perhaps, more than any others, marked their slow-paced constitutional progress until the seventy-two islands were united under one name, Venezia, "*flouere* of the last world's delight."

"They little thought, who first drove the stakes into the sand, and strewed the ocean reeds for their rest, that their children were to be the princes of that ocean, and their palaces its pride."¹

ROBERT CAIRD.

¹ *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii.

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HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

CHAPTER XVI.

AT Markham Chase there had been great wonder and consternation at the sudden departure of the elders of the family. Bell had been called to her mother's room in the morning, and the morals of the house, so to speak, placed in her hands. She was thirteen, a great age, quite a woman. "Harry will help you: but he is careless, and he is always out. You will promise to be very careful and look after everything," Lady Markham had said. Bell, growing pale with the solemnity of this strange commission, gave her promise with paling cheek, and a great light of excitement in her eyes; and when they heard of it, the others were almost equally impressed. "There is something the matter with Paul," Bell said; and when the carriage drove away the solemnity of the great house all to themselves made a still greater impression upon them. It is true that Mrs. Fry showed signs of thinking that she was the virtual head of the establishment, and Brown did not pay that deference to Bell's orders which she expected as mamma's deputy to receive; but still they all acknowledged the responsibility that lay upon them to conduct themselves better than girls and boys had ever conducted themselves before. The girls naturally felt this the most. They would not go out with their brothers, but stayed indoors and occupied themselves with various rather grimy pieces of needlework begun

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on various occasions of penitence or bad weather. To complete them felt like a proper exercise for such an occasion; and Bell caused the door to be shut and all the windows in front of the house. She and Marie established themselves in their mother's special sanctuary—the west room; where after a while the work languished, and where the elder sister, with a sense of seniority and protection, pointed out all the pictures to Marie, and gave her their names. "That is me, when I was a baby," said Bell, "just below the Raffle."

"The Raffle," said Marie. "I thought a raffle was a thing where you drew lots."

"So it is," said the elder with dignity, "but it is a man's name, too. It is pronounced a little different, and he was a very fine painter. You know," said the little instructress with great seriousness, "what the subject is—the beautiful lady and the little boy?"

"I know what they all are quite well," said Marie, impatient of so much superiority; "I have seen them just as often as you have. Mamma has told me hundreds of time. That's me too as well as you, underneath the big picture, and there's Alice, and that's papa—as if I didn't know!"

"How can you help knowing Alice and papa; any one can do that," said Bell; "but you don't know the landscapes. That one is painted by two people, and it is called Both. At least,

A A

I suppose they both did a bit, as mamma does sometimes with Alice. There is some one ringing the bell at the hall door! Somebody must be coming to call. Will Brown say 'My lady is not at home,' or will he say, 'The young ladies are at home,' as he does when Alice is here? Oh, there it is again! Can anything have happened? Either it is somebody who is in a great hurry, or it is a telegram, or—Marie, quick, run to the schoolroom and there we can see."

As they neared the hall they ran across Brown, who was advancing in a leisurely manner to open the door. "Young ladies," said Brown, "you should not scuttle about like that, frightening people." And I wonder who it was that shut the hall door."

Bell made no reply, but ran out of the way, and they reached the schoolroom window in time to see what was going to happen. At the door stood some one waiting. "A little gentleman" in light-coloured clothes, with a large white umbrella. There was no carriage, which was one reason why Brown had taken his time in answering the bell. He would not, a person of his importance, have condescended to open the door at all but for a curiosity which had taken possession of him, a certainty in his mind that something of more than ordinary importance was going on in the family. The little gentleman who had rung the bell had walked up the avenue slowly, and had looked about him much. He had the air of being very much interested in the place. At every opening in the trees he had paused to look, and when he came to the open space in front of the house, had stood still for some time with a glass in his eye examining it. He was very brown of hue, very spare and slim, exceedingly neat, and carefully dressed, though in clothes that were not quite like English clothes. They fitted him loosely, and they were of lighter material than gentlemen usually wear in England; but yet he was very well dressed. He had neat small feet,

most carefully *chaussés*; and he had carried his large white umbrella, lined with green, over his head as he approached the door. When Brown threw the great door open, he was startled to see this trim figure so near to him upon the highest step. He had put down his white umbrella, and he stood with a small cardcase between his finger and thumb, as ready at once to proclaim himself who he was.

"Sir William Markham?" he asked. The little cardcase had been opened and the white edge of the card was visible in his hand.

"Not at home, sir," said Brown.

"Ah! that's your English way. I am not a novice, though you may think so," said the little gentleman. "Take in this card and you will see that he will be at home for me."

"Beg your pardon, sir," said Brown. Though he had no objection to saying "not at home" when occasion demanded, he felt offended by being supposed to have done so falsely when his statement was true. "Master is not a gentleman that has himself denied when he is here. When I say not at home, I mean it. Sir William left Markham to-day."

"Left to-day!—that is very unlucky," said the stranger. He stood quite disconcerted for the moment, and gnawed the ends of his moustache, still with the card half extended between his finger and thumb. "You are sure now," he added, in a conciliatory tone, "that it is not by way of getting rid of intruders? I am no intruder. I am—a relation."

"Very sorry, sir," said Brown; "if you were one of the family—if you were Mr. Markham himself, I couldn't say no different. Sir William, and my lady, and Miss Alice, they went to Oxford this morning by the early train."

"Mr. Markham himself—who is Mr. Markham?" he said, with a peculiar smile hovering about his mouth. "I am—a relation; but I have never been in England before, and I don't

know much about the family. Is Mr. Markham a son, or brother—perhaps brother to Sir William?"

"The eldest son and heir, sir," said Brown, with dignity. "You'll see it in the *Baronetage of England* all about him, 'Paul Reginald, born May 6, 18—.' He came of age this year."

The brown face of the stranger was full of varying expression while this was said—surprise, a half amusement, mingled with anger; emotions much too personal to be consistent with his ignorance of the family history. Strange, when he did not know anything about it, that he should be so much interested! Brown eyed him very keenly, with natural suspicion, though he did not know what it was he suspected. The little gentleman had closed his card-case, but still held it in his hand."

"So," he said, "the heir; then perhaps he is at home?"

"There is nobody at home but the young ladies and the young gentlemen," said Brown, testily. "If any of the grown-up ones had been in the house or about the place, I'd have said so."

Brown felt himself the master when the heads of the family were away, and this sort of persistency did not please him.

"I'd like to see the young ladies and gentlemen," said the stranger. "I'd like to see the house. You seem unwilling to let me in; but I am equally unwilling to come such a long distance and then go away——"

"Well, sir," said Brown, embarrassed, "Markham Chase, though it's one of the finest places in the county, is not a show-place. I don't say but what the gardener would take a visitor round the gardens, and by the fish-pond, and that, when the family are away; but it has never been made a practice to show the house. And it cannot even be said at present that the family are away. They've gone on some business as far as Oxford. They might be back, Sir William told me, in two days."

"My man!" said the stranger, "I can promise you your master will give you a good wiggling when he hears that you have sent me away."

"A good—what, sir?"

Brown grew red with indignation; but all the same a chill little doubt stole over him. This personage, who was so very sure of his welcome, might after all turn out to be a person whom he had no right to send away.

"I said a wiggling, my good man. Perhaps you don't understand that in England. We do in our place. Come," he said, drawing out the card, and with it a very palpable sovereign, "here's my name. You can see I'm no impostor. You had better let me see the house."

The card was a very highly glazed foreign-looking piece of pasteboard, and upon it was the name of Mr. Augustus Markham Gaveston, at full length, in old English characters. And now that Brown looked at him again, he seemed to see a certain likeness to Sir William in this pertinacious visitor. He was about the same height, his eyes were the same colour, and there was something in the sound of his voice—Brown thought on the whole it would be best to pocket the indignity and the sovereign, and let the stranger have his way.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said; "Sir William didn't say nothing to me about expecting a relation, and I'm not one that likes to take liberties in the absence of the family; but if so be as your mind is set upon it, I think I may take it upon me to let you see the house."

"I thought we should understand each other, sooner or later," said the stranger, with a smile. "Sir William could not tell you, for he did not know I was coming," he said, a moment afterwards, with a short laugh. "I've come from—a long way off, where people are not—much in the way of writing letters. Besides, it is so long since he's seen me, I dare say he has forgotten me: but the first glance at my card will bring it all back."

"I don't doubt it, sir," said Brown. He had taken the sovereign, though not without doubts and compunctions, and now he felt himself half unwillingly bound to the service of this unknown personage. He admitted him into the hall with a momentary pang. "The house was built by the great-grandfather of the present baronet," he said. "This hall is considered a great feature. The pillars were brought from Sicily; they're no imitation, like what you see in many places, but real marble. On the right is the dining-room, and on the left the drawing-room. There is a fine gallery which is only used for balls and so forth——"

"Ah—we'll take them in turn," said the little gentleman. He put down his big white umbrella, and shook himself free of several particles of dust which he perceived on his light coat. "I'll rest here a moment, thank you," he said, seating himself in the same big chair in which Colonel Lenny had fallen asleep. "This reminds me of where I've come from. I dare say Sir William brought it over. Now fetch me some iced water or seltzer, or cold punch if you've got such a thing. Before I start sight-seeing I'd like a little rest."

Brown stared with open mouth; his very voice died away in the blank wonder that filled him.

"Cold—punch!" he said.

The stranger laughed.

"Don't look so much like a boiled goose. I don't suppose you have cold punch. Get me some seltzer, as I say, or iced water. I don't suppose a man who has been anywhere where there's a sun can do without one of them. Oh, yes, there's a little sun in England now and then. Something to drink!" he added, in peremptory tones.

Brown, though he felt the monstrous folly of this order from a man who had never set foot in the house before, felt himself moving instinctively and very promptly to obey. It was the strangest thing in the world, but he did it, leaving the stranger

enthroned in the great chair of Indian bamboo.

Mr. Augustus Markham Gaveston, however, had no inclination to sleep. He sat sunk in the chair, rubbing his hands, looking about him with his little keen blue eyes.

"So this is Markham Chase," he said to himself. His eyes shone with a mischievous eager light. There was a little triumph in them and some amusement. Though he was far from being a boy, a sort of boyish gleam of malicious pleasure was in his face, as if he had done something which it had not been intended or desired that he should do, and thus had stolen a march upon some one in authority. He pulled off his gloves in a leisurely way, finger by finger, and threw them into his hat, which he had placed at his feet. Then he rubbed his hands again, as if ready for anything or everything.

"The dining-room to the right, the drawing-room to the left, and a fine gallery—for balls and that sort of thing," he repeated, half under his breath.

The little girls had watched anxiously from the schoolroom window as long as there was anything to see. They had seen the little gentleman come in, which filled them with excitement. It was not a telegram, so there was nothing to be afraid of. Their hearts jumped with excitement and wonder. Who could it be?

"I ought to go and see what he wants," said Bell. "Mamma left the charge of the house to me."

"Oh, Bell—a strange gentleman! you would not know what to say to him, though it is only a little gentleman," said Marie.

"Oh, yes, I know quite well. I shall ask him if he wants papa, and that I am so sorry there is no one at home—and could I tell papa any message? that is what Dolly Stainforth says."

"She is seventeen," said Marie; "and you—you are only so little—he will laugh at you. Bell, don't go. Oh, I don't like to go——"

"He is little, too," said Bell. "You can stay away if you please, but I am going to see what it all means. Mamma left the charge to me."

Marie followed, shy, but curious.

"Oh, I wish the boys were here," she said.

"The boys!" cried Bell, with much contempt. "Who would pay any attention to them? But you need not come unless you like. Mamma left the charge to me."

Whether to be left alone, or to be dragged to the encounter to speak to a strange gentleman, Marie did not know which was worst. It was the first, however, which was most contrary to all her traditions. She scarcely remembered that such a thing had ever happened. So she followed, though ill at ease, holding a corner of Bell's frock between her fingers. As for Bell, she had the courage of a lion. She walked quite boldly through all the passages, and never felt the slightest inclination to run away, till she suddenly caught a glimpse of two neat little feet, protruding from two lines of light trousers, on the other side of the hall. Then she gave a start and a little cry, and clutched at Marie behind her, who was more frightened than she.

They stopped within the door, in a sudden *accès* of fright. Nothing was visible but the grey trousers, the little feet in light cloth boots, and two hands rubbing each other; all the rest of the stranger's person being sunk in the big chair.

When he heard this exclamation, he roused himself, and turned a wide-awake head in their direction.

"Ah! the young ladies!" he said. "How are you, my little dears? It is you I most want to see." And he held out to them the hands which had been seen rubbing themselves together so complacently a moment before.

"We are the Miss Markhams. We are never spoken to like that," said Bell. Then she collected all her courage for the sake of her duty. "I am the eldest," she said. "Papa and

mamma are gone away, if you wanted to see them; but if you have any message you wish to leave——"

"Come here," he said. "I don't wish to leave any message. Don't be frightened. I want to make friends with you. Come here and talk to me. I am not a stranger. I am a—sort of a relation of yours."

"A relation!" said Bell. And as Brown's solemn step was heard advancing at this moment, the little girls advanced too. Brown carried a tray with a long glass upon it, a fat little bottle of seltzer water, and a large jug of claret-cup. Colonel Lenny had been very thirsty too when he fell asleep in that same chair, but he had not been served in this way. The little girls came forward, gravely interested, and watched with serious eyes while the little gentleman drank. He nodded at them before he lifted the glass to his lips with a comical air.

"My name is Markham as well as yours," he said. "I've come a long way to make your acquaintance. This respectable person here—what do you call him, Brown?—wanted to send me away; but I hope now that you have come you will extend your protection to me, and not allow him to turn me away."

"Are you a cousin?" said Bell.

"Well—perhaps not exactly a cousin; and yet something of that sort."

"Are you one of the Underwood Markhams?" the little girl continued. "The people that nurse says would get Markham if we were all to die?"

"They must be very disagreeable people, I think," said the stranger, with a smile.

"Oh, *dreadful*! They never come here. Nurse says they were in such a way when we were all born. They thought papa was going to let them have it—as if it were not much more natural that Paul should have it! You are not one of those people, are you, Mr.—Markham? Is that really your name?"

"I am not one of those people, and

my name is Gus. What is yours? I want to know what to call you, and your little sister. And don't you think you had better take me to see the house?"

"Oh," cried Bell, looking more serious than ever; "but we could not call a gentleman, quite an old gentleman, like you, Gus."

"Do you think I am an old gentleman?" he said.

"Well, not perhaps such a very old gentleman," said Bell, hesitating.

Marie, trusting herself to speak for the first time, said in a half-whisper—

"Oh, no—not very old; just about the same as papa."

The stranger burst into a laugh. This seemed to amuse him more than the humour of the speech justified.

"There is a difference," he said; "a slight difference. I am not so old as—papa."

"Do you know papa? Do you know any of them? You must have met them," said Bell, "if you are in society. Alice came out this year, and they went everywhere, and saw everybody, in society. Mamma told me so. Alice is the eldest," the little girl went on, pleased to enter into the fullest explanations as soon as she had got started. "That is, not the eldest of all, you know, but the eldest of the girls. She was at all the balls, and even went out to dinner! but then it is no wonder, she is eighteen, and quite as tall as mamma."

"Is she pretty?" said the gentleman.

He went on drinking glass after glass of the claret-cup, while Brown stood looking on alarmed, yet respectful. ("Such a little fellow as that, I thought he'd bust hisself," Brown said.)

"She is not so pretty as mamma," said the little girl. "Everybody says mamma is beautiful. I am the one that is most like her," continued Bell, with naïve satisfaction. "There is a picture of her in the drawing-room; you can come and see."

"Miss Isabel," cried Brown, taking her aside. There was something im-

portant even in the fact of being taken aside to be expostulated with by Brown. "We don't know nothing about the gentleman, miss," said Brown. "I don't doubt that it is all right—still he mightn't be what he appears to be; and as it is me that is responsible to Sir William——"

"You need not trouble yourself about that, Brown," said Bell, promptly. "Mamma said I was to have the charge of everything. I shall take him in and show him the pictures and things. I will tell papa that it was me. But Brown," she added in an undertone, certain doubts coming over her, "don't go away; come with us all the same. Marie might be frightened: I should like you to come all the same."

Meantime the stranger had turned to Marie.

"Where do you come in the family?" he said. "Are there any younger than you?"

"No," said Marie, hanging her head. She was the shy one of the family. She gave little glances at him sidelong, from under her eyelids; but edged a little further off when he spoke.

"Are you afraid? Do you think I would do you any harm?" said the little gentleman. "It is quite the other way. Do you know I have brought some sweetmeats over the sea, I can't tell you how far, expressly for you."

"For me!" Marie was fairly roused out of her apathy. "But you didn't know even our names till you came here."

"Ah! there's no telling how much I knew," said the stranger with a smile.

He had risen up, and he was not very formidable. Though he was not handsome, the smile on his face made it quite pleasant. And to have sweetmeats brought, as he said, all that way, expressly for *you*, was a very ingratiating circumstance. Marie tried to whisper this wonderful piece of information to Bell when her interview

with Brown was over. But Bell had returned to all her dignity of (temporary) head of the house.

"If you will follow me," she said, trying to look, her sister said afterwards, as if she were in long dresses, and putting on an air of portentous importance, "we will take you to see the house. Brown, you can come with us and open the doors."

The visitor laughed. He was very little taller than Bell, as she swept on with dignity at the head of the procession. Brown, not quite satisfied to have his rôle taken out of his hands, yet unwilling to leave the children in unknown company, and a little curious himself, and desirous to see what was going on, followed with some perturbation. And there never was a housekeeper more grandiose in description than Bell proved herself, or more eloquently confused in her dates and details. They went over all the house, even into the bedrooms, for the stranger's curiosity was inexhaustible. He learned all sorts of particulars about the family, lingering over every picture and every chamber. When the boys came in, calling loudly for their sisters, he put his glass in his eye and examined them, as they rushed up the great staircase, where a whispered, but quite audible, consultation took place.

"I say, we want our dinner," cried Harry. "We're after a wasp's nest down in the Brentwood Hollow, and if you don't make haste, you'll lose all the fun."

"Oh, a wasp's nest!" cried Bell; "but we can't—we can't: for here is a gentleman who says he is a relation, and we're showing him over the house."

"Such a funny little gentleman," said Marie, "and he says he's got some sweetmeats (what does one mean by sweetmeats?) for me."

"I don't care for your gentleman; I want my dinner," cried Harry, whose boots were all over mud from the Brentwood swamp. They both brought in a whiff of fresh air like a fresh breeze into the stately house.

"Miss Isabel," said Brown, coming forward, and speaking in a stage whisper, while the stranger, with his glass in his eye, calmly contemplated all these communings from above, "if the gentleman is really a relation, I don't think my lady would mind if you asked him to stay lunch."

To stay lunch! This took away the children's breath.

"It is a bore to have a man when he doesn't belong to you," said Roland.

"He looks a queer little beggar," said Harry. "I don't think I like the looks of him."

"But he is quite nice," said the little girls in a breath.

Then Bell suddenly gave a lamentable cry—

"Oh, you boys, it is no use even thinking of the wasp's nest. We have all got to go to the rectory to the school-feast."

This calamity put the little gentleman out of their heads. The boys resisted wildly, but the girls began to think better of it, arguing that it was a party, though only a parish party. The introduction of this subject delayed the decision of the question about lunch, until at last a violent appeal from Harry—

"I say, Brown! *can't* we have our dinner?" brought about a crisis.

"You go and ask *him* to come, Harry," said Bell, seized with an access of shyness, and pushing her brother forward. "You are the biggest."

"Ask him yourself," cried the boy.

This difficult question however was solved by the little gentleman himself, who came forward, still with his glass in his eye.

"My dear children," he said, "don't give yourselves any trouble. I am very hungry, and when Mr. Brown is so kind as to give you your dinner, I will share it with great pleasure. ("Cheeky little brute—I don't like the looks of him," said Harry to Roland. "But it was plucky of him all the same," said Roland to Harry.)

Allow me to offer Miss Markham my arm," the stranger added.

To see Bell colour up, look round at them all in alarm, then put on a grand air, and accept the little gentleman's arm, was, all the children thought, as good as a play. They followed in convulsions of suppressed laughter, the boys pretending to escort each other, while Marie did her best to subdue them. "Oh, boys, boys! when you know mamma says we are never to laugh at people," cried this small authority. But the meal thus prepared for was very successful, and the young Markhams speedily became quite intimate with their visitor. He told them he was going to stay in the village, and Harry and Roland immediately made him free of the woods. And he asked them a thousand questions about everybody and everything, from their father and mother, to the school-feast where they were going; but except the fact that he was staying in the village, he gave them no information about himself. This Brown noted keenly, who, though not disposed to trouble himself usually with a school-room dinner, condescended to conduct the service on this occasion, keeping both ears and eyes in very lively exercise. Brown felt sure, with the instinct of an old servant, that something was about to happen in the family, and he would not lose an opportunity of making his observations. The stranger remained until the children had got ready for their engagement, and walked with them to the village, still asking questions about everything. They had fallen quite easily into calling him Mr. Gus.

"For I am Markham as well as you," he said; "there would be no distinction in that;" which was another source of anxiety and alarm to Brown, who knew that on the visitor's card there was another name.

"Good-bye, Mr. Gus, good-bye!" the children cried at the rectory gate. The village inn was further on, and Mr. Gus lingered with perfectly open and unaffected curiosity to look at the

fine people who were getting out of their carriages at the gate.

"We will tell papa your message," said Bell, turning round for a last word; "and remember you are to come again when they come home."

"Never fear; you will see plenty of me before all is done," he said; and so went on into the village, waving his hand to them, with his big white umbrella over his head. All the girls and boys who were going to the school-feast, stopped to look at him with wondering eyes. He was very unlike the ordinary Englishman as seen in Markham Royal. But the little Markhams themselves had now no doubt that he was a relation, for his walk, they all agreed, was exactly like papa's.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE rectory at Markham Royal was a pretty house, situated on a little elevation, with pretty lawns and gardens, and a paddock at the foot of the little height, open to the lawn, where there was a tent erected, and plenty of space for the games. Spectators of the higher class constituted quite another little party in the pretty slope of the gardens, where they were walking about in bright-coloured groups, and paying their various greetings to the rector and his daughter when the little Markhams arrived. Their appearance was a great disappointment to the company in general, and especially to Dolly Stainforth, who was the hostess and the soul of everything that was going on. The rector himself was old, and not able to take much trouble. He had a large family of sons and daughters, who were all married and out in the world, with the exception of the youngest of all, Dolly, who was a little younger than Alice Markham, and a model of everything that a clergyman's daughter ought to be. Frank, the youngest son, a young barrister, who still called the rectory home, and was generally present on all important

occasions, was the only other member of the family in whom Markham Royal took any very great interest; and he was absent to-day, to the great annoyance of his sister, who all the afternoon had been looking out, shading her eyes, directly in the line of the sun, which made the highroad one white and blazing line—looking for the carriage from the Chase, which might, Dolly hoped, bring her the only compensation possible for her brother's absence. Alice was an unfailing aid in all such emergencies, and Lady Markham's gracious presence made everything go well among the great people on the lawn. Also, this time at least, there was another possibility that made Dolly's heart beat. It had been whispered among the girls for some time past that the birthday of Alice being near, and Paul almost certain to come home for that family festivity, he might, in all likelihood, be calculated upon for the rectory too; in which case Alice and he would remain for supper afterwards, and the day would be a white day. Not many entertainments of a lively description came in Dolly's way. She had to drive out solemnly with her father now and then, and attend garden parties which were not always very amusing; but this day had been marked out as an exception to all others. After the school-feast, which was the laborious part of it, and in which she was to be helped by the people she admired and loved most in the world, there was to be the much more exquisite pleasure of the domestic party after, talks, and songs, and strolls in the moonlight, and a whole little romance of happiness. Frank and Alice, whom it would be almost delight enough to pair together, to see "taking to each other," and Paul—Perhaps it was part of Dolly's training as, in a way, mother of the parish, that she should make her little plans with extreme regularity and perfection of all the details. This anticipation had given her strength for all the preparations of the school-feast. There

was no curate to take any share of the responsibility; everything came upon her own small shoulders, young and delicate as they were. But what of that! With such aid and such a recompense, Dolly did not care what trouble she took. It was her duty in any case, but duty became a kind of Paradise when pursued in company with Frank and Alice and Paul. Alas! the morning's post had brought a letter from Frank announcing his inability to appear. Was it for a serious cause which his sister could accept? Alas, no! only for a cricket match, which he preferred—certainly preferred—to the rectory lawn and Alice Markham. Frank was false, but the others must prove true. When did any one ever know the Markhams to fail? When the four children appeared Dolly detached herself from Lady Westland, whom with a much disturbed attention she had been entertaining:

"Why are they so late?" she cried.

"Oh, Dolly," said Bell, half pleased to be of so much importance, half sorry to convey bad news; "they are not coming at all! They have gone off to Oxford, papa, mamma, and Alice; there is something the matter with Paul."

Poor little Dolly never could tell how she bore this blow. Suddenly the whole scene became dim before her, swimming in two big tears which flooded her eyes. She had indeed said to herself that she would not "build upon" the coming of Paul; but Alice at least she had a right to build upon.

"My dear child, what is the matter?" cried Lady Westland, whose eyes were as keen as needles.

Dolly, though she was still blind with the sudden moisture, recovered her wits more quickly than she recovered her eyesight.

"I think I shall cry," she said. "I can't help it. Alice is not coming; and Alice was all my hope. There is no one such a help as she is.

I don't know what I shall do without her."

It was a kind of comfort to Dolly to think that Ada Westland would be wounded by an estimate which showed how little her services were thought of; and this, perhaps, though not at all a right feeling for a good little clergywoman, helped her to recover herself, as it was so necessary she should do.

The children were assembling in the paddock, all in their best clothes, with the schoolmistress and the Sunday-school teachers, and a few favoured villagers. There was the tea to make for them, the games to organise, to keep everything going; and all the garden walks were occupied by idle people who were doing nothing to help, and from whom no help could be expected. Her old maid, who had been her nurse, and who was Dolly's chief support in the household, and old George the old man-servant, who managed the male department at the rectory, were both required to hand tea, and attend upon these fine people, who did all they could to detain Dolly herself, stopping her as she hurried down to the field of action, to tell her that it was a pretty scene. Dolly was far too good a girl, and too thoroughly trained to the duties of her position to dwell at that moment upon her disappointment. But whenever she paused for a moment, whenever the din of the voices and teacups experienced a lull, it came back to her. Poor little Dolly! She had everything on her shoulders.

There was a line of chairs arranged under the lime-trees on the lawn for the great people of the parish—the Trevors and the Westlands—apart from the crowd of smaller people who came and went. Among these few local magnates the rector lingered, and it was to them that old George's services were specially dedicated. They had the best of the tea, which Dolly grudged greatly, and the best position, and the best attendance; and considered themselves to be doing

a duty which they owed to the parish in thus countenancing the school-feast. They considered that they were doing their duty; but at the same time, in the absence of anything better, they liked it as Bell and Marie did, because, such as it was, it was a party, though only a school-feast. Old Admiral Trevor was seated in the sunniest spot—for warmth, as his daughters explained, was everything to him. He sat there, cooking in the heat of the August afternoon with poor Miss Trevor close by, divided between the necessity of being close to him and the love of the grateful shade behind. The old admiral talked a great deal, mumbling between his toothless gums with the greatest energy, and very indignant when he was asked a second time what he had said. Miss Trevor, though she was deaf and used an ear-trumpet, always heard her father, and was very quick and clever in interpreting him, so as to save what she called "unpleasantness." Beside the Trevors were the Westlands—the whole four of them—father, mother, son, and daughter. They were new people, and therefore deeply impressed with the necessity of "countenancing" the parish in which they had bought a house and park, and which they tried to patronise as if it belonged to them. They were very rising people, very rich, and fond of finding themselves in good company, even at a school-feast; for naturally such people get on much better in town, where there are all sorts of visitors, than in the country where everybody knows all about their pedigree and belongings. Dolly's only real help was Miss Matilda Trevor, the second daughter of the admiral, a plain, good woman, but so shortsighted that she had to put her nose into everything before she could see it. Some of the smaller lights of Markham, Mrs. Booth and her niece, from Rosebank, and young Mrs. Rositer, the doctor's wife, might have been of a little use; but their heads were turned by the offer the rector

inadvertently made of the chairs reserved for the Markhams on the lawn. When they had such a chance of distinction, of making their "position" quite apparent, and showing their equality with the county people, who could wonder that these ladies threw over the children, and Dolly, though not without many compunctions? Poor ladies! they did not make very much of it; they talked to each other which they could do any day, and now and then got a word from Miss Trevor, who poked out her trumpet for the answer, frightening Mrs. Rossiter out of her wits.

This, however, accomplished Dolly's discomfiture, leaving her altogether to herself. It was a pretty scene, as everybody said. The people who were walking about the garden dropped off as the afternoon went on, but the great people sat it out; though they paused to say it was a pretty scene, they were busy with their own talk, and had nothing else to do that was of any importance. The admiral had got into an argument with Lord Westland about the new ironclads—if argument that could be called which consisted of vituperation on the part of the old sailor and amiable remonstrances from the new lord.

"Ships," the bigoted old seaman cried, the foam flying from his lips, "I doncall'em ships." He ran his words into each other, which made him very difficult to understand. "Shtinking old tin-kettles, old potsh-anpans, that's what I call 'em. Set a seaman afloatin'em shlike puttin'em-downamine. I don' callit afloat."

"My dear sir," said Lord Westland, blandly, "there may be something in what you say; but we might as well try to confine the waves of the sea, as a certain king did, as to keep back science. Science, admiral, must have her way."

"Let'erhav'erway," cried the old man, "down to the bottom if sheshamind. One good seamansh worth more 'ana shipload o'phlosophers. Let'em-man'erownships; let'em man their own

ships. Crew o'ph'losophers 'shtead o'seamen. Bust their boilers's often 'shtheylike and devil a harm."

"He says the new ships should have crews of philosophers," said Miss Trevor, tranquilly, putting up her hand to silence the anxious "I did not catch your last remark," to which Lord Westland was about to give utterance. The peer shook his indulgent head.

"My dear admiral, philosophers, though it may please you and me, who are old-fashioned, to rail at them, are rapidly becoming the masters of the world."

"Mashters-o fiddishticks," said the old sailor. "Put'emdown the d——d ratholes, shee how theylikeit'emshelves. Old coalmines under water, call that a ship! None o' God's air, noneo-God's light—all machines an'gas-burnersh. Smash 'erownconsortsh—run everythin' down—'chept enemish!" he spluttered forth triumphantly, with a laugh of angry triumph in his own argument.

"He says they run everything down, except the enemy," said Miss Trevor. "I should like myself to know why there are so many collisions nowadays. My father says it is all science and boilers. Why is it, Lord Westland?" And she put up that ear-trumpet, of which everybody was afraid, for her noble neighbour's use.

"Did you hear that last piece of news about the Markhams?" said Lady Westland. "All off at a moment's notice, the very day they were expected here. They really ought to have waited and showed themselves, and not given colour to all the stories that are about."

"Are there stories about? I have not heard any. Markham only came home two days ago. Do you mean about the ministry? Is it supposed to be insecure?"

"Oh, no," cried Lady Westland, with an ineffable smile. "The ministry!—oh, no, Mr. Stainforth; that is much too well secured with the best and most influential support. The opposi-

tion need not trouble themselves about that."

Lady Westland looked at her husband with honest admiration. He was a consistent supporter of government—and standing, as he did, with his legs wide apart and his shoulders squared, anticipating with dread the necessity of speaking into the trumpet and preparing himself for the effort, he looked a very substantial prop.

"Ah, to be sure," said the rector. "I forgot for the moment we take different sides.

"My dear rector, how you, a dignified clergyman and a man of family, can take the Liberal side!" said Lady Westland. "It seems more than one can believe. But, oh no—oh dear no! of course I would not for the world say a word to weaken old ties or change convictions. An opinion that has stood the test of years is a sacred thing. But I did not mean anything political. Don't you know, dear Mr. Stainforth, the very sad stories that are told everywhere about Paul?"

"What has Paul been doing?" said the old rector. He did not himself very much approve of Paul. Staying up to read was a new sort of idea which had not been thought of in his day. He did not much believe in young fellows reading when a set of them got together. "Much more likely they are staying up for some mischief," he had said when he heard of it, and in consequence he was not disinclined or unprepared to hear that there were stories about Paul.

"Did not you hear what he did? He brought some frightful Radical agitator, some public-house politician—so they say—to the Chase, and made poor Lady Markham take him in, and gave her all sorts of trouble. I believe Sir William has scarcely spoken to him since for being so silly. But we all know what a devoted mother Lady Markham is. For my part, I think one's husband has the first claim. And now they say he is inveigled into some engagement, and is going to be

sent off to the Colonies and got rid of in that way."

"I think there must be some mistake," said the rector. "Men don't send their heirs to the Colonies, nor get rid of them, except for very serious causes."

"Oh, I am so glad you stand up for Paul! I will never believe it," said Ada Westland. "Paul inveigled into any engagement! How could you believe it, Mr. Stainforth? He is as proud as Lucifer. He thinks none of us fit to pick up his handkerchief. Oh, I know, we are all supposed to be on our promotion, waiting till he may be pleased to look at us. I—and Dolly too—but he never did condescend to look at us. If he were to marry, after that, a girl off the streets——"

"Ada, my love, for Heaven's sake take care how you talk!"

"Oh, there is nobody but the rector, mamma, and he knows we girls are not such fools as we are made to look. If Paul Markham were to marry that sort of person, I should laugh. It would be our revenge—Dolly's and mine—whom he never would condescend to look at. It would be nuts to me."

"Did you ever hear anything so vulgar?" said Mrs. Booth to Mrs. Rossiter. "I never could abide that girl. They have all thrown her and themselves at Paul Markham's head. New people as they are, and shoddy people, they would give their eyes to have her married into such an old county family."

"But it is not true about Dolly," said the doctor's wife. "Dolly has not such a notion in her head. Her mind is full of the parish, and her father, and Frank. I don't believe such an idea as getting married ever crossed her mind at all."

"Hem!" said Mrs. Booth, with a doubtful little cough, "I should not like to swear to that. What did you say, Lady Westland—haven't I heard it? Well, I have heard something about strange visitors. It appears there have been several people at

Markham lately whom nobody has been asked to meet."

"That is very significant; I call it very significant. When one's own friends cease to introduce their friends to us, it is a token that all is not well. Don't you think so?" said Lady Westland, softly smiling on the doctor's wife.

Mrs. Rossiter's sympathies were all with the victims who were being assailed. But the Westlands were very fine people, much more "difficult to know" than the Markhams, and the doctor had not yet got a very distinct footing at the Towers. His young wife thought of her husband's position, and acquiesced with a sigh.

"But it is not like them," she said. "The Markhams are so hospitable; they are such nice people; they are always kind."

"Yes, they ask all sorts of people. It is extraordinary the people one meets there," Lady Westland said; which made Mrs. Rossiter's cheek flame, and was a very just recompense to her for her infidelity. And then there was a pause, and the boom of Admiral Trevor's bass, and the titillation of his sh's came in like the chorus. He was still holding forth on the subject of the *Devastation*.

"I don't wish 'em any harm," said the old sailor; "I wish-e-may all go down in port like that one t'other day. Wish-em wher-er shure to be looked after. No, blesh us all—no harm!"

Meanwhile the games were going on merrily enough in the paddock. Dolly flew about for three people. She set the little ones afloat in one game, and the big ones in another. The Markhams were still her best allies, Bell throwing herself into the rounds and dances of the infants with characteristic vigour; but Harry and Roland stood apart and whispered to each other, with their hands in their pockets. They would have taken the boys off to play cricket, had that been in the programme.

"No, I will not have it," Dolly said.

"For once in a way they shall be together. It's bad enough when they grow up, when all the boys troop off for their own pleasure, and never think what the girls are doing. It's time enough to break up a party and make sects when they're grown up," Dolly said. The boys stared, and did not understand her. But it was natural enough that she should be angry. Frank's cricket match was rankling in his sister's mind. And Dolly thought that "for once in a way" Paul Markham might have thought of old friends. It was sure to be his fault that even Alice had failed her; Dolly had no idea how it could be his fault, but she was sure of it. Her heart was full of fury as she flew about from one group of children to another, struggling against their tendency to fall into detached parties, and let the amusements flag. "It is far more their parish than it is mine; they will always have it," she said to herself. When it began to be time for the children to disperse, and the conclusion of her labours approached, she was so far carried away by her feelings as to forget that the Miss Trevor who had helped her with the tea, but had been standing helplessly about since, always in the way, was the short-sighted one, and not the deaf one. "Oh, I wonder why all these people don't go away?" she cried. "Haven't they got dinners waiting at home? Why do they stay so long? I am sure I don't want to have to go and entertain them after the children go away." And then poor Dolly recollected with horror that Mrs. Booth and Mrs. Rossiter were to stay for a high tea, and that the doctor was to come in to join them. "Oh," she cried, in her vexation, "I shall not get rid of them to-night."

"Of whom are you speaking, my dear?" said Miss Trevor, astonished—which brought Dolly to herself; and, fortunately, Miss Trevor could not see that it was her own party, and the rest of the people on the lawn, whom Dolly meant. "I am afraid we must be

going very soon," she added, with regret. "I am sorry not to stay and help you to the end. But dear papa must not be exposed to the night dews."

Dolly had to marshal the children for a march round, leading them in front of the company on the lawn, and conducting the chorale (as the schoolmistress called it) which they sang before they broke up. This was what the fine people had remained for, and all the parish would have been disappointed had they not stayed. But, notwithstanding, it was hard upon her, tired as she was, to have to stand and receive their compliments, and to be told that it had been "such a pretty scene."

"I enjoyed it very much," said Lady Westland, "I assure you; I only came to do a duty and countenance you, my dear Dolly; but I quite enjoyed it."

"We came to scoff, and we remained to play," said Ada; while Lord Westland squared his shoulders, and threw out his chest, and repeated his wife's observation about the pretty scene.

"And I hope you will always calculate on me to give my countenance whenever it is wanted," he said.

Dolly, though so tired, had to stand and smile, and look gratified by all their compliments. And what was worse, when they had all at last been got away, there rose up from behind the chairs on which Mrs. Booth and Mrs. Rossiter, waiting with the ease of *habitués* till all was over, had seated themselves again after their leave-takings, a tall and gawky figure, dark in the fading light.

"Mr. Westland is going to stay, Dolly, to share our evening meal, though I have told him it will be a homely one," the rector said, not without a tone of apology in his voice. Another voice, high up in the air, muttered something about the greatest pleasure. But Dolly took no notice. This was the worst infliction of all. She let herself drop into the wicker-work chair with the cushions, which

Lady Westland had declared to be so comfortable.

"I thought they were never going away," she said with angry candour. "I am so tired. I so wanted a little peace."

The rector and young Westland both knew the meaning of this speech, but neither ventured to reply.

Mrs. Booth, however, stretched out her hand and gave the girl a friendly pinch. "They are the most important people in the county, Dolly."

"No, indeed, that they are *not*," the girl cried loud out. She was not one to desert her friends, even though they might not be so good to her as she had hoped. But as Mrs. Booth's remark had been made in a whisper, no one knew exactly to what this prompt contradiction referred.

At supper Mr. Westland was of course placed at Dolly's right hand. If he was not the most important young man in the neighbourhood, he was nominally of the highest rank, and would no doubt have taken precedence anywhere of Paul Markham. He was very tall, and very lean, an overgrown, lanky boy, with big projecting eyes, which were full of meaning when he looked at Dolly—or at least of something which he intended for meaning. He did not talk very much, but he gazed at her constantly, which was very irritating to Dolly. Mr. Rossiter was a much more lively person. He came in in a state of high good-humour, which none of the party already assembled shared. Both the ladies who were Dolly's guests had grievances. They had sat on uncomfortable chairs all the afternoon by way of showing their identity with the best families, but the Westlands and the Trevors had taken very little notice of them. The doctor's wife for one felt that she had not been of that service to Dolly which Dolly had a right to expect, and yet that she had not asserted her husband's position in anything like a satisfactory way by this failure in friendship. The supper-table was not as lively as a

supper-table ought to be after a bright afternoon out of doors.

"I hope it all went off well," the doctor said as he looked round the languid party, and saw how little response there was in their faces to his cheery address and simple jokes.

"Oh, beautifully!" said young Westland, finding his voice with an effort; "like everything Miss Stainforth has to do with."

There was no murmur of response; and Dolly gave her champion a glance which drove him back trembling upon himself. Then Mrs. Booth said, stopping her knife and fork, "I think we missed Lady Markham." She said this as if it were a conclusion she had arrived at by a long process of reasoning; and then she returned to her cold chicken with renewed zest.

"That was it," cried Mrs. Rossiter, glad to hit upon something which relieved her own sense of guilt. "It was Lady Markham we wanted. She makes everything go smooth. She makes you feel that she takes an interest in you, and wants you to be comfortable."

"It is a pity," said the rector, "that such a pleasant type of character should so seldom be sincere."

"Papa," said Dolly, "I can bear a great deal—but if any one says any harm of the Markhams I will not put up with it. If they had been here I should not have had everything to do myself. If they had been here those tiresome people would have gone away at the right time, and everything would have gone right. Sincere! Do you think it is sincere to say nasty things, and get out of temper when one is tired—like me?"

And poor Dolly nearly cried; till the doctor threatened her with a mixture to be taken three times a day; when she made a great effort, and shook off her evil disposition. Besides she had fired her shots right and left, wounding two bosoms at least, and there was an ease to the mind in that which could not be gainsaid.

"But I hear there are unpleasant

stories afloat about the Markhams," the rector said at his end of the table. "I hope my old friend, Sir William, has not been remiss in his duties. A father should never give up his authority, even to his wife. I fear among them," he added, shaking his white head, "they have done everything they could to spoil Paul."

"So I hear," said Mrs. Booth, shaking hers. But nobody knew what was the real charge against the Markhams, or what it was that Paul had done. And after Dolly's profession of faith in them, which was something like an accusation against the others, these others might shake their wise heads, and communicate between themselves their adverse opinions, but before Dolly there was not another word to say.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE rectory of Markham Royal was a very good living—a living intended for the second son of the reigning family when there was a second son; and indeed it was more than probable that Roland Markham, when he grew up, would have to "go in for" the Church, in order to take advantage of this family provision. Sir William, being in his own person the third son of his family, and the youngest, there was nobody who had a claim upon it when he came into possession of the title and estates; for the Markhams of Underwood, who were the next heirs, and who had been very confident in their hopes up to the moment of Sir William's marriage—a wrong which they had never forgiven—had but one son, who was too old to be cut into clerical trim. This was how Mr. Stainforth had got the living. He had held it for nearly thirty-five years, and had been a good rector enough, jogging on very easily, harming nobody, and if not particularly active in his parish, at least quite amiable and inoffensive, friendly with all the best families, and not uncharitable to the poor. He had a little

money of his own, and had kept a good table, and returned to a certain degree the civilities of his richer neighbours. And he had been able to keep a pretty little carriage for his wife as long as she lived, and for his daughter; and altogether to maintain the traditionary position which the rector of Markham Royal had always held in the county. Perhaps an in-offensive man who disturbs nobody is the one who can hold such a position best; just as it is better (though this rule has at present a brilliant exception) for a president of the Royal Academy to be not too distinguished a painter, and even sometimes for a bishop not to be too great a divine. Society prefers the suave and mediocre, and when a man acquires a high place in its ranks by reason of his profession, requires of him that he should be as little professional as possible. Mr. Stainforth was of the good old order of the squire-parson, the clerical country gentleman who respects abuses which are venerable, and deprecates any great eagerness about the way to heaven. Perhaps he had not very distinct views about heaven at all. Now and then he would preach a sermon about golden gates, and harps, and shining raiment, but it was seldom, if ever, of his own composition. In his own practice he thought it best to think as little about dying as possible, and he did not try to impose a different rule on his neighbours. He thought that it would most likely all come right somehow or other in the end, and that in the meantime there was not much good to be done by too much dwelling on the subject, which indeed is a view of the subject which a great many people are disposed to take. He had lived long enough to see all his sons and daughters established in life, which was a great matter. He had two girls who were very well married, and two sons with capital appointments, besides Frank, who was scrambling for his living somehow, and could manage to "get on"—and Dolly, who was too young

to cost very much. There was enough to provide for Dolly when the rector should die—and he felt that he had fully done his duty to his family. And he had done his duty to his parish. There was no more dissent than was inevitable; and Mr. Stainforth treated it as inevitable, and did not interfere with it. He was very reasonable on this subject—so reasonable that the curates he had generally disagreed with him violently; and he was at the present period taking the duty alone, though it was somewhat laborious, rather than attempt to regulate the young assistant priest who set up confessions, or the muscular young parson who instituted games.

"Let the people alone," was Mr. Stainforth's rule, to which these hot-headed young neophytes without experience would give no faith. Sometimes he would be quite eloquent on the subject. "Let the chapel alone," he would say. "What can we do in the Church with the emotions, especially among the poor? A washerwoman who has feelings wants her chapel. It makes her a great deal happier than you or I could do. All that does the Church good. And let the others peg away at me if they please. It keeps Spicer amused, and keeps him out of more mischief."

Spicer was the village grocer, against whom all the young men hurled themselves and their arguments in vain. But the rector dealt with Spicer, and always had a chat with him when he passed the shop-door. There was a mutual respect between them.

"But our rector, I don't say nothing against him," Spicer would say at the end of his speech, when there was any demonstration in the neighbourhood in the dissenting interest; "he mayn't be much of a one for work, but he's a credit to the place." There was a great deal to be said for the head of the parish hierarchy who continued to get his things from you, blandly indifferent to the fact that you were a dissenter, and in despite of all those co-operative societies

which drive grocers to a keener frenzy than any Church establishment. Lord Westland got all his things down from town, and so did the doctor and the smaller magnates; while even the chapel minister was known to have a clandestine hamper, given out to be a present from some supporter, but arriving suspiciously once a month. The rector, however, never swerved. To him the parish was the parish, and a Markham Royal grocer the proper grocer for Markham Royal—a principle which could not but have its reward.

This was the chief reason, and not economy, as many people said, why Mr. Stainforth did the duty himself, and had no curate. Dolly was his curate. She had been born in the order, so to speak, and none could recollect the time when she had not felt it her duty to set an example, and carried more or less the burden of the parish upon her shoulders. She had been dedicated, like young Samuel, from her earliest years to the service of the Temple. She set out upon her round of visits every day as regularly as any curate could have done, had her days for the schools, and her clothing clubs, and her mothers' meetings, at which the seventeen-year-old creature discoursed the women about their duties to their families in a way which was beautiful to hear. How she could know so much about children was a standing wonder to the women; but it was just as astounding to see her calculate the interest upon elevenpence ha'penny at four and a half per cent; indeed a great deal more miraculous to some of us. She played the organ in church; she took charge of the decorations. She watched all the sick people, careful to observe just the right moment when it was expedient "to send papa;" and the parish got on very pleasantly under the joint sway of the father and daughter. It did not make a very great appearance in the diocesan lists of subscriptions, and there was no doubt that a great many of the people who had feelings, as the rector said, went to the little

Wesleyan chapel. But Mr. Stainforth did not mind that. It was a safety valve; and so was the Bethel chapel, in the nearest town, to which Spicer went every Sunday, which was much less tolerant than Bethesda, and hurled all manner of denunciations against the Church. Sometimes the neighbouring incumbents would warn the rector that his village was a hotbed of mischief, and be very severe on the subject of his excessive tolerance. But Mr. Stainforth was seventy-six, and not likely to live long enough to see any of the great earthquakes with which they threatened him. "There will be peace in my time," he said.

This supineness did not displease Sir William, who, though in opposition, held fast to the old Whig maxims of freedom of opinion, and preferred to conciliate the dissenters, with an eye to the general elections and their political support generally. He went very regularly to church at the head of his fine family, but there was always a consciousness in him that, much as he should regret it, it might possibly be his duty one day or other to assail the establishment; and he thought it a point of honour not to show any exaggerated attachment to it now which might be turned into reproaches afterwards. Neither did the Trevors object at all to Mr. Stainforth's easy good-temper. The things they were afraid of were the Pope, and the Jesuits, whom they supposed to be lurking under every hedgerow. So long as the rector kept ritualism at bay they found no fault with him. The Westlands, however, were very strong on the opposite side. They were people who endeavoured always to do as persons of their rank ought to do, and they liked a high ritual just as they liked high life. Though they "countenanced" the school-feast, and were always ready to do their duty in this way in the parish, yet they never let slip an opportunity of expressing their opinion of the rector's weakness.

"But we have no influence," Lady Westland said. "The living is in the

hands of the Markhams. Though they are commoners they were settled here before us, and therefore have the advantage of us in a great many ways."

It was a bold thing to say this in the very district where it was well known the Markhams had been established for centuries, and where Lord Westland had acquired the Towers by purchase only about a dozen years before. But if there was one quality upon which Lady Westland prided herself it was courage. She was somewhat bitter about the Markhams altogether. There were so many things in which they had the advantage of her. To be sure, she took precedence of Lady Markham whenever they met, and walked triumphantly out of the room before her; but she could not but be aware that in most other ways the baronet's wife had the best of it. The Chase had been in the Markham family for generations, whereas Westland Towers was painfully new; and to come to still more intimate particulars, Paul Markham was a young man of distinction, whereas George Westland, though an honourable, was nothing but an overgrown school-boy. Ada, indeed, was quite as handsome, perhaps handsomer, than Alice, and much cleverer: but she did not receive the same attention. Ada was withal rather a difficult young woman, who gave her parents a great deal of trouble. She took a pleasure in running her talk to the very edge of evil, and made every kind of daring revelation about herself and her family, putting her mother's secret intentions into large type and publishing them abroad. She liked to see the flutter of semi-horror, semi-incredulity with which her bold sayings were received. She liked to shock people; but perhaps, at the same time, she made a shrewd calculation that, when she published what seemed to be to her own disadvantage, nobody would believe her. This, however, was not so successful an expedient

as appeared. When she said that Paul had been expected to throw his handkerchief at her, nobody took it for an impertinent volley of extravagance on her part. It was vain that she involved Dolly in it. In the very faces of her auditors Ada saw the truth reflected back to her; and thus, though she would not have hesitated to marry the heir of the Markhams, she could not excuse the family for what they brought upon her. Lord Westland was not a man to feel the stings which hurt his wife and daughter. He was protected by a much higher opinion of himself; but even he felt a certain annoyance with "my friend Markham," who was listened to more respectfully, and looked up to with much more trust than he. Lord Westland took this as an instance of the folly and stupidity of country people, but yet he felt it in his heart.

Thus the one family was to the other what Mordecai was to Haman. Lady Westland kept her ears always open to hear anything to the disadvantage of the Markhams. Paul's youthful vagaries, and even the little scrapes which Harry and Roland got into at school she seized upon with eagerness. She was as much interested in chronicling these misdeeds as if they had been so many items to her advantage; but, notwithstanding everything, the Markhams always came off the best. George Westland got into more scrapes at school than all of them put together; and now that he had come home, and had finished his education, what must he do, this heir to a peerage, this only son of so rich and important a house, but go sighing and gaping after Dolly Stainforth, who was no more than the parson's daughter? His mother and sister were driven almost wild by the mere suspicion of this. And not only was it day by day more evidently true, but it even became apparent to them that George for once had reached a point from which he would neither be bullied nor frightened. He let

them say whatever they pleased, but he took his own way.

What Dolly thought of this has been already seen. Dolly, who was angry at her brother's defection and sadly wounded by the failure of the Markhams, resented George Westland's presence more than she did the absence of the others, and turned her back upon him, rejecting his services. She treated him with absolute contumely, impatient of his very look. Why is it that the wrong person will always present himself in such cases? Why, when a girl's fancy is caught by one youth, will another attach himself to her side, and devote himself to her service, to have all the little carelessnesses of the other resented upon him? Dolly had not a word to say to young Westland. She would have liked to have pushed him aside out of her way; and Paul perhaps had not given one thought to Dolly since they danced together at the children's balls at the Chase, while he was still a school-boy. Thus the threads in the shuttle of life mix themselves up and get all woven the wrong way.

The Trevors were happily beyond the reach of all tremors of this kind. The old admiral lived a kind of mummy life, swathed in flannels against the rheumatism, and in bandages against the gout, with his food weighed out to him, and his wine measured by the too-scrupulous care of his daughter, whose life was spent in guarding him against cold and indigestion and excitement. Miss Trevor, the eldest, though she was deaf, always heard and understood what he said; but Miss Matilda, the second, never understood her dear papa, and had constantly to have his commands repeated to her. Between her parish work, in which she was assiduous, and her dear papa, this good soul's existence was full. She was very humble-minded, and anxious to please everybody, but yet she was constantly giving offence to Mrs. Booth, whom she sometimes passed in the road, and sometimes brushed against at the church door, without

seeing. Thus her inoffensive life was diversified by a succession of little quarrels, wholly unintentional, and which the poor lady could not understand. But these were the only palpitations in her calm existence; and her sister was free even from such agitation. She gave herself up to the housekeeping, and to reading the newspapers, which she did every morning, from beginning to end, specially dwelling upon all the naval debates and letters about the construction of ships. To give the admiral his "nourishment" at the proper time, to see that the carriage came round exactly at the right moment, to regulate the length of the drive to a moment, this was "a woman's work," and absorbed the admiral's daughter in all the rigidity of routine. Thus life went on—as if it would never end.

As this history is for once to dwell in the highest circles, and deal only with people who may be called county people, and were of the highest importance in the district, it is scarcely necessary to speak of the smaller gentry. There were one or two small proprietors who farmed their own land, or who had so little land that it was scarcely worth farming, who lived about the skirts of the parish, and scarcely counted among its aristocracy. Some of these were so much nearer other parish churches that they did not even come to church at Markham Royal. Sir William Markham owned almost the whole of the parish. He had widened out his borders year by year during the long time he had held the property, and swallowed up various decaying houses of old squires. Such a little villa as Rosebank could not make any claim to be considered among the very smallest proprietors, and it was more to her devotion to the church than to anything else that Mrs. Booth owed her social elevation. She was very good in the parish. She and her niece visited the poor assiduously, and were familiar every-day

visitors at the rectory, and so insensibly saw themselves received everywhere. They were the agents of almost every scheme of social improvement, always ready to act for the greater ladies, who had less time to spare, and content to pick up the crumbs of society from these great folks' tables. Though they were quite insignificant in themselves they were in the midst of everything, and not unimportant members of the society which admitted them on sufferance, yet ended by being somewhat dependent upon them. If ever Miss Trevor enjoyed a holiday from her close attendance on her father, it was when Mrs. Booth had the carriage sent for her before luncheon and came to spend the day, with her dinner-dress and her cap in a little box. She could manage to guess at what the admiral meant, and she would play at backgammon with him, or read the newspapers, while Jane Trevor rested her weary soul in her own room, writing a detailed report to her aurist, or putting a few new verses into a

book with a Bramah lock, which held the confidences of her life. It was Miss Booth who was the most popular of the two at Westland Towers, where Ada liked to have a hanger-on. But in the rectory they were both in their element—more familiar, and constantly interfering with Dolly, whom they both were very fond of, and whom they worried considerably. Rosebank had a balance and pendant in Elderbower, where lived an Indian officer and his family; but the Elders were a large family very much occupied with each other, with the cares of education, and making both ends meet; and consequently they took little part in what was going on, and need not be counted at all.

This was the circle which encompassed the Markhams like a chorus, like the ring of spectators which is always found encircling combatants in all classes. In this arena, round which were ranged all the bystanders, was about to be enacted the drama of their family life.

To be continued.

ON THE ART OF SKETCHING FROM NATURE IN WATER COLOURS.¹

THE art of sketching directly from nature in water colours has, until recent years, belonged almost exclusively to England, and we associate with it such well-known names as Cox, De Wint, Müller, and Cotman, whose best works may be said to partake more of the character of out-door studies, *possessing a certain completeness*, than of finished pictures.² The distinction between *completeness* and *finish* emphasises what I am going to say in my lecture.

To paint what I call a complete sketch, it is necessary to catch nature, as it were, and reproduce her in one particular mood. This is by no means an easy task in a changeable climate like ours, and requires both dexterity and rapidity—qualities so obviously necessary, that even Professor Ruskin, who has written so usefully about careful work and finish, now says (in his *Laws of Fesolé*) that “good painting can only be acquired by rapid and various practice from nature.”

It will be my endeavour to explain how rapidity of execution can best be attained.

It is reported of Fuseli, the R.A., that in reply to some question as to his mode of painting he said: “First I sits myself down—then I works myself up—then I throws in my shades—then I pulls out my lights.” I propose for the introductory part of my lecture to make use of these quaint utterances of the eccentric Academician.

¹ A Lecture delivered at the London Institution in December, 1879.

² There are some capital examples of both kinds of art in the present Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition, where the sketchy bold work of some Dutch artists is brought into striking contrast with the elaborate finish of some of our English water colours.

First, with regard to sitting down. I wish to impress upon those who paint out of doors how necessary it is to be comfortably seated, and to have all their appliances in what is called “ship-shape” round about them; any mishap, such as upsetting a water-bottle, or losing brushes in the grass, may prove serious in working upon a changing cloud or fleeting shadow. The new four-legged stools are very much more comfortable than those with three legs, and capital easels of all kinds and sizes are now made. Except for small drawings, some kind of easel is indispensable; and I generally use a second camp-stool to hold my box and water, finding that I can paint more rapidly and earnestly with both hands free. Believe me that you will find painting quite difficult enough without making it more difficult by a want of comfort. I once discovered a young lady on the small balcony at the very top of St. Peter’s, leaning against the rails with her box and dip at her feet, trying to paint a general view of Rome upon a loose bit of paper! It is the lady artists more especially who try to paint out of doors without any of the necessary appliances, to the detriment both of their painting and their health. I don’t think that any of the writers on painting, not excepting Mr. Hamerton, have said half enough on this subject. Let amateurs who discard comfort take a lesson from a professional painter like Millais who, when he is going to paint a landscape, does not hesitate to have a house built, with a plate-glass window and a fireplace.

Of course there are some who will reply to all this, “Oh, I can do well enough;” but I am addressing myself to those who want to do more than well enough.

Obtain if possible chairs or anything you want from a neighbouring house, and get your things carried if you have far to go. Hire a carriage if you are not a good walker. It is useless trying to paint if you arrive at your destination hot and tired; and don't sit too long at one drawing;—a period of two hours and a half or three hours is quite sufficient for one sitting. Of course in sunshine you must have an umbrella, unless you have already chosen a shady place.

Secondly. In regard to working oneself up, I think it will be admitted that the student is more likely to excel if he is pleased with his subject (perhaps I ought to say “she” with so many ladies present). The true artist ought to feel some sort of excitement or enthusiasm when looking at a beautiful scene, and as this feeling is not likely to exist when looking at an ugly or commonplace subject, I say—leave it alone. You should read in Sir Joshua Reynolds's wonderful lectures his strictures upon those artists who devote time and talent to unworthy subjects. As to the very important question of choosing subjects, I shall have something to say as we go on.

Thirdly. With reference to throwing in the shades, you will readily understand what an important part of painting this is. It may be said of all parts of a picture that they ought not to look painted; but it may be said emphatically of shadows. Remember that shadows are caused by the absence of direct light, and that a shadow on the ground or on trees represents a part of the landscape as it would appear without direct sunlight. This will prevent you from making your shadows too black or dark—a very common fault. I have been speaking chiefly of surface shadows, not darkness produced by hollows or projections. These are different, and you should observe when painting rocks or cliffs, that in every hole or crack the shade will be full of reflected light from the ground and near objects—

especially if the day is sunny—and all the upper edges will have cold bluish lights from the sky above.

Tennyson describes a cave thus illuminated—

“The green light from the meadows
underneath
Struck up and lived along the milky
roofs.”¹

In the afternoon and at sunrise, when the sun's light passes through a medium which absorbs the blue rays, and the lights on the earth become warm, the shadows may be cool, but generally, and certainly in broad daylight, the shadows are warm. (I will try to explain presently about warm and cold colours.) The distant shadows on hills and cliffs often appear to be more blue than they really are, especially to beginners. Rose madder, light red, or vermilion will neutralise the blue, and even a little yellow may at times be necessary; but the greatest care must be taken to preserve an even surface in shadows—ragged shadows will spoil any drawing.

What makes near surface shadows often appear so very distinct is not that they are especially dark, but that they are in strong contrast with the surrounding light. To get this contrast I think the shadows must be painted as transparently as possible, and a small amount of body colour may be mixed with the lights. Take, for example, a road or path with the sun shining down upon it and upon groups of animals and figures; the transparent shadows may be made to “tell” in a very decided way by using a *soupeçon* of white in painting the sunny roadway. Except in this way I scarcely ever use any body colour.

In regard to *lights*, I may mention that in water-colour painting there are three, or I may say four, ways of rendering lights, called technically—“leaving out,” “rubbing out,” “scraping,” and “putting on with body

¹ Here the lecturer exhibited a diagram and several pictures to explain the marked effect of reflected light in shadows.

colour." These methods are quite distinct, and the adoption of any particular one makes it necessary to use particular paper. Paper that is absorbing, like Harding's, takes body colour readily, but won't stand scraping out, so I generally use "*thin rough Whatman*," which, when it is pasted down upon a strained piece of paper, or cardboard, will stand anything. Most artists keep their sketches and paint pictures from them, but I think it is advisable now and then to convert a sketch from nature (perhaps one larger than your usual size) into a finished picture. You will find that you work more systematically and carefully if you have this end in view, and you should make separate studies to aid you in carrying out any particular idea. I think it is easier to scrape out a small light than to leave it, or you can leave it partially and then get the part into shape by scraping, and you can easily get any scraped part smooth and even by *stippling*.

This brings me to a process which all students ought to practise. By the aid of stippling you can get evenness and flatness, and also distance, finish, and texture. You can imitate smoke or foam, rough wood or stone. There is fine stippling as well as coarse, and *hatching*, a still coarser process. The finer stippling is done by filling up with rather a dry brush every light speck or inequality, and modifying every dark mark until the whole surface looks even and uniform. Any background done in this way will make objects which are left or erased stand out very plainly. Rubbing and taking out may be done softly with leather and more roughly with rags; and of course india-rubber, and bread, will take out any part of the colour which has been wetted.

I think it is very important to have plenty of rags—nice old soft rags—and never to use them after they are soiled. Bear in mind that both lights and darks tell more if carefully graduated. Model drawing will teach you much in this way. Mr. Ruskin describes

how Turner used to drive the wet colour to the edge of a dark or light, although he was not given to many dodges. Keep your lights clean and tone them down gradually. A small amount of bright paint used with much water is often more valuable than a large quantity of dull colour. Thus vermilion and bright yellows may be used (sparingly, of course) even for skies of the palest hue.

I will now say a few words about "glazing," or putting one colour over another instead of mixing them. We will suppose you want to produce a very bright violet; you will find that you can only do this by glazing the blue over the lake when dry. If you mix the two first, the violet will not be nearly so luminous and bright. I believe it was discovered by the great masters of the Venetian School that this system of glazing was important, not only to secure brilliancy, but to ensure permanence; chemical changes are apt to take place if colours are too much mixed.

I don't deny that it is much more difficult to obtain a given tint by glazing several colours over each other than by mixing them first and getting the tint on the paper at once; but practice makes perfect, and I believe that a sketch from nature will often lack freshness and brilliancy if all glazing is ignored. Let us apply the system to fields or distant sunny slopes, or masses of trees in sunshine. What I mean is that you ought not to paint them positive green all at once. It is better to put the green, which by itself does not convey the idea of sunshine, over warm colours.

I may give another example—some cold coloured stones, or buildings, or let us take a *slate roof*. If you try to match the colour at once, you will not get it to look nearly so sunny as if you paint first with pink and yellow, and then glaze with blue or gray, adding a *soupeçon* of white paint.

As we possess warm, and cold, transparent, and opaque colours, I say we should use them in the way most

likely to aid the artifice of painting. I do not agree with the theory that shadows and lights should be painted in exactly the same way. On the contrary, I think the student should try to vary his methods, just in the same way that an engraver uses dots, lines, and irregular work, to imitate flesh, drapery, or foliage.

I agree with Mr. Ruskin that placing transparent and opaque colours in juxtaposition should not be carried too far, so as to become a mannerism or a trick; still I think all students should bear in mind that *variety of treatment is the direct means of securing variety of effects.*

Perhaps it is as well that I should try to explain by a simple example what is meant by warm and cold colours or tints. Look at a plant in a window from inside a room; you will quickly observe that there is a marked contrast between the leaves *through which the sun shines, and those upon which the light strikes.* To represent the former, which are warm, I think you must generally have recourse to glazing, because the leaves, although green, look positively hot as compared to those upon which the light shines. You can get this warm appearance by glazing green over orange or yellow.¹

Remember that light shining through any semi-transparent object is warm. This accounts for the salmon colours, and even red, below cold clouds, and bottle green in the most frigid of waves; try even thin marble of the coldest hue, and the effect is the same, because, as my friend Mr. Norman Lockyer observes, in his interesting notes in *Nature* on the Academy pictures, semi-transparent objects absorb the blue rays.

I ought to mention that a warm colour may become cold if you put a hotter colour next to it. Colour

¹ The lecturer held up some semi-transparent papers in front of a lamp to show that they looked warm when the light was shining through them, and cold with the light upon them—an experiment that any one can try by holding up the covers of this magazine against the light.

must always be relative as compared to form.

To the uninitiated, a field may appear all one uniform green, a heathery moor all pinky violet; but these are only the surfaces; look closely and underneath you will find plenty of warm yellow, and brown. Every tuft, every sprig of heath is a miniature plant in the window.

I will now say a few words about *tones.* Nothing is more puzzling to beginners than to determine between two very opposite colours as to which is the darkest *in tone*, or, to use a long word *monochromatically.* Instead of merely observing whether a thing is brown, or green, or blue, you should acquire the habit of judging whether it is warm, or cold, and *what is its tone* in relation to objects near.

This is of so much importance to secure the *completeness* or *truth*, of which I spoke at the beginning of my lecture, that you should try for a few seconds to look at nature with the eyes of an engraver, who has to copy a coloured picture without colours. The use of slightly gray spectacles will help you to do this. I use them also to keep off the glare of the white paper when I am first drawing my subject. One of the most serious mistakes made in reference to tone, is that of making a dark red setting sun darker than the sky through which it shines. It is quite possible, however, to have such a sun darker in tone than clouds situated higher in the sky above the dark atmosphere, through which the sun is shining.

You cannot have a better study of tones, than snow-covered ground (especially in the evening) or our beautiful white chalk cliffs. The tone of these, especially if in half shade against the sky, is difficult to paint. Indeed if you can do this correctly I think you don't want to learn any more about *tones*; but if you study the cliffs—and I may mention that it is very important to make a careful study of all objects before you attempt to paint them—you will notice that every pro-

jection has several faces which take different shades with different reflected lights from all sides. You will also observe that all holes or hollow places are full of warm reflected light from below, which, if not painted correctly, will prevent the cliffs from looking white. Don't try to paint the cliffs white all at once, but get the general warm colouring first, and then the angles which reflect the cold gray or bluish colour from the sky. Body colour white is peculiarly adapted to the colder parts as it is actually of a chalky nature, but very little of it is sufficient.

I am now going to approach a somewhat alarming subject, namely, *perspective*, but instead of telling you what you can read in any treatise on the subject, and taking you through those awful problems and journeys from A B C through the point K to D E F, and puzzling you with a multitude of lines, I propose to show you a simple rule—a carpenter's rule, with which you can measure correctly any angle required and trace it on to your paper. My folding rules are made by Kemp and Co., No. 9, Holden Terrace, Victoria Station; but any folding rule held up to the angles of a room or house will show you at once how easy it is to reproduce the object in perspective. A drawing done in this way may be tested by the ordinary rules and will be found to be absolutely correct. Of course there are other measurements that must be done by other methods, but the angles formed by lines converging to a point of sight are the most important.

As to measuring, I am pleased to find that our great art critic now permits us to measure as much as we like.

I think even tracing may be done if it will help to secure correct drawing. It was only by tracing one side after getting the other as correct as possible, that I was able to draw those exquisitely-formed domes near Cairo, called the tombs of the califs. It is by thus *halving* any equal-sided figure you can get it correct.

Let us now discuss what we should select to paint.

The most important thing is to select subjects which have what the Italians call a "*motivo*." Some feature which attracts the attention, some marked light or dark, something that will give special interest to your drawing. Without this the most praiseworthy sketch may be tame and uninteresting. Sometimes the motive may be twofold. Try to make your drawing tell a story. A ray of sun, a shadow, or shower, or a rainbow may appear opportunely. To do these you must be rapid, so take care that your apparatus is complete and simple. Sun, wind, and rain may prove awkward customers, and as to *midges*—without a veil they will crush you! With Mr. Fenn's permission I will read you an extract from his delightful book *Blind Man's Holiday*, written since the artist became blind :—

"Only think of those awful midges. It is impossible to forget them, and yet the thought is maddening. The irrepressible, the insignificant, the infusorial point-like atoms! What can I say that will describe the monstrous torture to which they subject the landscape painter? He may light fires of peat all round him, he may smoke himself silly, or scratch himself raw; he may oil himself like a salad, or bedevil himself like a kidney with all sorts of antidotes; he may put on a mask of gauze and become a ghostly terror to the children, but he cannot defy the sting of the outrageous midge. You slaughter him by myriads; you swallow him if you eat; you drink him if you drink; you paint him into your picture, until, rushing madly about like an infuriated bull, you spike yourself on your own camp-stool, knock down your easel, and strangle yourself with a tent-rope."

To escape from the midges we will rush into water. In painting masses of trees or other objects reflected in water, what the poet Keats describes as

"A crystal mocking of the trees and sky," you will find that two or three brushes ready charged with different colours will enable you to paint the variegated

downward streaks quickly, and with the blended effect they have in nature.

I think that slightly troubled water may, like almost everything else, be painted on a system, or with the knowledge of some system. If you watch a large surface of undulating waves, not caused by direct wind, you will observe that they have the appearance of hundreds of irregular diamonds or ovals, and after studying these carefully you will observe that the hollows and sides reflect separately the different objects above or opposite to them. Cliffs, trees, and clouds will all be reflected, downwards, in broken streaks through these diamond-shaped hollows or oval basins.

It may sound like a paradox, but I maintain that a picture, and certainly a sketch, may *not* be an exact imitation of a scene in nature viewed from one spot, and may yet convey to the spectator a better idea of the place than a drawing done literally, or a photograph. In painting a coast scene at Kildonan in Arran, I had to move a few yards to get rid of a mass of sea-weed which would have spoilt my picture. This dark sea-weed was an accident, but the sand was a characteristic of the whole sea-shore. An artist has this great advantage over a photographer that he can give effect to peculiar features. Sir Edwin Landseer may be quoted as the greatest example of an artist who knew exactly what to leave out.

I will now say a few words as to *washing and softening*.

If you find that you must take out an object which you have painted in rather strongly, use a small Turkey sponge¹ and blot off the colour with rags. For subduing or softening, large brushes are best, and a hog's hair brush is invaluable for some kinds of work. If you want to get a large sky even and soft, it is a good plan to lay your drawing flat and work over the sky with plenty of water. By thus keeping the drawing in a horizontal position you can get wonderful softness

and gradation even on rough paper. Smooth paper has its advantages, but colours certainly look more brilliant upon the thin rough Whatman paper. Some writers say that painting should be done all at once, and condemn what they call "messaging," but I am quite sure that many of the cleanest looking drawings by some of our best artists have gone through more than one messy stage. Of course if you get a thing right it is better to leave it alone, at all events leave it until the rest of your work makes it look wrong. When a drawing has a hard and dry appearance you may treat it like a dirty child, and give it a bath, but this requires experience, and it is better to try your hand upon some old sketches first.

Not only in painting, but in everything, I think knowledge is best acquired by *actual experiments*. Don't mind a few failures, they will teach you quite as much as successes. By degrees you will acquire more and more certainty, until at last *you will know what you are going to do*. This is a sign of real advance. Never object to criticism. I have found even the remarks of children useful. Self-satisfaction is detrimental to good work. Remember that perfection is not to be attained in art—the greatest artist is always learning, and never reaches the goal towards which all his efforts are directed.

Learn to rely upon yourself. Sir Joshua Reynolds was asked by a student, going to Italy, what he ought to observe and study, and found himself greatly puzzled to answer. What he did say may be summed up as follows:—"If you have no talent or genius, it does not matter what you select or study. If you have talent or genius, you will find out for yourself."

The same great painter says in his *Discourses* (which I advise those to read who have not read them); that the rules of art are few and easily learnt; but nature is too infinitely various, too subtle, and beyond the power and retention of memory.

¹ These can be got at any chemist's.

You should therefore constantly study nature, and accumulate facts, never forgetting that all good art depends upon a subtle choice of what is most beautiful, interesting, or necessary to the work in hand. The power of selecting, and the knowledge of what is beautiful, are not easily acquired. My late sister, Mrs. Newton, who was endowed with genius and refinement, said of portrait-painting that it ought to be the "truth lovingly told." The remark applies equally to landscape-painting. As it is impossible to make an exact imitation of nature, you must discriminate. If you doubt what I say about the impossibility of copying nature exactly, I will ask you to consider for a moment what millions of small objects go to make up a landscape. Think of the grass and the flowers, the fern and heather, the trees with their innumerable leaves and branches—the earth and stones, cliffs and hills, with countless cracks and hollows all subject to different lights and shades! or if you are a marine painter, consider the millions of waves spreading over the ocean!

Will any one venture to say that a picture can represent *all* that we see? Well, as this is not possible, we must revert to the choice, to the discriminating sense of the painter. If, for instance, we try to copy *all* the markings upon a stone in sunshine, we lose the broad effect of light. Mr. Ruskin says, "In order that colour may be right, some markings necessary to express form must be omitted."

Good painting, and more especially sketching from nature, consist in generalising by short and simple methods. If you have not the rare gift of preserving the majesty and poetry of nature without rendering minutely all details and facts—if you are not a Turner or a Constable, rest satisfied with the amount of art used by Millais, Vicat Cole, and Brett, whose pictures bear the stamp of nature more conspicuously than that of art; but always remember that "art is nature passed through the alembic of man;"

or, as Bacon remarks, "*Homo additus naturæ.*"

No one can say that Turner's pictures are literally like nature. You will find curious inaccuracies, and apparent untruths, but all are done with a purpose, and the work as a whole conveys the idea which he meant to convey. All painting is an artifice,—a deception. Objects of all shapes must be made to look real upon a flat surface. Any one who can paint at all can execute individual parts, but to keep those parts in proper relation to each other, to make a picture, requires a broad comprehensive grasp, which denotes genius more surely than any other quality.

It may be said that no two artists see nature in the same way. Take four of our best men—De Wint, Cox, Turner, and Müller—utterly different from each other in style, and yet each truthful according to his lights. Look at the sombre unostentatious De Wint, and then at the pale, delicate, lively Turner. Compare these with a truthful simple Müller, or a daylighty Cox, so bright as to stand splashes of positive blue rubbed on the sky with a cake of paint! Can anything be apparently more different, and yet all are excellent, all are like nature. They must therefore have *something* in common. What is it? That is indeed the question! Shall we call it a higher kind of truth which exists in all good art (in poetry, sculpture, and music more especially), or shall we call it harmony or oneness? I cannot say, for I think it is indefinable; but I venture to repeat that this mysterious completeness, this adjustment of the whole, may exist in a sketch from nature even more than in a finished picture.

In conclusion, let me again advise you to lose no opportunity of observing nature. Whether you are walking, whether you are boating, or whether you are travelling by rail, look at all things worthy of notice, and study them. You may have before you a hundred miles of sea, or a few ox-eye daisies,

or a splendid mountain. Whatever it is, observe closely how the lights and shadows fall ; make notes of colours ; fill lots of sketch books ; and if you can't find a kindred spirit to go with you, *go alone*. Others may feel solitary, but the student of art ought not to know what it means. Truly may it be said of him or her, "Never less alone than when alone."

The following diagram shows a convenient arrangement of colours for landscape-painting. In doing rapid work out-of-doors, colours must be so arranged as to allow for accidental mixing. The hard cakes mentioned are those which are apt to run in a moist state. When colours get dry and hard, soak them and replenish out of tubes, otherwise you will wear out the points of your best brushes. For rapid sketching, thin

rough Whatman, properly stretched upon a board, is as good as any other paper. It should be strained over the edge of a board (not on the face), and glue should be used if the paper is required for immediate use, or strips of cardboard or tape may be tacked on round the edge of the board. In this way several sheets may be strained on the same board. Block books are better for drawing than for painting. Sketch books which fold in two are useful, and I have a large pocket made in the back of my coat to hold them. For large drawings, a light frame, with folding-up legs, is what I use ; my umbrella has a curtain which is very quickly fixed on, and by a simple contrivance the central stick is got to one side, out of the way of the sitter and easel.

WALTER SEVERN.

NOTE AS TO COLOURS AND APPARATUS.

Vandyke Brown.	Neutral Tint.	Crimson Lake.	Cobalt.	Cyanine.	Light Red.	Yellow Ochre.	Burnt Sienna.	Yellow Ochre.	Aureolin.
		Indigo.		Madder Brown.	Emerald Green.		Raw Sienna.	Cadmium.	Indian Yellow.
Half Cakes loose in the Box									
Vermilion Rose Madder Gamboge.					Tube of Chinese White.				

THE PENAL SERVITUDE COMMISSION.¹

It is easy to surmise the reasons which moved the Crown, on the advice of the Home Secretary, to nominate a Commission to inquire into the working of the Penal Servitude Acts,—in other words, to examine the law and its administration in regard to convicts. Periodical inspection and criticism from without are the best antidote to the rust of routine in executive departments. And if penal establishments, which necessarily cannot always be open to the public gaze, would escape the mistrust which even partial secrecy is apt to evoke, they should welcome an occasional scrutiny by persons whose reputations are accepted vouchers for soundness and independence of judgment. A further argument for inquiry was supplied in the present instance by the transfer of the management of borough and county gaols from local authorities to the central Government. When considerable changes were being effected in the local gaols, the propriety of extending investigation to the convict prisons, where the greatest criminals expiate their offences, could hardly be open to question. But notwithstanding the sufficiency of such reasons for the issue of the Royal Commission, it would be vain to disguise its close connection with the proceedings in Parliament of some Irish members whose names are associated with the “policy of exasperation.” Importance and persistence avail much in parliamentary government. And so long as any Irish political offenders remained captive in the convict prisons, complaints of their treatment were well-nigh incessant. Resolutions were brought forward, and speeches made by Mr. Parnell and Mr. O'Connor

Power which challenged a vindication of the discipline applied to convicts. The former gentleman had expressly moved for the issue of a Royal Commission to inquire into the subject: and Mr. Cross throughout showed himself readier to concede than to refuse inquiry. His first intention apparently was to have an inspection of the convict prisons conducted by departmental commissioners, whom he had already appointed to regulate local gaols. But, better advised, on second thoughts he called into existence the more independent and authoritative body over which Lord Kimberley presided.

When this Commission, which presented its report towards the close of the last session, commenced its labours early in 1878, fifteen years had elapsed since a similar examination of the same subject. In 1863 the operation of the Penal Servitude Acts had been inquired into by another Royal Commission. Offspring, as it were, of the alarm into which the public were thrown by the still remembered epidemic of garotte robberies, the Commission of 1863 breathed the spirit of the hour of its birth; and its report was responsive to the cry for increased severity in the treatment of criminals. Finding the dread of penal servitude as then carried out to be an insufficient restraint upon the criminal classes, those Commissioners recommended the infliction of longer sentences, a more stringent discipline within the prison walls, closer supervision of the convicts at large on license or “ticket-of-leave,” and above all, transportation to Western Australia. This last proposal was rendered impracticable by the loud protests with which it was received by the principal Australian colonies. But a different and a better fate awaited the other suggestions of the

¹ *Penal Servitude Acts Commission. Report of the Commissioners, appointed to inquire into the working of the Penal Servitude Acts, 1879.*

Commissioners. As, indeed, they were in a large measure the authors of our existing system of penal servitude, their report naturally served as a point of departure for the inquiries of the Commission of 1878. And it is matter for congratulation that the latter body have been able to report that in their belief a sentence of penal servitude is now generally dreaded by the criminal population, and that they ascribe the result to improvements introduced since 1863, such as longer sentences, sparer diet, and a more strict enforcement of work and discipline.

Some surprise and certainly additional satisfaction are excited by this statement, if we reflect that the change which all desired came to pass in spite of the enforced sacrifice of transportation—the keystone of the policy of the Commission of 1863. “I was a strong advocate for transportation in the old days,” says the Chief Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, “and I certainly anticipated that when you let loose all these convicts in this country, very serious results would follow; but I must say I have been most agreeably disappointed.” And he adds that, notwithstanding an enormous increase of population, the diminution and final cessation of transportation were contemporaneous with a sustained decrease of crime. A penal system is only one, and, perhaps, not the greatest among the manifold influences which govern the ebb and flow of crime. But statistics of crime may fairly be cited as witnesses to character, when our own present system is brought to the bar of judgment; and credit is due to those who are charged with its administration, for having devised other adequate means for the restraint of criminals in the place of transportation, which was generally believed to be the best weapon in the armoury of penal discipline.

The late Commissioners seem to have spared no pains to make their inquiry complete. Both Great Britain and Ireland were included in their survey; and their report covers the whole field

of convict discipline. Two stout octavo volumes are filled with the evidence of the seventy witnesses whom they examined. In this array of witnesses there were prison officers of almost every grade, police officers of high authority, two very eminent judges, and some gentlemen whose experience as magistrates, or whose connection with Prisoners’ Aid Societies or other philanthropic agencies, had led them to study penal law and the idiosyncracies of criminals. There were also seven persons who had themselves undergone sentences of penal servitude, including the author of *Five Years Penal Servitude*, and the writer of an able and thoughtful article on “Our Present Convict System,” which appeared in the April number of the *Westminster Review* for 1878. And these were not the only sources of information to which the Commissioners had recourse. They were careful, moreover, in their visits to the principal convict prisons to interrogate prisoners as to their general treatment.

If the Commission of 1863 owed its existence to a widespread mistrust of the efficacy of the then established system as an engine of terror to criminals, the same cannot be said of its successor. No such condition of public feeling existed in 1878. Nevertheless, certain points had been indicated in which the system was thought to be susceptible of improvement. We may mention especially the protection of novices in crime from further contamination by associates of more advanced proficiency in the craft, and the separation of political offenders from the general body of prisoners, as reforms which had been pressed upon public attention.

The latter of these measures had been urged in Parliament. During the session of 1877 Mr. Parnell moved that prisoners convicted of treason-felony, sedition, or seditious libel, should be treated as misdemeanants of the first class. And in view of what has since happened, we may assume that Mr. Parnell and the little

group of "irreconcilables" around him, regard their action on this question as crowned with substantial results. A power to treat cases of sedition or seditious libel in the manner proposed, was expressly provided by the Prisons Act, 1877; and the Royal Commissioners have now unanimously recommended that prisoners convicted of treason-felony should be confined apart from other convicts. The considerations by which they were led to this conclusion are briefly stated. They do not inquire whether there be justice or policy in enhancing the penalties attached to treason by addition of the pain which men of education and refinement (and political offenders often are that) must suffer from close association with criminals of the lowest types. Nor do they touch upon the embittered irritation which such treatment of them invariably excites among their friends and partisans, and the consequent persistency of the efforts which the latter make, by fair means and foul, to secure the release of the captive martyrs. But they are content to rest their recommendation upon the ground that serious inconveniences have been found in practice to flow from the location of political prisoners in the midst of ordinary convicts. As a matter of fact, the Fenian convicts were treated differently from the rest at Portland and elsewhere; and the chairman of the directors of convict prisons explains why it was so. "There was so much sympathy," says Sir Edmund Du Cane, "expressed for them by people outside, that the officers were almost demoralised with regard to them; they were afraid; they did not know what they might be liable to." Relaxations of discipline denied to others were tacitly conceded to the Fenians; and the natural consequences of such indulgence were much jealousy and discontent among the other inmates of the prison. To avert these evils, which of course may be expected to recur in similar circumstances, the Commissioners have made the suggestion now

under our notice. That it will be distasteful to some, both within and without the walls of Parliament, is more than probable. With recollections of what some of the Fenians were still fresh in our memories, it would be strange if the proposal were at once and unanimously assented to. But the position taken by the Commissioners is a practical rather than a sentimental one. It is fortified also by the concurrence of the two first authorities on convict discipline, Sir Walter Crofton and Sir Edmund Du Cane. The latter indeed goes so far as to apprehend that the mixture of men whose offences in the eyes of many are either venial or actually laudable, with others whose crimes are universally reprobated, may tend to dilute the disgrace which should wait upon all crime. If the apprehension be well founded, it would be difficult to exaggerate the weight which should be attached to it.

The Commissioners discuss more fully in their report the other subject on which they were expected to pronounce an opinion; viz., the opportunities which prison life affords for contamination of young and "casual" offenders (as they may be termed) by inveterate criminals, and the steps which should be taken to check the mischief. To render the question more intelligible to general readers, we must here premise that a sentence of penal servitude includes three stages—(1) a period of separate confinement; (2) a period on "public works;" and (3) a period at large, on license or "ticket of leave," if remission of any part of the sentence be earned by good conduct and industry. In the first stage, which lasts nine months, the convict eats, sleeps, works, and takes his exercise in silence and solitude, holding communication with none but the prison officers who visit him in his cell. In the second and longest stage (which covers the residue of his time in prison) he continues to sleep and have his meals alone in his cell, but his daily task of labour is done in

a gang or "party," and, until quite recently, his hours of exercise on Sundays were also spent in association. It is, of course, during the second stage that the contamination is said to take place; and all the witnesses are agreed that the association at exercise was a fertile source of pernicious influences. The directors of convict prisons, therefore, lately introduced the practice of exercise in single file, and, so far as it has yet been tried, the results of the new arrangement are reported to be satisfactory. There remains, however, the alleged contamination of associated labour. Convicts being strictly forbidden to hold any communication with one another during their hours of labour, except such as may be absolutely necessary for the work in which they are jointly engaged, the official witnesses are, for the most part, hardly prepared to admit that contamination to any appreciable degree is possible in those hours. But the witnesses who have themselves endured penal servitude affirm that, in fact, the vigilance of the warders is constantly eluded, and communications of a very objectionable kind are carried on by the prisoners in the midst of their work. The judgment of the Commission inclines to the latter rather than to the official view.

The existence of the evil therefore being admitted, the Commissioners proceed to examine the remedies which have been put before them. These remedies are the substitution (especially in regard to "casual" criminals) of long sentences of separate imprisonment for the present sentences of penal servitude, and the classification of convicts in the stage of associated labour.

Unable to deny that there is a limit to the time for which separate imprisonment can be borne without a decline of mental and bodily health, or that many heinous crimes are perpetrated even by "casual" offenders for which the longest practicable sentence of separate imprisonment would be an inadequate penalty, the stoutest opponent of the

system of associated labour scarcely ventures to contend that it could be wholly dispensed with. Some of its advantages are indisputable. Without it the profitable employment of convicts on great public works (such as the breakwater at Portland or the docks at Chatham) would be impossible. Without it the valuable industrial training which such works place within the reach of prisoners would be lost. And if the task be not excessive, or the diet insufficient, work in the open air is obviously healthier for most men than daily labour in a solitary cell prolonged through years. But admitting the force of these pleas for the continuance of associated labour, the advocates of separate imprisonment argue that there are many now undergoing sentences of penal servitude, with the attendant ills of a long separation from their families and of association with confirmed criminals, whose offences would have been adequately punished, and whose reformation of character would have been more probable, had they been sentenced to terms of separate imprisonment. The cases contemplated are those of men more or less educated and of respectable antecedents, who have committed a single crime, such as embezzlement or forgery. "Short and sharp" sentences, it is said, are the proper treatment for these men. As might have been expected, this view is upheld by the writers of the article in the *Westminster Review* and of *Five Years Penal Servitude*. They naturally saw penal servitude most clearly from their own stand-point. The sting of its pains and penalties to educated men has been acutely felt by them. But, after all, the criminals of a better station in life are happily only a small minority in the general mass of convicts, and a penal system must be adjusted to the requirements of average criminals. A claim for anything like exceptional treatment on the part of the former would be of very doubtful validity. Their suffering under punishment may be keener, but their guilt is also greater

than that of the ignorant criminal. In the apportionment of sentences to crimes assuredly no regard could be paid to social antecedents without the risk of inducing the lower orders to believe that the law is a respecter of classes—a worse public evil than even the possible deterioration of some convicts in prison.

In our perusal of the evidence of the witnesses who ask for “short and sharp” sentences, we have failed to discover where the additional sharpness which should accompany the shortening of sentences is to come from. Particulars are wanting on this point. To shorten sentences without a corresponding increase of severity in prison discipline would be merely to attenuate the penalties at present attached to specific crimes. We must, however, add that although these witnesses do not explain how they propose to secure more sharpness in the punishment, they are prepared for the adoption of longer sentences of separate imprisonment than can now be inflicted. They contemplate a term of three or four years separate imprisonment as an alternative sentence to five years penal servitude. But seeing that nine months of strict separation has been found by experience at Pentonville to be as much as convicts can safely bear at the commencement of their servitude, and that in ordinary sentences to imprisonment in local gaols (which may extend to two years) more than eighteen months is seldom inflicted, it is plain that separate confinement for three or four years could be made compatible with the health of prisoners only by relaxations of discipline of a kind to soften the gloom and isolation of their imprisonment. In other words, the sharpness of the punishment would have to be materially diminished rather than augmented.

There is yet another consideration which apparently had a large share in guiding the Commissioners to the conclusion that they could not recommend “so vital a change in our present system” as the introduction of these

sentences to three or four years imprisonment would be. In their opinion the length of a sentence is the main element of its deterrent property; and they believe penal servitude to be invested with a greater awe than ordinary imprisonment in the eyes of the criminal population. To sustain this wholesome dread of the former punishment, they think it “most important that there should be a marked difference between the length of the shortest sentence of penal servitude and the longest sentence of imprisonment.” To introduce sentences of three or four years would be to sacrifice the advantage which the Commissioners value so highly. It would efface the present palpable distinction between imprisonment and penal servitude, and by making the transition from the one to the other very gradual, would “whittle” away the terrors of the punishment which the law reserves for heinous offences and confirmed habits of crime.

Putting aside, therefore, the proposed alteration of sentences, the Commissioners turn to consider whether the evil of contamination can be removed by any classification of convicts in the stage of associated labour. Among the modes suggested is a classification according to crimes; but if the grouping of convicts were determined by the nature of their offences, the casual and the habitual criminal would constantly be included in the same group, and thus the very purpose of the scheme would be defeated. Others would allow the antecedents of prisoners to regulate their classification. A third and obvious mode is a classification governed by the character and daily conduct of prisoners during imprisonment, and this arrangement bears on its face the semblance of justice and convenience. But, unfortunately, behaviour in prison is a most defective test of genuine depravity. The habitual criminal—the man against whose name there is a long record of previous convictions—is generally well behaved in the convict prison.

Frequently indeed he is quite exemplary in his obedience to disciplinary regulations. From past experience he has learnt the folly of "kicking against the pricks," and he quietly settles at once into his place. In prison phrase he "knows his way about." His docility and his familiarity with every detail of the daily routine make him a useful, handy man to the warders, with whom he is careful to live on good terms. He runs, in short, along the groove of work and discipline without friction. But such a man as this is often a malefactor past redemption, versed in all the arts of villany; and a worse comrade could not be found for comparatively innocent criminals with whom he might be brought into close contact, if conduct were made the link of association.

Recognising all these difficulties, and doubtless convinced that no plan of classification will be accepted by the convicts themselves as just, or fail to give rise to charges of favouritism, unless it be constructed on simple and intelligible lines, the Commission recommend only the formation into a distinct class of those prisoners against whom no previous conviction of any kind is known to have been recorded. And they state two conditions which they regard as indispensable to the successful working of their principle. They require that the treatment of this separate class should be the same in all respects as that of other convicts, and that the directors of convict prisons should have full power to remove prisoners from it whenever they think proper. "Besides those" (say the Commissioners) "whose removal might be necessary on account of their misconduct in prison, or who were found to be actually exercising a pernicious influence on their companions—prisoners who have committed certain crimes, although not known to have been previously convicted—would be obviously unfit to be placed in such a class." They are confident that contamination can be kept within narrow limits by this scheme; but they add

that, if upon trial it should belie their expectations, the question of punishing first offences with long sentences of separate imprisonment rather than with penal servitude will again deserve consideration.

Before quitting the subject of the length and nature of sentences, we should observe that the attention of the Commission was also directed to the policy and working of minimum terms of penal servitude. By the law (as it stood during their inquiry) no sentence of penal servitude could be for less than five years, and in a case where there had been a previous conviction of felony seven years was the shortest term allowed; if the judge thought proper to inflict penal servitude. The former provision was warmly approved by the Commissioners, but it was otherwise with the minimum term of seven years after a previous conviction of felony. They were told by Mr. Justice Lush, when they examined him as a witness, that in the unanimous judgment of the members of the Criminal Code Commission the "enactment injuriously hampers the discretion of the judge." And this authoritative witness added: "Everybody that I have heard of is of opinion that the seven years minimum is too high, that it is very injurious, and that many sentences of imprisonment which are felt to be inadequate are passed in order to avoid that which would be an excess." So strong a declaration coming from such a quarter was held by the Commissioners to be conclusive, and they accordingly recommended the repeal of this provision of the law. The recommendation has been promptly acted upon. The report of the Commission was not in the hands of members of Parliament until the last days of July; nevertheless, in the midst of the scramble of business which marks the dying hours of a session, the seven years' minimum was done away with by a short Act, which came into operation on the 1st of September last.

One other amendment of the law

was effected by this same Act. The Commission ascertained from the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police that, owing to an apparently slight omission in its terms, the clause in the Prevention of Crimes Act, 1871, which required convicts on license to report themselves at stated periods to the police, had practically become a dead letter in the metropolitan district. It being clear that, while so serious a flaw remained in the statute, there could be no fair trial of the efficacy of the system of police supervision, the Commission urged that the Legislature should be induced without delay to remove the defect. This, as we have said, has already been done.

So much interest, often more or less sympathetic, is wont to be excited by narratives of personal experiences in captivity, that most readers of the Blue Books, which are the subject of our notice, would probably turn first to the evidence of the witnesses who had themselves drunk of the cup of penal servitude. All but one of them seem to have been of the casual criminal class, and to have been well-conducted men in prison. Six of them tell of English, and one of Irish, convict prisons. The last draws a dark sketch of the convict system in Ireland; he alleges the existence of gross abuses, and his description of the warders, as a body, is far from favourable. Some indeed in his picture are worse rogues than many over whom they exercise authority. But the statements of this witness strike us as being coloured with a vein of rhetorical exaggeration; and his worst charges are flatly contradicted by the chief warden of Mountjoy prison, of whom the accuser himself speaks as the very model of what a prison officer ought to be. More valuable probably, because more dispassionate, is the evidence of another Irish witness, Michael Davitt, who had undergone penal servitude as a treason-felony convict at Dartmoor and other English prisons. What he states wears

the appearance of a desire to be accurate, but a not unnatural tinge of bitterness, plainly traceable to one cause, pervades his representations. He complains of various annoyances, and these he ascribed in his own mind to the prejudice of the officers against him as a Fenian. But these accidents of his treatment were, in truth, the outcome of the exceptional vigilance required for the safe custody of the Fenian convicts. Plots to effect their escape were known to be rife; and the credit of the officers was at stake in defeating them. That the ceaseless watchfulness with which they were guarded could be other than irksome and irritating to the prisoners themselves, was scarcely possible. But, in the main, the evidence of the ex-convict witnesses is free from resentment towards those in whose charge they had paid the penalty of their crimes. Much of their testimony is most creditable to prison officers; and their complaints are for the most part of matters which they regard as defects in the system rather than of individual wrongs.

To this general description of their evidence there is, however, one marked exception. A certain Henry Harcourt, who had suffered two sentences of penal servitude, amounting together to twelve years, was examined by the Commissioners. His statements are the solitary "sensational" element in Blue Books which are elsewhere rather dry and prosaic reading. He has little good and much evil to say of the authorities under whom he served his sentences; and the special object of his denunciation is the medical officer of Portland prison. The story of his wrongs is a lengthy recital. Attempts at suicide, punishments and tortures,—bread and water diet, flogging, burning with a red-hot instrument, and an iron bed of torture,—with an invariable accompaniment of jeers and insults, figure in these pages of the evidence as copiously as in a melodramatic tale of captivity in the Middle Ages. Painted by himself, Harcourt was a victim

of gross injustice and oppression. Painted by the officers who had charge of him, he was about as ill-conducted and intractable a prisoner as ever they had the misfortune to deal with. One point of contention between him and the authorities lay at the root of the interminable punishments which he suffered. While he persistently refused to work on the plea of physical inability, they maintained that his alleged ailments were a sham,—that he was, in short, an obstinate malingerer. Hence arose a long-sustained struggle between Harcourt and the medical officer. The Commissioners do not seem to have been quite satisfied that the judgment and discretion of this officer (whom they also examined) were never at fault in his treatment of Harcourt. But the case was confessedly a difficult one; and an anecdote related by the governor of Dartmoor prison pointedly shows how much reason medical officers have to be on their guard against the patient ingenuity of malingerers. A convict was lately discharged from Dartmoor before his time on the ground of complete paralysis and failing health. A warder accompanied him to his destination at Manchester, and left him with his friends. The next morning the warder met the convict walking with a jaunty air, his hat on one side, and swinging a stick about. "You have recovered very quickly," said the warder; and the convict replied, "There is nothing the matter with me, and never was; I can walk as well as you can."

Whether Harcourt was a malingerer or not, he suffered what is admitted by the medical officer to have been "a tremendous quantity" of bread and water punishment. This officer is confident that he never would have sanctioned it, unless the man had been strong enough to bear it. But Harcourt's case, and some others which came before them, led the Commissioners to think that narrower limits might advantageously be put

upon the power of governors to inflict successive periods of bread and water diet. None of the medical witnesses express satisfaction with this mode of punishment. If used too much, it is said to defeat its own object, and to multiply offences by prolonging the irritable, nervous mood in which self-control is weak, and prisoners fruitlessly struggle against the pressure of discipline. As, however, the punishment cannot seemingly be dispensed with for want of a better substitute, strict limitations can alone insure its salutary use.

Upon the whole, the Commissioners find little to blame or to alter in the punishments inflicted for prison offences. The vexed question of corporal punishment meets with brief notice from them. They do not believe that flogging is resorted to oftener than is necessary for the maintenance of authority over the worst convicts; and they regard its use, when thus applied, as wholesome. This conclusion is supported by the evidence which they took upon the subject. Instructed by their own observations in penal servitude, the writer in the *Westminster Review* and the author of *Five Years Penal Servitude* both affirm that among criminals there are some natures which nothing but the terror of bodily pain can touch, and that the retention of flogging is therefore indispensable. Both, too, advise that the *quantum* of flogging should be administered in instalments, the last instalment being deferred till the eve of release from prison, in order that the sufferer may return to freedom with a vivid remembrance of the only influence which is likely to restrain him from a relapse into crime. This advice, however, is not repeated by the Commissioners, who probably agreed with Lord Justice Bramwell in thinking that to keep floggings long suspended over a man's head might be deemed to be a refinement of cruelty which the public would not tolerate.

"*Quid leges sine moribus?*" And

no regulations, however complete and well-considered, can secure good results from a penal system, unless there be efficiency in the agents who work it. It is gratifying, therefore, to learn that the Commissioners judge the warders to be a deserving body of men who, as a rule, satisfactorily discharge irksome and difficult duties. Knowing how often they must be provoked, and designedly provoked, by troublesome prisoners, it would be too much to expect that they should never be betrayed into acts of transient heat and temper. Cases of unnecessary roughness rather than of intentional violence on their part were brought to the notice of the Commission. And in all, or almost all, these cases, the convicts roughly handled were men described in prison slang as "balmy," that is, partially imbecile and standing on the border land between sanity and insanity. A type of prisoners more difficult to manage does not exist. The irritability of their temperament, and the facility with which they suffer themselves to be made a catspaw by artful associates, render them a ceaseless source of provocations, and a stumbling-block to discipline. So special is the treatment they require that the Commissioners recommend that they should be located apart from convicts of entirely sound mind, and that officers selected for intelligence and command of temper should be set over them.

A worse fault, however, than occasional roughness is "trafficking," or the clandestine supply to prisoners by warders of tobacco and other prohibited articles, the warders of course being heavily bribed by the prisoners' friends outside. Sir E. Du Cane says that the practice is "one of the standing difficulties in managing a prison." It may be true, as he adds, that comparatively few warders are guilty of it, but a single culprit, or even a single act of trafficking may work much mischief in a prison. One bit of tobacco thus conveyed to a prisoner may be doled out by him to his comrades in

tiny fragments, and each fragment, if discovered, insures the punishment of its possessor. The guilty warder meantime knows his own safety to lie at the mercy of the convicts who are privy to his offence, and his impartiality and his authority are alike inevitably gone. The harm too that trafficking may do even beyond the prison walls is illustrated by a case which the governor of Portland prison narrates. A poor woman travelled from the north to Portland to visit her convict son, having sold even her wedding ring to enable her to undertake the journey. It then came to the knowledge of the governor that she had often been applied to for money on the plea that it would be spent in the purchase of food and comforts for her imprisoned son. To meet these demands, she had parted with all she possessed; but none of the proceeds of her self-sacrifice ever reached the convict. All had been intercepted by the warder. It is unwelcome to add that the governor's endeavours to detect this wretch proved unavailing. The difficulty of such detection is freely admitted; and in the hope of at least partially removing it the Commissioners propose that the governors of prisons should be invested with a power to require warders suspected of trafficking to submit to a personal search.

The limits of our space forbid us to follow the Commission upon all the lines of their comprehensive survey. The general tenor of their observations is applicable both to Great Britain and to Ireland. But the regulations and the circumstances of the penal systems of the two kingdoms, though similar, are not altogether the same. There was a time when the Irish organisation was reputed to be superior to the British. Of late years, however, the latter has appeared to be the more efficient; and the Commissioners lay their finger on the causes of this change. The deterioration of the Irish arrangements may be attributed, in their judgment, to (1) an impolitic reduction of the

supervising staff of the convict prisons to a single director, whose mass of routine work allowed him no time to devise and execute improvements, and (2) to the extremely defective construction of the public works prison at Spike Island, which excludes the possibility of proper discipline among the convicts there. Naturally, therefore, they strongly recommend that the convicts shall be removed with all speed from Spike Island to a better constructed prison, and that at least two directors should be charged with the management of the convict prisons.

Lest our silence respecting female convicts should lead to an inference that they were excluded from the inquiries of the Commission, it is worth while to state that their treatment was carefully examined. In the absence of suggestions specially affecting them, we may conclude that the Commissioners were satisfied with the arrangements of the female convict prisons. But such proposals as a classification of prisoners obviously apply to the criminals of both sexes.

As the Commission were a small body, it is well that the weight of their counsels was not diminished by differences of opinion among themselves. They reported with rare unanimity. Upon a single point only did one of their number dissent from his colleagues. But the point is too important to be omitted from notice. Mr. Parnell had moved in Parliament that facilities should be provided for the independent inspection of convict establishments. The consideration of the question could not therefore be overlooked by the Commission. The majority of them eventually came to the conclusion that a valuable safeguard against the silent growth of abuses would be set up, and public confidence in the penal system be

strengthened, if means were taken to secure a periodical inspection of the convict prisons "by persons appointed by the Government, but unpaid and unconnected with the prisons department." Sir Edmund Du Cane regards such arrangements as the establishment of a dual government of the convict prisons, and his objections to it are stated with much force. A weakening of the hands of discipline, diminished responsibility, and, perhaps, disloyalty among the subordinate staff, are the mischiefs which he contemplates as the natural consequences of divided authority, and these views are fully shared by one of the Commissioners, Dr. Guy. Doubtless many others will be of the same opinion. But here again the wishes of Mr. Parnell have been destined to prevail, for at the close of the late session the Home Secretary pledged himself to act upon the recommendation of the Commission.

The reader will have gathered from this brief review of their long report that, upon the whole, it is of a conservative character. Finding the system free from serious abuses, they have been ready to let well alone. Satisfied that penal servitude has attained its primary object of being a terror to evil-doers, they have been wisely reluctant to alter the grim outline of the form which it presents to the criminal population. Where it seemed to be weak on the side of reformatory influences they have suggested amendments. Had the changes they proposed been more sweeping, they might have failed to secure unanimity among themselves, and there would have been the less readiness to accept their advice. That their labours have already begun to bear fruit may be attributed in great part to the general moderation of their counsels.

STANZAS ON SHELLEY.

OH, not like ours that life was born,
 No mortal mother Shelley knew,
 But kindled by some starry morn
 Lit like a snow-flake from the blue;
 Saw on some peak the lightnings gleam,
 The lingering soft auroras play;
 Then foamlike on a leaping stream
 Sped downwards to the earthly day.

So keen a wish had winged his flight—
 His heart was faint with such desire—
 To bear from that supernal light
 A Promethèan fount of fire:
 His quivering thyrsus flashed with flame,
 He sang the spell long learnt above;
 With ardent eyes one only name
 He named; the mountains echoed "Love!"

But ah! for men no healing wrought
 That spell, that spirit's angel bloom:
 Close, close about him frowned and fought
 Their words of anger, looks of gloom:
 Gloomed overhead the iron reign
 Of stifling custom, hates that kill,
 From Earth's dark places sighed in vain
 Her old immedicable ill.

"And yet methinks one soul might know
 The bliss unknown, the tale untold!
 One heart might melt in mine, and so
 For twain at least the age be gold!"
 He called;—and ah! what mortal maid
 Had heard unmoved that seraph tongue?
 What Daphne lingered in her shade
 When that unstained Apollo sung?

But oft in vain shall love be given
 When mighty spirits mourn alone;
 Too rarely, rarely falls from heaven
 A woman-heart to match their own:
 He saw his Vision smile in sleep,
 And close she seemed, and floated far;
 Life-long across life's darkling deep
 He chased that image of a star.

Yet, with an Orphic whisper blent,
A Spirit in the west-wind sighs;
Gaze from the conscious firmament
Some God's unfathomable eyes:
He saw, he felt them: "Thou be mine,
As I am thine, thou primal whole!
Ye elements, my life enshrine,
Enfold, entomb me, soul in soul!"

He called; they heard him; high in air
The impetuous Winds came whirling free;
Dashed on his brow, swept through his hair
Untamed caresses of the Sea;
The Fire up-leapt in ardent birth
To her thin substance his to win;
That heart of hearts the dædal Earth,
Her own unfolding, drew therein.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

WHERE DID EDWARD THE SECOND DIE?

It is perhaps cruel to visit old-established stories in history with a shade of doubt. It is still more cruel to those who possess well-authenticated relics of the past, when their treasures are treated as things of naught. Is the hideous story of Edward II.'s death in Berkeley Castle the mere invention of some fertile brain? and is his tomb in Gloucester Cathedral even more apocryphal than the story of his death? So it would appear from a letter in the archives of Herault, recently brought to light by M. Germain. This letter was not at first accredited, as the author was unknown, and his knowledge of English affairs was doubted. I will here give it in full, and will identify the writer of it, and his family, as having intimate connection with the court of England at that time, from annals of this old noble Genoese family.

The letter was written by Manuele Fieschi, papal notary at Avignon, to King Edward III. of England, and it runs as follows:—

“Thus let it be in the name of the Lord; what I have here written with my own hand, I have gathered from the confession of your father, and thus I have taken care that it should be notified to your lordship. In the first place your father said, that seeing England raised against him at the instigation of your mother, he fled from his family, seeking refuge at the Castle of Chepstow, belonging to the grand-marshal Earl of Norfolk; and at length becoming alarmed, he embarked with Hugh Le Despencer, with the Earl of Arundel, and some other lords, and landed at Glamorgan, where he was made a prisoner by Henry of Lancaster, together with the said Le Despencer and Master Robert of Baldok. Your father was thence conducted to Kenilworth, and his followers were sent to different places. Thus he lost the crown, at the petition of many. Subsequently at the coming feast of Candlemass you were crowned, and the prisoner was finally removed to Berkeley. But the servant who held him in custody, after the lapse of a little time, thus addressed him. ‘My lord, Sir Thomas Gournay, and Sir Simon Ebersford are coming here to slay you; if it is

pleasing to you, I will give you my clothes, that you may escape.’ In fact at nightfall your father in this disguise got out of prison, and arrived at the gate without meeting any resistance, and without being discovered. Finding there the porter asleep, your father forthwith killed him, and having possessed himself of the keys got out into the open country, free to go where he pleased. Then the knights, who had come to kill him, learning too late of his flight, and fearing the wrath of the queen and for their own lives, took counsel, and determined to put the corpse of the above-mentioned porter into a coffin and bury it in Gloucester, as if it had been the body of the king, first of all having cut out the heart; they took it and cunningly presented it to Isabella, as if it had been her husband's. Your father, however, when he got out of Berkeley Castle fled forthwith with a companion to the Castle of Corfe, where the keeper Thomas received him without the knowledge of his superior, who was John Maltravers, and there he remained concealed for the space of a year and a half. At length hearing how the Earl of Kent had been beheaded for having asserted that Edward II. was still amongst the living, your father and his companion, according to the wish and advice of Thomas, embarked on a ship and sailed for Ireland, where they lived nine months. At length, however, Edward, fearing to be recognised, dressed himself in a hermit's dress, passed through England thus disguised, and reached the port of Sandwich, and from thence crossed over to Sluys. After this he travelled through Normandy, and then through Langue doc until at length he reached Avignon, where, slipping a florin into the hands of a pontifical servant, he got a letter consigned to Pope John XXII. His Holiness having summoned Edward into his presence, secretly but honourably lodged him for fifteen days. At the expiration of this time, after various projects and plans he went to Paris, and from Paris to Brabant, and from Brabant to Cologne on a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Three Kings. On his return from Cologne he crossed through Germany, and thence into Lombardy. From Milan he went to a certain hermitage in that diocese where he remained two years and a half. At length when war broke out he removed into another hermitage in the Castle of Cecima,¹ belonging to the diocese of Paira, and there he remained in strict seclusion for about two years, living a life of

¹ Cecima was originally dependent on the Bishop of Paira, and was renowned for its strong position. It is now a commune in the Godiasco department.

penitence, and praying God for us, and all other sinners. Your devoted servant,

"MANUELE FIESCHI."

Everything is satisfactory in the appearance of this letter, which bears testimony to having been written at the time alluded to; but it is without date, and hence to substantiate the writer we must look elsewhere. Edmund, Earl of Kent, was brother of Edward II., and as likely as any one to be acquainted with the existence of his brother, if he really did exist. Now in a letter to the Pope written by Edward III., and preserved in Rymer, the king accuses the Earl of wishing to disturb the peace of the kingdom by proclaiming that his father, who had been dead three years, and at whose obsequies the said Earl was present, was still alive. Surely this is strong corroborative evidence in favour of the above letter and its disclosure. Kent suffered on the scaffold, 19th March, 1330.

How about Manuele Fieschi? how was he likely to be informed of English affairs, and why was he chosen as confidant of the exiled monarch? From the annals of the Fieschi family in Genoa we find that Manuele was in actual residence at Avignon in 1337, as papal notary, and that prior to this he had been holding a canonical benefice in the diocese of York. As additional testimony to this, I may state that he received from the Cardinal of Sadriano and Pietro Feliciani of Bologna, the necessary powers for burying his kinsman, the Cardinal Luca Fieschi, who died in Avignon in 1336, and was brought to Genoa by Manuele Fieschi, and whose tomb is still to be seen there.

Again, from the will of his brother, Count Gabriele Fieschi, signed Jan. 29, 1326, we learn that in addition to his canonry at York he held another rich one in the diocese of Arras. From other sources we learn that he became Bishop of Vercelli in 1343, and died in that see five years afterwards. Thus we have Manuele Fieschi

identified, not only as connected closely with England, but also as a man of note in the Church.

Concerning the close connection between the Fieschi family and the Plantagenet kings we have ample proof. For many years prior to this the Genoese had been on friendly commercial terms with England; they had warehouses and establishments in London, and on one occasion, when Hugh Le Despencer had seized a Genoese ship on the coast of Essex, the Republic sent Niccolino Fieschi, in 1336, to expostulate and to seek an indemnity. This ambassador was well received by the commerce-loving Edward III., and held in high esteem by him. The letter which the king penned to the Republic was full of expressions of friendship, and regret for the breach of treaty; an indemnity was sent, and Niccolino Fieschi was nominated special procurator and ambassador at the court of London on Oct. 16, 1336.

Thus would Manuele Fieschi in all probability have been previously personally acquainted with Edward II. in England. His kinsman would at the very time of the stated visit to Avignon be in London and in high favour with Edward III., and in addition to this we have the statement of Edmund Earl of Kent for which he paid the penalty on the scaffold.

It is pleasant to find good authority for rejecting the awful story of the red-hot iron which every child believes to have pierced the second Edward's vitals, and thus to have one more stain wiped off the pages of English annals. But it is unsatisfactory to be in doubt as to the last resting-place of this Plantagenet king. Even this may in time be cleared up by the long mouldering annals of some Lombard convent, and the bones of the unfortunate monarch may turn out to have been mingled amongst those of old Italian monks cast together in some long neglected charnel house.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE'S monument, like his life, is a fragment. Of the three volumes which were to have treated of the three stages of his career,—the gradual growth of his character and influence, his organisation of the Oxford diocese, his championship of orthodoxy against the gathering alarms of heresy—only one is completed, and the others were scarcely begun when the biographer died, almost as suddenly as the subject of his biography. It is scarcely likely that Bishop Wilberforce would have transformed his second diocese as completely as his first; and though the thirteen years between the fiasco of the opposition to the appointment of Hampden and the agitation against *Essays and Reviews* and *Colenso on the Pentateuch* were more important and more memorable years than the forty-two which went before, the forty-two are those of which this generation knows least, and is therefore most dependent upon the diligence of Canon Ashwell.

Unhappily a busy man who keeps a minute diary of his engagements lays a snare in the way of his biographer; it makes it possible to present him perfectly as a man of business, and in this way the man of business rather overshadows everything else. It is clear from his thoughtful introduction that Canon Ashwell quite appreciated the well-earned reputation of the "Bishop of Society;" but the reputation is not embalmed in his pages. We are able to measure the stages by which his social popularity and reputation rose, but we are left to tradition for his social character. We learn much more of what he thought of other people than of what other people (except Bishop Sumner of Winchester) thought of him; indeed Canon Ashwell gives hardly any contemporary notices of him after he had once

become famous, except a couple of extracts from the Earl of Carlisle's diary about his sermons, and some more instructive reminiscences from examining chaplains and archdeacons as to his methods as a bishop.

Samuel Wilberforce was one of the few exceptions to the rule that the sons of a great man are rather distinguished than great. Like the younger Pitt, he owed much to the training of his father; in the last sixteen years of his life, with failing health and failing eyesight, which often made it impossible to look at the paper, William Wilberforce wrote six hundred letters, all preserved and endorsed in manhood by the son whom he called his "lamb." It is not too much to say that it was his father's doing that he became a clergyman. The choice was important, for Cobden, when staying with him at Lavington, was persuaded that if he had entered parliament as a layman he must have been Prime Minister; and Lord Chelmsford the elder thought that if he had gone to the bar he must have been Lord Chancellor. And his father did more than decide his vocation; he educated his hereditary eloquence, training him to fix the main points of a subject in his mind, and then to speak on it without premeditating arrangement or language. He trained him too to a complete victory over the distraction which in his own life he had found so harassing; from the first he had the singular power of concentrating his thoughts and feelings, at a moment's notice, upon any subject that called for them. Even the keenness and readiness of his sympathies owed something to his father, whose letters at one time are full of exhortations to *active* kindness, as if the naturally sweet disposition might if unwatched have subsided into amiable selfishness. He

was, it seems, rather lazy under his different tutors, until roused to exertion in a way that made his father anxious. A fellow pupil, Henry Hoare, at the end of one half year, both carried off the prize and inflicted upon him an unlimited thrashing. Upon this Samuel Wilberforce made a resolution that he would never again suffer Hoare to beat him in an examination, and he took to working so systematically, and formed the habit of application so thoroughly, that he was never beaten again. Nor did Henry Hoare and he ever quarrel again; so the father need not have feared that "emulation" would interfere with charity; while the Bishop thought that he owed everything in life to his school-fellow. Although he was never at a public school, the public opinion of his classmates was too strong for home-training in another point: he could not bring himself to tell tales of his companions, although his father felt so strongly on the point as to warn him that such a sacrifice to "worldly honour" might lead straight to duelling. Another sign of independence is that he found the *Sun*, the only newspaper which his father regarded as quite safe, intolerably dull. Apparently the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle* were out of the question, and the *Statesman*, "edited, as you know, by that worst of varlets, Cobbett," was very objectionable, though less dangerous, as likely to disgust every well-regulated mind.

At Oxford he was emancipated from these restraints, though in deference to his father's often-repeated warnings he kept aloof from Sunday breakfast parties. He read steadily and rode moderately, and was one of the leading spirits of the infant Union. His second speech was in favour of a motion that it would have been justifiable to depose Charles I.; and all his speeches were on what would be called the Liberal side, with one significant exception—he approved of Lord North's conduct in the American War. He disliked restraint, but his dislike did not make him forget the

British Empire. He hastened to recant the liberalism of his undergraduate days as soon as he saw that popular passion menaced venerable institutions and respectable interests. A tour in 1827 opened his eyes to the persistent activity of the Revolution in France; in 1828 he regarded himself as a strong Tory, almost stronger than a clergyman ought to be, and he committed himself to the prophecy which, after fifty years, still waits fulfilment—that the Whigs would be effaced between the Tories and the Radicals. The "Church," it is true, was never more in danger than when the Test and Corporation Acts were repealed, and the agitation for the Reform Bill was gathering, while farmers had to pay uncommuted tithes at a time when the old poor-law was rapidly throwing land out of cultivation. Wilberforce would have been a staunch Churchman in any case, and he was better disposed to face opposition than to parry it. He had himself taken orders at the earliest age after his marriage, for his father wisely persuaded his father-in-law—the clerical squire of Lavington, the saintly biographer of Henry Martyn—that it would be better to allow a nine years' attachment to attain fruition at once, instead of waiting till the bridegroom was ordained to a curacy, at the risk of marring his spiritual preparation by natural human impatience.

From the first he was under the patronage of Bishop Sumner, his predecessor in the See of Winchester, a first cousin of his mother's and a debtor to his father's kindness. Sumner was for the period an energetic bishop; he insisted on two sermons a Sunday, and encouraged three, and, like William Wilberforce, he belonged to the Church wing of the Evangelical body, and was careful to keep himself uncommitted to Calvinism, against which his brother, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, indited an ingenious treatise. For ten years, at least, the influence of Bishop Sumner seems to have weighed more with

Samuel Wilberforce than any worldly consideration. His judgment counted for much in the refusal of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, and the conditional acceptance of Leeds; and in the more important question of the Tractarian movement, Wilberforce always referred instinctively to what the Bishop would think. Though he had reciprocated the affection of R. H. Froude, and exchanged distant courtesies with Newman, Wilberforce stood outside the "Oxford movement." Neither at Brighthelm, nor at Alverstoke, had he thought it his duty to have public prayers in his church twice a day, though he thought it a privilege to recite them himself; and used to tell young clergymen, who complained that they could not find time for evensong, that four o'clock was his time, and a cab a very good place.

The circumstance which throughout an otherwise prosperous life exposed him to evil tongues was, that being himself a zealous and pious Churchman, pure and simple, he was the contemporary of equally zealous and pious Churchmen, who had all manner of rubrical and patristical theories of Churchmanship. To the rubrical theories he simply sat loose, believing that rubrics were made for man: the patristic theories he distinctly repudiated. As soon as the "Oxford movement" declared itself as an *imperium in imperio* he protested; he insisted on regarding the "Tractarians" as a party. The distinction between a "school" and a "party" had not yet been invented, and if it had been, Wilberforce would have been slow to recognise it. He could not understand speculative agreement as a ground for common action. He was sincerely puzzled when Newman courteously dismissed him from the *British Critic* because he had preached against Dr. Pusey's theory of Sin after Baptism. He was not only puzzled but offended: Newman had been quite willing to recognise him as a fellow worker, "the land was wide enough for both." But Wilberforce thought the clergy ought

to avoid peculiarities of principle and welcome earnestness of all kinds impartially if it could accept the formularies. To Separatists he was implacable; he wrote to Hook in 1838 to know what was to be done with some Ranters who had invaded Brighthelm after his diligence had expelled the Wesleyans, who when he came were in possession of the regular afternoon service of the place, as the Anglicans were in possession of that in the morning. The Ranters were Arminians, and believed in "perfection"; "their apparent sanctity was considerable, their real self-complacency fatal." They only influenced the poorest and most ignorant, and many men more inflexible than Wilberforce would have been content in his place to let them do what they could, since they only reached those whom he failed to reach himself. But though he was in some ways liberal, and contented himself with the very minimum of conformity, few men have been more intolerant of anything like hindrance in his own work. Nothing seems to have lain nearer his heart when he was first appointed Bishop of Oxford than to instal Mr. Maurice in a canonry at Christchurch. He was a member of the Sterling Club himself, and does not seem to have been scandalised by any freedom of its members. But he was scandalised by the publication of Froude's *Remains*. In his life he had accepted him, as Keble and Newman did, as a man of genius, and when he died was touched by "the quietness and peace with which that mighty intellect left its tabernacle." "He was, I think, upon the whole possessed of the most original powers of thought of any man I have ever known intimately." His final judgment was strangely severe, "Henry Martyn with the Christianity left out." This final point he did not reach without wavering. At the end of 1837, before he had read the *Remains*, he feared they would do irreparable injury; the author seemed to "hate the Reformers." Three weeks later we find an entry in the diary—

"Read some of Jeremy Taylor, and Froude's *Remains in Review*. I shrink from the severe countenance of perfect devotion to God, despicably. . . . I wish earnestly that I more wished to be as a flame of fire in Thy service, passionless for earth and impassioned for Thee."

This is not the language of a born devotee, it is the language of a sincere believer, of a keenly sensitive nature, alive to every stimulus, and therefore to the stimulus of his creed. He complains of the difficulty of realising the unseen, and characteristically decides that it would be well to try the effect of so much fasting as could be practised without observation. This leaves the question of duty entirely open. Later on—when he met the Queen of the Belgians at Court in Lent—he wished that there were some rule about the matter. He was afraid that any appearance of clerical laxity would scandalise so strict a Catholic, and at the same time thought that any appearance of singularity on his own part would be wrong. He managed more satisfactorily about the Prince Consort's Sunday chess; here the conventional rule was clear, and he had only to appeal to it, though he did not believe in it, so that he could at once avoid joining the chess party, and vindicate the Prince, who was charitably anxious not to shock the British public by cards. Wilberforce had always been brought up to believe the liberal theory of Sunday which all the Reformers held, and he believed that the Sabbatarian theory did more harm than good, for though the strict observance was a gain to the naturally pious, it was a terrible snare to the conscience of the majority, especially of the poor. Still he thought it wrong to run the risk of scandal by proclaiming the theory he believed; it is remarkable that he always regarded Isaac Williams's tract on "Reserve in communicating Religious knowledge" as one of the gravest offences of the Oxford party.

In his early life, an uncharitable critic would have charged him rather

with want of humility than with want of simplicity. In 1837, at the meeting of a Church-building Society at Winchester, Lord Palmerston had taken a line which he considered inconsistent with true Churchmanship—speaking, as Wilberforce said at the time, to his dissenting constituents. Lord Palmerston was already a Cabinet minister, nearly twenty years older than Wilberforce, who was only the parson of Brighthelm; but Wilberforce attacked his remarks with an ability and an eloquence which quite carried away the meeting, and with a vehemence which caused some of those present to remonstrate with the Duke of Wellington, as chairman, for having allowed so young a clergyman to proceed unchecked. The Duke replied that it had occurred to him to interpose, but that on looking again at the speaker he felt sure that, had he done so, he would only have diverted upon himself the stream of his indignant eloquence; "and I assure you," he added, "that I would have faced a battery sooner." Some eight months later we have the following entries in his diary:—

"Nov. 3.—Wrote to Lord — fully about his taking God's name in vain.

"Nov. 4.—Lord — very cordially thanked me for letter.

"Nov. 7.—Lord — quite correct in his language, and very cordial."

Equally frank is a letter to a brilliant contemporary who had made the mistake of congratulating him on his comparative immunity from Tractarian error "in terms which would have been appropriate in an aged bishop writing to a youthful deacon." It was all no use; just as the imputation of romanising stuck to Newman when he was denouncing Rome with more fervour than charity, the imputation of tractarianising clung to Wilberforce however he might try to separate himself from the Tractarians. He and they were borne on a common current: the difference being that they understood something of the direction of the

current, and tried to keep in its centre ; while he, on the contrary, thought more of the landmarks on the bank ; he could never understand the exclusiveness of a principle. He was fond of the phrase which Newman satirised : "Evangelical truth and apostolical order ;" and found even Bishop Blomfield, though "decidedly the best preacher in his diocese," too "one-viewed" for him. Unluckily British Protestantism was as "one-viewed" as the Bishop of London ; and a man who was resolutely opposed to dissent and to latitudinarianism, and valued ceremonial and the externals of worship, was set down on the unpopular side, do what he would. He was a subject of the mythopœic faculty, which always revives with unexpected strength in times of popular excitement. Just as well-informed and otherwise intelligent persons knew that Dr. Pusey made a rule of sacrificing a lamb on Friday, they knew that the Bishop of Oxford had such a fearful temper that there used to be recesses in the passages and staircases of Cuddesdon where his children and servants could take refuge when they met him in one of his fits of Berserker fury. The Bishop heard the story himself as he was sitting writing letters in a railway carriage with his hat off, and put his head through the partition which divided the compartment to say that he was with the Bishop of Oxford as much as any man, and if he had such a fault he must have known it. The partition concealed his gaiters and apron, and he was not recognised ; and after closing the partition, he heard the first speaker whisper, "That is what all his friends say : none of them will admit it ; but I know it for a fact." A grave archdeacon was found to certify that the Bishop might be moderate enough now, but when he first opened his chapel at Cuddesdon he used to go in procession from the library to the chapel with an acolyte swinging a censer before him.

Some confidence might have been due to a supporter of the Jerusalem Bishopric, and the firm opponent of the Tractarian candidate for the poetry professorship ; to one who had been ready to vote for any censure on Ward, and almost any precaution against non-natural interpretation of the Articles, and was only induced by Mr. Gladstone's remonstrances to refrain from a direct censure of Tract 90. But, unfortunately, all the clergy, and almost all the University, except the heads of houses, had been unanimously scandalised at the Bampton Lectures of Dr. Hampden. That very "donnish" dignity had been stirred up by Blanco White to expound a theory which he did not quite understand, and which, so far as he understood, he was afraid to express quite plainly. What was in Blanco White's mind was the position that scholasticism, though it seemed effectually discredited, was the quintessence of orthodoxy, and that such orthodoxy as flourished in England was in the main an incoherent revival of scholasticism. Dr. Hampden was hazily of opinion that any one who could substitute "Biblical Theology" in the German sense for "Dogmatic Theology" would deserve the reputation of Bacon, as he would substitute an inductive method for a deductive one ; the isolated texts upon which he would preach being regarded as equivalent to facts ascertained by experiment. This in itself was enough to prove that Hampden was at worst a timid and tentative heresiarch. In fact, so far as he knew his own mind, Hampden seems to have held that the working belief of Protestant piety would be all the safer and more effective if disencumbered of all scholastic phraseology : he hardly distinguished between the fathers and the schoolmen, and talked of the scholasticism of the Nicene and the "Athanasian" Creeds. When he was appointed Regius Professor of Divinity an invidious catena of extracts from his lectures was drawn up by inquisitors

who did not understand the distinction between downright heresy and what was merely scandalous, rash, and offensive to pious ears. The University deprived him of such of the privileges of his place as it could: even half a dozen bishops gave it out that they required candidates for orders to attend the lectures of Lady Margaret's professor instead of his. When Lord John Russell appointed him Bishop of Hereford there was a general outcry. Thirteen bishops out of twenty-six signed a memorial against persevering with such an unpopular appointment. The Archbishop of Canterbury did not sign the protest, but declared he would rather go to the Tower than consecrate Dr. Hampden. The Bishop of London did sign it, "though sure that it would produce no effect but that which the north wind in the fable produced on the wayfaring man." The Bishop of Salisbury, who had required certificates of attendance at Dr. Hampden's lectures from Oxford candidates for ordination, signed with the rest. Lord John Russell decided, after five days' reflection, that as the Tractarians had no doubt been at the bottom of the opposition to Dr. Hampden, it would be strengthening the Protestant character of the Established Church to persevere in a very imprudent appointment. Here Wilberforce thought it would be hopeful to interpose. It was plain that Dr. Hampden was not really very heterodox, and he hoped that it would be possible to bring this to light in some way that would redound to the glory of orthodoxy, and to the salutary humiliation of the future bishop. Either Lord John Russell might promise, without withdrawing the nomination, that his nominee should be fairly tried for heresy, or at least he might exact the fullest explanations from him in such a form as to show that his lectures needed to be explained and apologised for. Dr. Hampden had given his measure: he had held his chair for eleven years in the teeth

of the severest censure the heads of houses would allow the University to pass: he had retracted nothing: he had given no fresh offence; he was very unlikely to humble himself in order to disarm opposition to his appointment. Of course Lord John Russell did not ask him to humble himself: Bishop Wilberforce did. He was the incumbent of Ewelme, and the Bishop, having this special relation to him, allowed a very ambiguous course of conduct to be suggested to him. He authorised a prosecution under the belief that it was a purely ministerial act, and then invited Dr. Hampden—whom he assumed to be anxious to clear himself—to explain that his objectionable expressions had been used without evil intention. Dr. Hampden repeated rather more stiffly the protestation of belief in the formulæ which he had made to the Premier. He condescended to allow Dr. Hawkins, the Provost of Oriel, to assure Bishop Wilberforce that his most questionable publication, a letter on the Admission of Dissenters to the Universities, was circulated without his sanction, and that he would see if he could improve the Bampton Lectures in a new edition. Meanwhile the Bishop made two discoveries—that it might be held that he had a discretion in authorising the prosecution, and that it was very doubtful if a pending prosecution would stay the confirmation of Dr. Hampden's election. Moreover, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was too old to be resolute, was anxious that the prosecution should be dropped. Under the circumstances, Bishop Wilberforce decided to read the Bampton Lectures through; he refreshed his impression that the extracts of 1836 had been unfairly made, and he stopped the prosecution. But he covered his retreat quite disinterestedly by an elaborate correspondence with Dr. Hampden and Dr. Hawkins, in which he tried to fix the former to larger concessions than he had made. The High Church party felt

they had been betrayed ; the Court never forgave what looked like an attempt to disguise an unsuccessful attack upon the Crown's right to nominate, by an unsuccessful game of brag with the nominee ; and yet the Bishop had acted throughout in good faith, desiring to do his best to minimise an undoubted scandal, having made up his mind that he sacrificed all chances of promotion by signing the protest against the appointment.

He noticed the withdrawal of Court favour, which was aggravated by persistent rumours that he had stopped the prosecution on a hint from Court ; but he was not discouraged ; and looked upon the check in his temporal prosperity as only a call to increased devotion to the spiritual work of his office. It was especially in purely spiritual functions, Ordination and Confirmation, that he produced the deepest impression : those who were ordained by him thought that no one else could understand him or do him justice. But the public knew him rather as an organiser, and, if one may say so, agitator ; he was always stirring people up. The old idea of a bishop was that he supplied the regulating power of his diocese ; if greatly gifted, like Bishop Thirlwall, he might be a guiding power, not only to his diocese, but to the Church at large. The originality of Bishop Wilberforce was that he undertook to supply the motive power as well. As early as 1830, when he was nothing but rector of Brighthelm, he gave a specimen of his quality in a two months' tour through Devonshire and Cornwall on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The Bishop of Exeter "screamed" at the idea of having to listen to the same speaker for two months, and was surprised at the end of the time to have been edified and instructed, and to have escaped any approach to repetition. The speaker not only astonished the natives at the time, but left a permanent impression behind : the two counties still contribute something

like the income of a second-rate squire to the maintenance of missionaries who make no converts. From the first Wilberforce was zealous in the cause of missionary bishops. The first true missionary bishop sent out was Bishop Mackenzie ; but we have to thank Wilberforce's energy for the really edifying spectacle of scores of clergy who, being men of mark at home, leave their parishes, their comforts, and their prospects, to maintain and extend the cosmopolitan organisation of Anglican Episcopacy. They are sent forth with honour to divide their time between long journeys in countries without roads or inns, and keeping elementary schools for settlers and savages. They are received with weariness when they come every four or five years to beg for men and money. When they come back for good, after sacrificing twelve or fifteen of the best years of their life, they are received with something like contempt. It cannot be helped, though the Irish in the days of St. Patrick solved the problem when they made all the saints of the first order bishops alike ; but it would be too revolutionary to make every missionary (who could hardly get a curacy, much less a parish at home) a bishop with full power to ordain his own catechists.

Bishop Wilberforce was more successful in organising at home. He gave a great impulse to all the agencies for making alms do the work of taxes, and never seems to have been the least troubled by a suspicion that there was rather a disproportionate expenditure of force in getting up the steam ; that pauperism, for instance, was provided for more completely and with less friction than education. He was happily inspired in starting the fashion of theological colleges, which serve to bridge the interval between the degree and ordination, and enable men to whom the clerical tone is unfamiliar to acquire it. When he was still Archdeacon of Surrey he had written to his brother Robert to deprecate any attempt at

the revival of ecclesiastical discipline, though he seems to have thought that excommunication, "reduced to the simplest form, declaring who was or was not in communion with the Church," was innocuous enough to be retained. But little as he believed in diocesan courts he had great faith in rural deans; from the first he believed in voluntary organisation, and thought it the great want of the Church of England. The clergy, when he began public life, were still a collection of independent individuals, united so far as they were united by a common training and by the traditions of a common historical position. His ideal was a body at once more plastic and more homogeneous, applying themselves rapidly to every new social need, and brought continually closer to the same standard of professional decorum and efficiency by dint of zealous and incessant supervision. Within this body there was to be no separation—there are two admirable letters to a High Church clergyman who had denounced his neighbour as an heretic for denying baptismal regeneration, and to the Low Church clergyman who gave the offence. Both of course are rebuked, but the censor is rebuked much the most severely. In the same spirit he wrote to his brother Henry, imploring him to bear with the curate in charge at East Farleigh, who had been denouncing Puseyism with a vigour that certainly reflected upon the new incumbent. Anything was better than to divide the parish. When a scandal could not be suppressed Bishop Wilberforce was always prepared to thunder against it; for even if he knew that the thunder would spend itself in the air, he knew also that the air would be cleared by the thunder.

He was always willing to accept the teaching of events. In 1843 he had remarked on the Church praying for fine weather, while the Dissenters were holding meetings in support of the repeal of the corn laws; in 1841 he had been disgusted by the tardy bid of the Whigs for free-trade support,

although at Oriel he held that "Corn-Law Amendment" was a "privilege" which the lower classes might justly claim to share. When Sir Robert Peel declared for the repeal of the corn laws he supported him in the House of Lords, while he opposed the repeal of the differential duties upon slave-grown sugar. He must have felt strongly upon the former subject, for Prince Albert, who wrote him a very curious letter on the duties of a bishop in the House of Lords, named corn laws and free trade as subjects on which a Bishop ought not to speak. "The interests of humanity" were not concerned, it seems, in cheap bread, though they justified speaking on such questions as negro emancipation and the regulation of factory labour. As a guardian of public morality it was for a Bishop to protest when the State was carried into questionable courses in home or foreign affairs either by expediency or profit, and "to admonish the public even against its predominant feeling—reproving, for instance, the recklessness of railway projectors" at a time when Hudson and the rest were regarded as beneficent magicians.

It was not the Bishop's way to be severe upon classes, except indeed dissenters, heretics, and at one time radicals; but his judgment upon individuals was astonishingly severe, and quite unqualified by self-distrust. He repeatedly recognises the superior holiness of Newman and Pusey, without a suspicion that their judgment upon religious questions might therefore be better than his. The only one of the Oxford leaders who seems to have escaped his censure was Keble, and him he opposed. Even Hook, with whom he very nearly agreed, is suspected of interested change of opinion on the Jerusalem bishopric; Arnold is judged with curious severity, considering that Wilberforce admired Bunsen without reserve; after the Hampden affair he was convinced of the great incompetence of Lord John Russell; Peel fares a little better, but

not so well as Croker, who struck him at Alverstoke by the kindness of his judgments upon public men. Lord John Manners, in 1847, "seems quite what Coningsby paints him, and I hope and believe a great deal more and better than poor Disraeli will easily paint." But the one of his contemporaries whom he most admired was Mr. Gladstone, whose elevation he foresaw as far back as 1838. It is curious that even then Mr. Gladstone, "looking to the state as such, and to those who belong to it as citizens," was unable to discern resources bearing a just proportion to new dangers and necessities.

But if Wilberforce judged himself severely he judged others no less so. He was never satisfied with the effect of his first speeches, either at public meetings or in the House of Lords, perhaps because he prepared for his first appearance more elaborately, and in the preparation excited himself with expectations which it was impossible to satisfy. And in his diary he repeatedly accuses himself, not only of worldliness and ambition, but of indolence and covetousness, faults which no one else, however malicious, would have thought of detecting. He was from the first one of the busiest and most generous of men. He believed that the clergy of a rich country ought to be richly endowed, and that any sacrifices they made should be purely voluntary. He certainly practised what he preached: during the five years that he held the rich living of Alverstoke he gave away more than two-thirds of the income, so that he might with a very good conscience obey his bishop, who thought it a plain duty to retain the living with the Deanery of Westminster. At Oxford it was the same. He attended to every appeal for help, however unlikely it might be to prove well-founded; once, when the applicant had no sort of claim upon him, he was in a violent hurry to meet an engagement, but even then he turned at once at the word charity.

Canon Ashwell's readers are not likely to adopt his impression of the need and extent of the change which he thinks was the fruit of the great sorrow of Wilberforce's life. Before his wife's death he had been a zealous and prosperous clergyman; after her death he became a zealous and prosperous bishop. In 1861, twenty years after his loss, he wrote on the anniversary of her death, "Oh, if my sins had not forced the enduring chastisement of this day, my life had been too bright for earth." His life was bright still, and as work accumulated upon him his diligence rose to grapple with it, till he could dictate six or seven letters at once.

It raises our admiration for this joyous unresting activity, that all the while the wound of love bled inwardly. We could have spared a good deal of the self-reproof and self-analysis and severe resolutions natural to a serious man under a crushing sorrow, especially as, to judge from later utterances, Bishop Wilberforce did not exactly share his biographer's opinion of their efficacy. But we are all debtors for the new glimpses which Canon Ashwell has given us of the unfailing, unforgetting tenderness, now revealed for the first time in the letters and diaries, and partly anticipated in the exquisite *Vision* published soon after the Bishop's death, which we gladly reprint.

LAVINGTON, FEB. 10, 1849.

I sat within my glad home, and round
about me played
Four children in their merriment, and
happy noises made;
Beside me sate their mother in her love-
liness and light,
I ne'er saw any like her, save in some
vision bright.

It was in life's young morning that our
hearts together grew,
Beneath its sparkling sunlight, and in its
steeping dew;
And the sorrows and the joys of a twelve-
years' changeful life
Had drawn more closely to me my own,
my blessed wife.

Then at our door One knocked, and we rose
to let Him in,
For the night was wild and stormy, and to
turn Him thence were sin :
With a "Peace be to this household," His
shelterers He blest,
And sat Him down amongst us like some
expected guest.

The children's noise was hushed, the
mother softly spoke,
And my inmost spirit thrilled with the
thoughts which in me woke ;
For it seemed like other days within my
memory stored,
Like Mamre's tented plain, or Emmaus'
evening board.

His form was veiled from us, His mantle
was not raised,
But we felt that eyes of tenderness and
love upon us gazed :
His lips we saw not moving, but a deep
and inward tone
Spake like Thunder's distant voices unto
each of us alone :—

"Full often ye have called Me, and bid Me
to your home,
And I have listened to your words, and at
your prayers am come,
And now My voice is strange to you, and
'Wherefore art Thou here?'
Your throbbing hearts are asking, with
struggling hope and fear.

"It was My Love which shielded your
helpless infant days,
It was My Care which guided you through
all life's dangerous ways.
I joined your hearts together, I blessed
your marriage vow,
Then trust and be not fearful, though My
ways seem bitter now."

We spake no word of answer, nor said
He any more,
But as one about to leave us, He passed
to the door,
Then ere He crossed the threshold He
beckoned with His hand
That she who sat beside me should come
at His command.

Then rose that wife and mother and went
into the night,
She followed at His bidding, and was
hidden from our sight :

And though my heart was breaking, I
strove my will to bow,
For I saw His hands were pierced, and
thorns had torn His brow.

The spirit of this was the "under-bass
constantly ringing" in his ears in business,
and in society, when he seemed full
of other things. If he went into company
and distinguished himself, half his pleasure
was lost for want of her to tell it to. Whenever
he went to Lavington, the first thing was to
visit the churchyard and lay flowers on her
grave. The last visit, within a few weeks
of his own death, was soothed with thoughts
of reunion. Eight years before he had written,
on occasion of a family gathering at Cuddesdon,
"Oh, how I long for her at such times,
and call on her as I lie awake at night to
show herself to me, if she may, but once to
gladden these weary eyes." When an old friend
proposed his health and alluded to their long
friendship, the past was too strong for him ;
he thought of *her*, and sat down lest he should
burst into tears. Every reminder of her had the
same effect—the anniversary of her death, or
their wedding-day, or a visit to Lavington, or
even the return of the spring. He wrote to
their adopted sister, Miss L. Noel, from Windsor
Castle, April 4, 1844 (all his correspondence with
her is exquisite): "Yes, I quite know all these
spring feelings. It is the hardest time of all the
year. SHE loved it so. She opened in it so like
some sweet flower. Always was I looking forward
to it. Now I never look on to it. It seems so
different what it is ; all the short halting-places
of life are swept away. If I could always look
on to the end with anything like a comparatively
increased singleness of eye ! But it is most sad
going home. If I went home to her, it was beyond
all words. If I went home *with* her, I got apart to
see her meet her children. And now—but I ought
not to sadden you."

THE DIVINE LIFE.

“Who lived amongst men.” (In the original draft of the Nicene Creed—from the Creed of the Church of Palestine.)

WHERE shall we find the Lord?
Where seek His face adored?
Is it apart from men,
In deep sequestered den,
By Jordan's desert flood,
Or mountain solitude,
Or lonely mystic shrine,
That Heaven reveals the Life Divine?

Where shall we trace the Lord?
'Twas at the festal board,
Amidst the innocent mirth
And hallowed joys of earth,
Close neighbour, side by side,
With bridegroom and with bride,
Whilst flowed the cheering wine,
That first appeared the Life Divine.

What was the blest abode,
Where dwelt the Son of God?
Beside the busy shore,
Where thousands pressed the door,
Where town with hamlet vied,
Where eager traffic plied—
There with His calm design
Was wrought and taught the Life Divine.

What were the souls He sought?
What moved His inmost thought?
The friendless and the poor,
The woes none else could cure,
The grateful sinner's cry,
The heathen's heavenward sigh—
Each in their lot and line
Drew forth the Love and Life Divine.

Where did He rest the while
His most benignant smile?
The little children's charms,
That nestled in His arms,
The flowers that round Him grew,
The birds that o'er Him flew,
Were nature's sacred sign
To breathe the spell of Life Divine.

Where shall the Lord repose,
 When pressed by fears and foes?
 Amidst the friends He loves,
 In Bethany's dear groves,
 Or at the parting feast,
 Where yearning host and guest
 In converse sweet recline,
 Is closed in peace the Life Divine.

O Thou who once didst come
 In holy happy home,
 Teaching and doing good,
 To bless our daily food;
 Compassionating mind,
 That grasped all human kind,
 Even now amongst us shine,
 True glory of the Life Divine.

THE PERFECT DEATH.

Disce mori.

WHERE shall we learn to die?
 Go, gaze with steadfast eye
 On dark Gethsemane,
 Or darker Calvary,
 Where, thro' each lingering hour,
 The Lord of grace and power,
 Most lowly and most High,
 Has taught the Christian how to die.

When in the olive shade,
 His long last prayer He prayed;
 When on the Cross to heaven
 His parting spirit was given,
 He showed that to fulfil
 The Father's gracious Will,
 Not asking how or why,
 Alone prepares the soul to die.

No word of angry strife,
 No anxious cry for life;
 By scoff and torture torn
 He speaks not scorn for scorn;
 Calmly forgiving those
 Who deem themselves His foes,
 In silent majesty
 He points the way at peace to die.

Delighting to the last
In memories of the past ;
Glad at the parting meal
In lowly tasks to kneel ;
Still yearning to the end
For mother and for friend ;
His great humility
Loves in such acts of love to die.

Beyond His depth of woes
A wider thought arose,
Along His path of gloom
Thought for His country's doom,
Athwart all pain and grief,
Thought for the contrite thief—
The far-stretched sympathy
Lives on when all beside shall die.

Bereft but not alone,
The world is still His own ;
The realm of deathless truth
Still breathes immortal youth ;
Sure, though in shudd'ring dread,
That all is finished,
With purpose fixed and high
The Friend of all mankind must die.

O ! by those weary hours
Of slowly ebbing powers,
By those deep lessons heard
In each expiring word ;
By that unfailing love
Lifting the soul above,
When our last end is nigh,
So teach us, Lord, with Thee to die !

A. P. S.

SMALL FARMERS THEIR OWN LANDLORDS.

THE social condition of the greater number of our agricultural labourers, and also of a large proportion of our small tenant farmers, is acknowledged by every one conversant with the subject to be most unsatisfactory. Their lot is hard in many ways, and the prospect of their rising in the social scale so hopeless, that without some stimulus they seem incapable of getting out of the groove in which their lot has been cast. Emigration is the scheme most commonly advocated for improving their condition; and when emigration-agents go into the country districts, and picture in glowing colours all the advantages to be derived from settling in New Zealand, Canada, or the United States, is it surprising that numbers should feel discontented with their lot, and, as soon as the means can be provided, leave the old country for the far-off Colonies or the Western prairies? *Here* the most they have before them is a small cottage, for which they must pay rent; and wages not more than sufficient to meet the necessary claims of life; *there* an ample homestead, which in a few years may become their own, while their labour will provide them with an abundance of all the necessities of life and a good many luxuries. In other words, *here* little more than a bare living while blessed with youth and health, but with the gloomy outlook of poverty in sickness and old age; *there* plenty, with the likelihood, after a few years of labour, of becoming owners of their farms long ere old age has incapacitated them for active work. And thus year by year we see the strongest and best of our agricultural labourers move away to strive for fortune in a foreign land. It is said that the departure of these people does good, as it benefits those left behind, by making labour scarce and raising the standard of wages.

But those who say so look only at the surface of things: it would be better for the state if they could be kept at home; for the continued drafting off of the best tends to the deterioration of the life and energy of those left behind; and thus we find that in many localities where only a few years ago agricultural labourers were an energetic and respected class, their place has been taken by men almost entirely devoid of energy and ambition.

Many of those who have left their native land—the hard-working, steady men—have done well; while others, especially the indolent and dissipated, are no better off (perhaps worse off) than they were at home; for in the Colonies a man must work hard if he wishes to succeed, and the idle and drunken do not get on any better there than in this country. I know, from a long residence in Canada, that (unfortunately for the mother country, it may be said, though at the same time fortunately for the Colonies) the bulk of the agricultural emigrants who leave Great Britain are just the very men we should wish to keep at home—the hard-working, industrious and saving, the best men of their class in the district. But I also know that many who have left their homes would never have dreamed of doing so if they could have been put in the way of obtaining small holdings in their native land. Love of country is strong; and it is not a mere whim, as a rule, that will make a man leave his fatherland. Of course, if British civilisation is to spread, there must be emigration, but willing hearts and hands, from our surplus population, will always be found for this work, without transplanting those who are rooted to the soil.

The ambition to possess a property

of one's own is commendable. I propose therefore to direct attention to a plan whereby our small farmers and agricultural labourers may attain this desirable end without leaving their native land, and so make that advance in the social scale which at present seems beyond their reach.

If any one had said thirty or forty years ago, that in our large towns great numbers of the artisan and labouring classes would ever become their own landlords, living in houses owned by themselves, the probability is that he would have been laughed at, and characterised as an enthusiastic dreamer. Yet the success of building-societies during that period, especially in the manufacturing towns, has been so marked and steady, that whole streets or districts can be pointed out where each separate house is owned by the mechanic or labourer residing in it; and it is well known that large numbers of substantial suburban villas and houses are owned by clerks and assistants in shops or warehouses, all erected through the aid afforded by building societies. Now it is not unreasonable to expect that what a mechanic has done in the way of getting a *house* which he can call his own may also be accomplished by a steady and industrious farm labourer in the way of obtaining a *small farm* as his own property. What I would suggest, then, is, that associations based on the leading features of Building Societies and Freehold Land Societies, be established for the purpose of enabling small farmers and others to acquire land, which, by means of easy payments, would, in a term of years, become their own property. In various parts of England, and also in Scotland and Ireland, there would be no difficulty in purchasing estates of from one hundred acres to two or three thousand acres, of good arable land, or of land capable of producing excellent crops, but at present unproductive. Such estates could be divided into various sized farms, say of five, ten, twenty, or even fifty acres and upwards; or indeed of any convenient size, so as to suit the

wants of all classes. As is the case with building and freehold societies, each shareholder would select such a lot as he required, and in the event of competition, the lot would be given to the highest bidder.

The carrying out of such a scheme would in no way disturb the land laws, the altering of which, seems by many of the would-be reformers of the day to be considered a panacea for all the ills of the country. There would also be another great advantage. The creation of a number of small proprietors would tend to bridge over the chasm at present existing in the country districts; where, in most localities, it may be said there are now only two classes—the extremely rich and the very poor; and these, not being brought into contact with each other, the sympathy which formerly existed between the different grades has been lost; though by the reintroduction of an intervening class it would be again established.

In no other calling than that of the agricultural labourer does the hard and fast line exist that would seem to keep him always in the one groove; for the industrious and prudent workman in towns can always become, if he strives for it, something higher than a common labourer. There are numerous openings for him in various branches of trade, and he has opportunities of investing his savings which the agricultural labourer never can have. The great drawback in the agricultural labourer's life seems to be the absence of the ordinary incentives to perseverance and self-restraint which the prospect of rising in the world gives to other classes; his wages are often cruelly small, but his greatest grievance resides in the painful fact that he sees no opening by means of which to improve his condition. It is too much the fashion to dwell on the hardships of his lot; but so far as mere physical enjoyment goes he is better off than a large number of handicraftsmen in towns. His position is certainly superior to that of most journeyman tailors or shoemakers, as regards both the

amount and quality of the food he can procure for his family, and the dwelling in which he can shelter them. But the tradesman has the one great advantage, that, if he is steady and saving, he knows he may in time begin work on his own account, while the agricultural labourer has no such prospect or stimulus to exertion. It is true that by the establishment of Post-Office Savings Banks an opportunity is now afforded him of putting past a portion of his earnings, and this is no doubt to a certain extent a means of bettering his condition. But what is the attraction of saving up a few pounds against sickness or old age, compared to that of acquiring a little bit of land and one or two cows? A mere nothing. There must be a stronger motive, a something tangible which may be obtained by saving.

It may be argued that if landowners would subdivide a portion of their property into small allotments and let them on sufficiently long leases, the prospect of renting a little farm would be a sufficient motive to urge the agricultural labourer to habits of activity and saving. No doubt it would in many cases. The difficulty, however, is to get proprietors so to subdivide their land; but even if they did, that would in no way act as a hindrance to the purchasing of land on the plan proposed. It would rather, I think, act as an incentive; for a man will work more energetically on land that is his own, or that he has the prospect of owning, than on land which he holds merely on tenure, and which, after labouring to improve, he may be called upon to leave at the expiry of his lease. There is a widespread belief, or rather, I should say, expression of opinion, that the experience of the present day is in favour of large farms, and that a better return can be had from them than from the small-farm system. But it is unfair to compare the cultivation of the large holdings of our "gentlemen farmers" with the miserable patches with which they are so often contrasted. When I speak of small farmers, I allude to such as farm small areas in a high

and systematic manner, and not to those who live in miserable hovels, and *scratch*, rather than cultivate, the surface of their plots. Such people seem incapable of doing any good, and it is this class of occupiers which has brought so much discredit upon the small-farming system.

I have seen a great deal of what in the Highlands of Scotland is called the *Crofter* system, and know the condition of the people well. Unfortunately most of the holdings (which run from two to ten acres, with an outrun of hill ground for a few sheep and a cow or two) are on poor stony soil; but I have invariably found that where the most was made of the land the occupier was comparatively well off; while the half-tilled and ill-tended lots were as certainly found to be occupied by poor and thriftless tenants. I shall not, however, enter into a discussion of the merits or demerits of this system. I merely mention what is a well-known fact, that *the crofter with his few acres well cultivated, produces a larger yield per acre than the large farmer*, and is always, for his condition, a well-to-do man.

But in dividing a large estate into small farms, it will be necessary to erect dwelling-houses and suitable out-buildings. This could be arranged by the associations being both *investment* and *land* associations. In towns, building societies either build houses and sell them to the shareholders, or advance money to the shareholders to build for themselves. But as all the shareholders do not want houses, a number of them become, so to speak, small capitalists, who find in the society a good and a safe investment for their money. This advantage would also be found in such land associations as I suggest. Some of the shareholders would wish to procure, not farms, but an investment for their money; and here they would have it with the best of securities—that of the land and the buildings erected thereon.

I come now to consider the cost of

buildings, and this has a very important bearing on the practicability of the scheme. I have said that the proposed associations would, to a certain extent, be investment societies, so that the allottee wishing to borrow money would naturally borrow it from the association. By borrowing, and personally looking after the building, he could put up his cottage and outbuildings at a considerably less cost than if the work were undertaken by a society; he could help in many ways with his own hands; and, in addition, the work would be done to his satisfaction. The greatest difficulty must be with buildings on the smaller lots, since the cost will be so much greater per acre than on the larger holdings, and a larger proportional instalment will therefore have to be paid at stated intervals to reduce the debt. I think no lot should be smaller than five acres; and, properly laid out, a man and a boy could work this quantity by spade labour, without calling in the aid of outside help, and make a fair living.

A comfortable cottage containing a kitchen, sitting-room, and bed closet on the ground floor, and two rooms up stairs, can be built for 150*l.*¹ and the necessary outbuildings and shedding for cow, pigs, &c., will not cost more than 70*l.* This will give a house superior in every way to that in which

agricultural labourers are generally compelled to live; and would be quite suitable for the occupier of a ten, or even twenty-acre lot.

But let us take a five-acre lot by way of example, and see if a man can live on it.

Five acres will cost say 50 <i>l.</i> per acre	£250 0 0
Cost of cottage and outbuildings ...	220 0 0
Sundries for extra work, &c. ...	30 0 0

Or a total of £500 0 0

on account of which the occupier has to make payments at stated intervals so as to clear off the debt within a limited number of years. The only Society of which I have any knowledge that makes advances on land and buildings erected or to be erected thereon, grants sums on loan, repayable in twenty-five years, at an annual rent charge of about 6½ per cent, which includes the payment on account of both principal and interest. This certainly will be more expensive than is likely to be the case with such land and investment associations as we are now considering. But let us take this higher rate, and we find that the annual rent required to be paid for the five acres is 32*l.* 10*s.*

Let us then see what these five acres will probably yield; and the simplest way to ascertain this is by submitting a *pro forma* balance-sheet:—

To Annual Charge, on account of Purchase Money and Interest	£32 10 0
„ Boy's wages	15 0 0
„ Manure, &c.	15 0 0
„ Taxes, &c.	4 0 0
„ Interest on 50 <i>l.</i> capital @ 5% ...	2 10 0
„ Balance	56 0 0
	£125 0 0

By yield of five acres of produce at an average of 25 <i>l.</i> per acre	£125 0 0
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[No account is here taken of eggs, poultry, or honey, which should always form important items in a small farmer's earnings.]

£125 0 0

It will be seen that the account is debited with a boy's wages, and presuming that the man has 50*l.* of capital, (either his own savings or borrowed money), interest on that sum is also

¹ The above allowance for buildings is very ample, and based on the cost of substantial stone cottages, recently built and in course of erection, on a large estate in the North.

charged. Of course, if he has a boy of his own who can help him in the work, and the capital is likewise his own, these two items will be so much additional for the benefit of the house. Out of the 50*l.* he would have to purchase a cow, pig, implements, &c. But in a sketch like the present it is unnecessary to enter into every little detail,

so rather than take up space by enumerating each item, and showing how much each article of produce yielded, I have taken the average gross return at 25*l.* an acre,¹ and though this is only a medium allowance, the result is so far satisfactory. It shows the occupier of such a holding to be in the following position: as an agricultural labourer his wages would probably be from 16*s.* to 20*s.* a-week, out of which he had to pay rent and keep his family; while under the altered circumstances he has not only paid his rent and got a part of his living (milk, eggs, vegetables, &c.), but has also in hand a surplus equal to a larger sum per week than he ever earned while working for others. There is this other advantage, that the rent he has paid is, at the same time, a payment on account of purchase money, with the assurance that at the end of a certain number of years, the property will be entirely his own.

As I have said, the outlay for buildings on a ten or even twenty-acre lot will not be much (if anything) greater than on one of five acres. The annual payments will therefore be less in proportion, and the profits consequently greater. The five-acre holder, as we have seen, will have to pay 32*l.* 10*s.* annually on account of principal and interest, or at the rate of 6*l.* 10*s.* per acre; the holder of ten acres, borrowing on the same terms, 48*l.* 15*s.* per annum, or 4*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* per acre; and the holder of twenty acres 81*l.* 5*s.*, or 4*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.* per acre.

The last is in a most favourable position, for he will only be paying a trifle more than the ordinary rent of a small arable farm, while, as has been already shown, the sum he has to pay will make him absolute owner of the

property at the end of twenty-five years.

It has been asserted that Great Britain is not an agricultural country: that her true interests are to be found in her manufactures; that she can supply manufactured goods to the whole world, and in exchange receive breadstuffs and provisions for all her wants. This is a specious and one-sided statement, yet it takes with the many, and so long as trade is brisk and the foreign demand sufficient to take off all our surplus products, they are satisfied. But when a time of depression comes, such as the present, with hundreds of thousands of men thrown out of employment, attention is turned to the land, and the question is asked—Why is so much of it lying idle?

True political economy will aim at making the soil support as many people as possible. The tendency, however, for a considerable time has rather been to see with how few we can get along; and landowners have been steadily abolishing small holdings, and putting their land into the hands of large farmers, because it is easier to collect the rent of 500 acres from one tenant than from twenty. So the small farmers have been steadily cleared off, and either forced to emigrate, or driven to the manufacturing towns, where they are swallowed up in the mass of day labourers. Would it not have been better if there had been land associations, through whose instrumentality they might have been enabled to purchase small farms of their own; and, instead of being mere idle consumers, as so many of them now are, like the operatives out of work, have become producers of wealth, and a benefit to the country?

The successful carrying out of such a scheme as that proposed will depend on the character and responsibility of the directors; and perhaps the principles on which Freehold-land Societies are conducted might be taken as suitable for its working. The mode is simple. The members pay so much per week, month, or other convenient term;

¹ Farmers in my own neighbourhood get from 24*l.* to 30*l.* per acre, according to quality, on an average, for their potatoes alone. If near a large town they would make much more. The small holder, cultivating to some extent as a market-gardener, should have a much larger return. Rents run as high as 4*l.* an acre, in many cases without any dwelling-house attached.

and when a sufficient sum to purchase a suitable piece of land has accumulated, the directors look out for a freehold estate adapted for the purpose and profitable as an investment, which is bought by some of them in trust for the rest. The land is divided into lots and balloted for, or in some other way allotted to the members. Thus as an investment, one of the advantages of the scheme is, that the members purchase land, by retail, at wholesale prices.

It is unfortunate, perhaps, for Freehold Land Societies that they were instituted chiefly for the manufacturing of votes, and so became associated with a political party for political purposes; for their wider extension, if unconnected with any political party, would make their usefulness very great.

Such associations as we have been suggesting would have a twofold character—philanthropic and commercial.

Philanthropic in so far as they would help those willing to work and to save to make a start in life, and put them in the way of accomplishing a great good for themselves; and

Commercial in so far as they would be remunerative to the shareholders.

But it may be said that a scheme of the kind suggested has been tried, and that it proved unsuccessful. "The O'Connor settlement" in Oxfordshire, however, cannot be quoted as a fair test, although it is made use of by interested parties for the purpose of decrying the "peasant-proprietorship" system. It was a beneficial conception, though a failure in practice, *because the wrong sort of people were put on the land.* *Mechanics* were brought from towns to live on what they could produce from two acres of land! Being ignorant of the first principles of gardening or farm-work, and earning no wages to fall back upon, it is no wonder that these poor people did not succeed. It would have been a wonder if they had. It would be just as reasonable to expect an unskilled labourer to earn a living for his family if he were put into a workshop and told he could make good wages at fitting-up engines. But if the

right sort of people had been put on these two-acre lots I am sure the result would have been very different. As a proof of this, I may mention that there were a few larger holdings in connection with the scheme which were allotted at about 50% an acre. These, taken up by agricultural labourers in the district, became perfect models of small farming, and show what may be accomplished by associations similar to those now suggested.

As has been so often stated, the bulk of our agricultural labourers seem, from want of capital, to be utterly incapable of raising themselves in the social scale in this country. But the formation of land associations in which they may become shareholders will give them a stimulus to exertion, and the hope of having holdings of their own be as a new life to them, and become a strong motive for industry and thrift. This will be a further encouragement to labour untiringly upon the land and increase its productiveness; and they will feel happy in the prospect of realising from their labour what will pay the regular instalments of the purchase money, and leave them a good balance in hand besides. Under such circumstances, therefore, nothing but the want of prudence, self-denial and good management need prevent their becoming unencumbered owners of their farms. This happy anticipation will again lead to increased perseverance and energy; and in the course of time they will rise in the social scale—will feel the personal advantage themselves, and be a boon to the community at large.

From the Twenty-seventh Annual Report of the Land Enclosure Commissioners it appears that there are in Great Britain and Ireland upwards of twelve millions¹ of acres of land capable of

¹ According to Spackman's Statistical Tables, compiled from Parliamentary documents, the acreage of the United Kingdom is as follows:—

Acres cultivated	...	46,522,970
„ uncultivated	...	15,000,169
„ unprofitable	...	15,876,063

profitable cultivation, but which, at present, are lying perfectly waste. If these lands were properly cultivated it is estimated they would give a rental of about 3*l.* an acre, or a total sum almost equal to the whole amount we pay yearly for the foreign grain and flour imported into the United Kingdom to make up for the deficiencies of our home growth. This in itself is a strong argument in favour of the scheme proposed.

There is no question of the day more worthy of attention than the best means of utilising our waste lands. It well deserves the careful consideration of every one interested in social progress, and I do not know of any plan so well adapted for the purpose as the formation of associations such as I have suggested.

Since the above was written I notice that the Secretary of State for the Colonies has been asked for aid towards a large emigration of working men, which, however, he had to decline, as the various Colonies make their own immigration arrangements. Meantime the over-production of our manufactures during the past few years would seem to render it desirable that there should be a considerable thinning out, by emigration, of men belonging to the various trades. There is no chance, however, of an over-production of breadstuffs, and I have just read what seems to me a very serious matter, viz., that the secretary to the Kent and Sussex Labourers' Union is about to proceed to New Zealand with between 600 and 700 agricultural labourers. Under proper arrangements there would be no necessity for these men to leave their homes. But what can they do? If we are to retain our agricultural labourers, the sooner that land associations are formed, the better it will be for the country.

NOTE.

The foregoing article was written about a year ago. Then, and for many months prior to that period, commercial depression was one of the

leading topics of the day; but more recently, and especially since the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into its causes, agricultural distress has become the more absorbing subject of conversation. The past twelve months have also shown that the question of small farms has been growing in importance, and an effort is now being made to establish an association in Manchester on the principles I have advocated. Similar efforts, I have no doubt, will be made in other parts of the country. The gentlemen appointed under the Royal Commission will naturally have their attention directed to this among the many other subjects connected with the farming interest, and make the question become one of leading importance.

One of the causes of that depression will, I believe, be found in the large farm system; and the evidence of the Commission will, I am also convinced, prove this, and go a far way in support of my scheme. The competition on the part of agriculturists and others¹ to obtain extensive holdings, has been so keen for many years that rents have advanced out of all proportion to the returns got from the land *as cultivated by the majority of the large farmers, for they, as a rule, do not make the most of the land*; whereas the industrious small farmer must till his land in such a way as to get the best possible return from it.² The capital which would produce a good return to the cultivator if judiciously expended

¹ The rapid increase in the rents of farms is not entirely owing to the competition for the land by *bonâ fide* agriculturists, but, in a great measure, to the desire on the part of men who have become wealthy, to obtain large holdings in which to establish members of their families, more with the view of giving them an occupation, than of expecting that they should derive an income from the cultivation of the land.

² The cultivators of large areas seem to be contented with small returns for their labour, because a small profit on many acres soon tells; and in favourable seasons the yield will be sufficient to pay rent, and leave a fair margin of profit. Two or three unfavourable seasons,

on a medium-sized farm, cannot be expected to yield a proportionately good result, if spread over an acreage of greatly increased extent. Thus, the occupier of 250 acres, with a capital of 5,000*l.*, may fairly expect to make a profit of 500*l.* per annum, or 2*l.* per acre on his farm; but it would be unreasonable for him to expect, that if, with the same amount of capital, he endeavoured to work 500 or 1,000 acres, he would also make a profit of 2*l.* an acre. In the first case he would be realising 10 per cent per annum on his capital, in the latter 40 per cent! But this is just what many of the large farmers are trying to do. They are acting precisely like traders endeavouring to carry on a business too large for their means. So when two or three years of low prices, or deficient harvests come, a great cry is made, and the farmers say, as at present (for they must find some excuse), that they are being ruined by the importation of foreign grain, &c. Then they add that their rents are too high, and if they do not ask, yet they look for a reduction at settling-day with their landlords. But the landlords can scarcely be blamed for the high rents. They naturally took advantage of the increased demand for their land, and raised their rents accordingly. In this they were only following a general law of political economy—that when there is a great demand for any one article, with only a limited supply, the price of that article must go up.

But the cry that our farmers are being ruined by the importation of foreign grain should be received with caution. Many of them, and their landlords too, hint at a return to protection. The policy of Great Britain,

however, completely turn the tables, for the yield is then probably not sufficient to pay the rent; then the capital gets exhausted, and ruin is the result.

It is a significant fact that it is the large farmers, more than the small farmers, who are making such an outcry about their present condition.

however, is Free Trade, and the imposition of duties on bread stuffs can never again be sanctioned.

It is said the foreign, and especially the American farmers, can undersell the British farmers in their own markets. Let us look at the present price of the best American red wheat in Liverpool, (about 45*s.* per 480 lbs.) and see how much is left to the producer. Freight from New York just now (September, 1879) is about 7½*d.* per bushel, with 5 per cent primage, or 5*s.* 3*d.* per quarter; the charges in Liverpool, including commission, marine insurance, landing, port dues, &c., about 4*s.* 6*d.* per quarter. But to these must be added the American inland freight and other charges, and these form the heaviest items which come against the American farmer. On an average these charges may be stated at 40 cents a bushel from the time the grain leaves his premises in the Far West, till it is put on board ship in New York or Montreal—40 cents a bushel is equal to 13*s.* 4*d.* per quarter, which makes a total charge against the wheat, from the time it left the farmer's hands till it is sold in Liverpool, of 23*s.* 1*d.* per quarter. This deducted from 45*s.*, leaves 21*s.* 11*d.* as the price to be received by the producer in Oregon, Michigan, or Illinois for his quarter of wheat. Thus, in transport and other charges, the British farmer is protected against the American to the extent of 23*s.* a quarter. Freight at present are exceptionally low, and every advance in the rate would of course be equal to so much additional protection. Surely he cannot ask for the imposition of an import duty besides!

The American farmer has his grievance as well as his co-agriculturist in Britain. He complains of the low price realised for his wheat, and of the enormous transport charges. But the farm, as a rule, is his own; so he works on, and if he does not become rich, he lives in rough comfort and plenty.

Two gentlemen have gone to America

in connection with the Royal Commission on Agriculture, to inquire into the condition of farm life in the United States and Canada. They will find a somewhat similar cry in the Eastern States to the cry in this country; for the farmers in New England say that they are undersold in their own markets by their Western brethren, just as it is said here that the British farmer is undersold by the foreigner.

Bad seasons will come to the agriculturist as they come to the merchant or manufacturer; but he must take the average, as they do, and be content.

The remedy for the present unsatisfactory state of affairs is to be found principally, I believe, in the better

cultivation of the soil, and this can only be thoroughly done by tenants being contented with farms of a size the development of which is not beyond the means at their disposal. Then, with the establishment of a considerable body of peasant proprietors, and of small farmers with long leases, and with security of tenure, and that guarantee from the landlord for compensation for improvements which is only reasonable, there is no reason why the British farmer should not hold his own against the whole world, and a return to that agricultural prosperity be brought about, the absence of which so many at present deplore.

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CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.

A BETTER illustration of what can be accomplished by resolute men, working together on the voluntary system, and without the slightest aid from Government, could hardly be found than in the history of Catholic education in England. Less than ninety years ago the members of that denomination had not a single college of any kind throughout the land, and only one small boarding-school. Those who at and after the Reformation remained steadfast in their adherence to the old faith were obliged to educate their children abroad. Here and there the private chaplains of some of the old Catholic families taught the children of their patrons, and, in a few instances, three or four sons of different noblemen and gentlemen were brought together so as to be under some ecclesiastic more learned, or more accustomed to teaching, than his fellow priests. These, however, were rare exceptions to the general rule. Ninety-nine out of every hundred English Catholic lads had either to go to Protestant schools, or to be sent to Douay, St. Omer's, Liège, or some other place, where English teaching, in accordance with the doctrines of their Church, could be had. In fact it was only a hundred years ago—in 1778-79—that a law of this country (which imposed a fine of 100*l.* for the first offence, and added imprisonment to every subsequent transgression) forbidding any one to be taught by Catholics was repealed; so that previous to that date there was positive danger for those who thus risked their liberty and their money.

That this state of affairs has changed
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most wonderfully need hardly be said. The English Catholics of the present day not only have no need to leave their own country if they wish to be educated in the tenets of their faith; but, considering their comparatively small numbers, they own perhaps more educational establishments on a large scale than any other religious denomination in the kingdom. Of these I shall make mention in detail further on. Before, however, coming to that part of my subject, it is necessary to refer briefly to the great crisis which forced the English Catholic colleges from France and obliged them to take refuge in their own country.

The penal laws which were enacted against Catholics in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and which were never fully repealed until 1829, had the natural effect of driving out of the country all those belonging to that Church whose business it was to educate their co-religionists. Some of these went to Belgium, but the great majority took refuge in France; and, in course of time, other English colleges were established in Rome, Valladolid, and Lisbon. After a few years these establishments began to assume something like respectable proportions. The principal colleges, to which nearly all the English students, both lay and clerical, used to go for their education, were at Douay and Dieulouard, in France, and at Liège in Belgium. At Douay there were two English colleges, one under the secular clergy, the other under the Benedictine monks. Liège College was under the Jesuits. At Dieulouard the establishment was

Benedictine. For a period of about fifteen years the secular college at Douay emigrated to Rheims, but afterwards returned to its former habitation, which it never again left until forced from the country by the Revolution of 1789. Did space admit, a most interesting account could be given of what the professors, priests, and students of the college at Douay went through during the last few years they were able to remain in France. Their predecessors, the founders of the college, had, some two hundred years before, been obliged to fly from England because they were Catholics, and now the last representatives of the institution had to fly from France, partly because they were Englishmen, and partly because they still held fast to the creed of their fathers.¹ The dangers, sufferings, and, in some instances, loss of life to which these men were subjected would, even if the account were much condensed, fill several pages of this magazine. It must suffice to state that by degrees they nearly all did escape to their native land; and that those who remained as prisoners in France until the Republic declared war against England were shipped off to these shores by the French Government. In the meantime—although it was more than thirty years later that the final act of Catholic emancipation passed into law—Englishmen, and more especially the English Government, had begun to see that liberty of conscience was one of the first of God's laws; and that without freedom of thought and action in religious matters there could not possibly be anything but misery in the land. Moreover, the very fact of these Catholic refugees being persecuted by the French raised up friends for them amongst their own non-Catholic countrymen.

People began to see that they had

been unfairly treated; and to Englishmen, who love fair play, this alone was enough to insure them, if not a hearty welcome, at any rate little or no annoyance on account of their faith. By their own co-religionists they were, as a matter of course, looked upon as persons who had suffered the greatest possible hardships and persecution for the cause of their religion. Many Catholics in the upper ranks spared neither trouble nor expense to give them a home, and to support them setting up the standard of education in their own land. Thus the secular college of Douay was at once lodged at Crook Hall, Durham,² and at Old Hall, near Ware, in Hertfordshire. The Benedictines of Douay were received by Sir Edward Smythe, of Acton Burnell, Shropshire, and remained as his guests until, in 1814, they were able to purchase the property of Downside, some twelve miles from Bath, where they have built a splendid college. Their Benedictine brothers of Dieulouard settled at Ampleforth, near York, where they also have a very fine establishment. The English Jesuits from Liège and St. Omer's took root at Stonyhurst, in Lancashire, where Mr. Weld, a member of one of the old Catholic families of England, bestowed upon them the munificent gift of a fine house and a good-sized estate, to both of which they have since added greatly.

Such, then, were the means of education which English Catholics of the higher and middle classes could profit from at the commencement of the present century. That these have since then developed in an extraordinary manner, may be inferred from the fact that there are now in England eleven Catholic public colleges, affiliated to the London University,

¹ See "Narrative of the Seizure of Douay College, and of the Deportation of the Seniors, Professors, and Students," *Catholic Magazine and Review*, vol. i. June and July, 1831.

² Since the time alluded to this portion of the college removed to Ushaw, near Durham, where they have for many years had one of the finest colleges in England, that of St. Cuthbert's, Ushaw.

and containing in all about sixteen hundred students of the upper, upper middle, and middle classes, besides two or three large public schools at which the pupils are too young to take a University degree. This number does not include numerous private schools and establishments where boys are prepared for the classes of the colleges; nor yet the several schools at which a purely mercantile and commercial education is given. Some of the older of the colleges are on a scale of what may be called scholastic magnificence which would astonish those who have never visited them; and not a few have already gathered around them that halo of tradition which Englishmen love so much in all matters with which they are concerned.

The College of St. Cuthbert's, Ushaw, near Durham, is one of the educational establishments which takes particular pride in having a tradition and history of its own. As I said before, it is one of the direct successors of the English college at Douay. The refugees from the latter place were collected in 1794 at Crook Hall, near Durham, where they remained until 1808. At that date they removed to their present property at Ushaw, which they have occupied ever since. But no person who saw the college for the first time would imagine that its foundation dated only three-quarters of a century back. The pile, or rather the piles, of different buildings, the handsome church, splendid library, refectory, and dormitories give the visitor a feeling that he is in an establishment in every respect ancient and substantial. If provided with a line of introduction to the president—nay, his own visiting-card will generally suffice—he will be hospitably received, and shown over the premises with a courtesy, and at the same time a pride in the college, which are at once peculiar and singularly pleasing. The general course of studies at Ushaw comprises three divisions, viz., the Lower, the

Higher, and the University Course. The Lower Course includes elementary instruction for those who enter the college at an early age. Here, as at all the large Catholic colleges, a rule prevails by which the younger boys are kept apart from the elder, and thus many abuses and evils which come under the general terms of fagging and bullying are avoided. In the lowest of the three divisions of the school English composition, a complete course of arithmetic, the outlines of history, geography, French and Latin are taught. What is called the Higher Course comprises the same studies, but at a more advanced stage; and includes, besides other subjects, Greek, algebra, geometry, and ancient history, with continual practice in English composition. The third and highest, or "University Course," is arranged for a term of four years. In it is embodied the curriculum of the London University for a degree in Arts, and the subjects required for the pass examination of that University form a large portion of the work. In the first of the four years comprised in this course the students are prepared for matriculation, and in the two following years for the first and second examinations for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, as well as the examination for honours. The fourth and final year of the "University Course" is devoted to the study of logic, metaphysics, and ethics. After this such students as wish to enter the Church commence upon the course of theology, which lasts two years. The number of students in the three divisions of the college averages rather more than two hundred. The resident staff consists of a president, vice-president, and ten professors, all of them in holy orders; but there are three or four laymen who come to the college to teach special things, such as French, German, music, &c. At the London University, St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, may be said to hold its own. At the matriculation exami-

nation in June last, of fourteen students from that college all passed. Of these, five took honours, seven passed in the first division, and two in the second. Nor are the higher honours conferred by the London University without recipients amongst the students of this college. During the last ten years four Ushaw men have carried off the 50% scholarship for three years in the B.A. degree, another the gold medal in the M.A. degree, two more have gained the 40% exhibition for two years, and four have taken minor prizes. The college prides itself greatly upon the fact that Cardinal Wiseman, the late Dr. Lingard, and Mr. Justice Shee all received their education within its walls. The number of students in the establishment who are being educated for the Church averages one year with another fifty to sixty, of whom about 10 per cent do not carry out their first intention, or, as the term is in Catholic colleges, find that they have no "vocation" for the priesthood.

St. Gregory's College, Downside, about twelve miles from Bath, is also a typical Catholic educational establishment. It differs from Ushaw in the fact that it belongs to and is conducted by Benedictine monks; from which however it must not be inferred that those who rule over and teach the students are not, at any rate in educational matters, men of the world, perfectly aware that they must keep pace with the times if they want their college to flourish. The English Benedictines, after they had to leave their monasteries at the Reformation, nearly all fled to different houses of the order in France. It was not until 1611 that they were able to unite, and on the 15th October of that year St. Gregory's College at Douay was opened. In three years time the number of monks in that monastery numbered eighty. They remained there for upwards of a hundred and eighty years, were then driven out of house and home by the Revolution; and in 1795

were landed at Dover by an American vessel, whose captain helped them to escape. Sir Edward Smythe of Acton Burnell received them, and they lived for nearly twenty years in a house which he gave them on his estate. Sir Edward was himself an old pupil of St. Gregory's at Douay; and he, with others of their friends, helped them to purchase the farm-house and small estate, which since 1814 has been known as St. Gregory's, Downside. Since those days the College may be said to have been twice built; and it now consists of as fine a mass of modern Gothic buildings as can be found from one end of England to the other. Like most other religious orders in this country, the English Benedictines do not confine themselves to the duties of teaching or of the cloister. A certain number are sent out to work as parish priests, and throughout England there are nearly a hundred churches and chapels of which they are the incumbents and assistant clergy. Downside, like Ushaw, is affiliated to the London University, and has shaped its course of studies in the higher classes accordingly. The lower "schools"—or forms as they would be called at Eton, Harrow, or Rugby—follow very much the same rules and teaching as at Ushaw; but within the last twenty years classics and classical studies have been less exclusively the rule than formerly, and every facility—in most cases it is obligatory—is given to students to learn modern languages. The pupils at this college number about a hundred, but classrooms and dormitories which will accommodate as many more are in the course of erection. Students intending to become priests leave Downside after the ordinary course has been gone through, and proceed to the magnificent new monastery of St. Michael's, near Hereford. Since the Benedictines first settled at Downside several of its pupils have become distinguished bishops of the Catholic Church in England and our colonies.

Of Ushaw, Downside, Ampleforth, Stonyhurst, and Old Hall—colleges of which the founders had to fly from France or Belgium at the end of the last century—there is a fact to be recorded which is an additional proof of what may be effected by a body of united men, not only when they lose their own and have to begin the world again without any assistance from Government, but when they have virtually been plundered by those from whom they ought to have received help. In these days of toleration, when every educated man of sense has learnt to respect the creed, or the want of creed, of his neighbour, what I am going to relate will hardly be believed; but it is nevertheless incontestably true, and may be verified by any one who has time and opportunity to search the records of our state papers.

After the peace of 1815 all British subjects who had lost money or property by the Revolution sent in claims through the Government asking for compensation. It was more than six years before France could be made to pay up, even in part, what they owed; but at last a very large sum of money, amounting to nearly half a million sterling, was made over to the English Commissioners, and, with one exception, this was duly paid to those whose claims were just in proportion to the amount of each claim. The Catholic colleges formed the sole exception. Under one pretence and another their claim was put off and off, until the Commissioners finally rejected it on the extraordinary ground that the English college at Douay was a French, and not an English establishment. From this decree an appeal was made to the Privy Council, and on the 25th November, 1825, the judgment of that body, confirming the decision, was delivered by Lord Gifford. Be it noted that the money which had been received from the French Government for the purpose of compensating the English Catholic colleges for what they had lost

was not returned to France; but the colleges never saw a shilling of it. What became of it has never been exactly stated. There is, however, a tradition, by no means unsupported by a certain amount of proof, that it was employed to pay part of a debt that had been incurred in the building and furnishing of the Pavilion at Brighton. In any case the fact remains that the Catholic colleges have never received a penny of a very considerable sum which had been duly paid to the English Government for their compensation.¹

Any account of the Catholic educational establishments in England would be imperfect if it omitted a college whose name has long been almost a household word amongst us. I allude to Stonyhurst, the "Catholic Eton," as it has not unfrequently been called, situated in North-east Lancashire, some thirteen miles from Preston, ten from Blackburn, and four from Whalley. To quote from a volume which gives a very good account of the college: "Many persons have visited Stonyhurst; few have really seen it. This is no solecism; for the bulk of those who patronise it as sightseers, must, through a variety of circumstances—the vastness of the establishment, the shortness of the time at the disposal of visitors, &c.—be so hurried in their movements as to be precluded from minute observations and a clear acquaintance with many of its finest details and most valuable treasures . . .

"As an educational institution, Stonyhurst does not date very far back; its origin is not lost in the haze of centuries; many of the general colleges in the south of England distance it completely in length of years;

¹ A detailed and very good account of this extraordinary transaction will be found in the *Catholic Magazine and Review* for February 1831, p. 51. Sir James Mackintosh was one of the counsel retained by the college, and he wished to bring the matter before Parliament; but it was feared that his doing so would injure the cause of Catholic emancipation.

the bulk of our grammar-schools surpass it on the score of antiquity; but by none has it been excelled, by few equalled, in strength and rapidity of development, in success of action, in prosperity of career, and in the wide range of its influence."¹

When, in 1794, the English Jesuits were driven out of Liège by the same French revolutionary fury which overthrew every religious institution, they took refuge in their own land, from which so many of their order had been banished during the previous century and a half. They came to England, where by that time the ferocity of our penal laws was greatly mitigated, and took up their abode in a country house called Stonyhurst, which, together with some thirty acres of land, was given them by the late Mr. Thomas Weld, of Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire, a member of a well-known old Catholic family, who had himself been their pupil at Liège. The house had fallen into decay, and needed a considerable amount of repair before it could be inhabited. Between the Stonyhurst of those days and even of a dozen years later, and the same house of to-day, there is a difference which would surprise those who do not realise that energetic men, with a common object in view, and a common purse on which to draw, can effect almost anything. To give even a very condensed description of the place as it is now, would take up three times the space of this paper. The college church alone is worth a day's drive to see. The observatory is one of the finest in England, only second, in fact, to that of Greenwich, and well known to the members of the different scientific societies throughout the kingdom. The museum and the library are noted for their contents, and a week or more might be

profitably spent in investigating the collections they contain. In a word, the English Jesuit fathers—amongst whom are not a few of those Anglican clergymen who more or less recently have taken the journey from Oxford to Rome—have, in about threescore and ten years, managed to complete an undertaking, in the shape of a magnificent college, of which any nation or body of men might be proud.

The pupils at Stonyhurst are divided into two perfectly separate bodies. Of these, one is called "philosophers," the other is composed of the boys. The former number, on an average, about thirty; the latter, some two hundred or so, are subdivided into seven "schools," or forms. The philosophers—of whom not a little was heard during the famous Tichborne trial—are young men from eighteen to twenty-two years of age, whose position corresponds in some degree to that of undergraduates at Oxford or Cambridge. They have their private rooms, and, if needed, their private tutors. Their curriculum comprises the higher mathematics, modern languages, English and foreign literature, physics, chemistry, mineralogy, logic, metaphysics, &c.; out of which each student is permitted to select such studies as will be of service to him in his future profession or career. Some of them prepare for matriculation at the London University, whilst others are reading for the degrees which are there conferred. They have opportunities for fishing, boating, riding, driving, and hunting in their leisure hours; and during the hours not devoted to study may come and go as they like. They have their own reading, smoking, billiard, and news-rooms, as well as an excellent library, and have free access to the great library of the college, which contains some thirty thousand volumes. In short, nothing is wanting to make the sojourn of these young men both profitable and agreeable during the time they remain inmates

¹ See *Stonyhurst College, Present and Past; its History, Discipline, Treasures, and Curiosities*, by A. Hewitson, published at the Chronicle Office, Preston, pp. 2, 3.

of the college, which ranges from one to three years. The *esprit de corps* of the place is very strong, and amongst others of their body who have distinguished themselves in after life, we may name the late Richard Lalor Sheil; Percy Fitzgerald, the novelist; and Alfred Austin, the well-known poet and satirist.

The general students, or boys at Stonyhurst, are, as I said before divided into seven forms, or, as they are called there, "schools," and the ordinary course of studies is of seven years' duration. These schools are termed respectively, "Elements," "Figures," "Rudiments," "Grammar," "Syntax," "Poetry," and "Rhetoric." Each school is taught by a master who carries his pupils right through the whole course. Thus the master who begins this year with the lowest school, that called "Elements," will next year take the same lads through "Figures," the following year through "Rudiments," and so on to the end. When he has gone through the seven schools he retires from teaching, and goes to one of the theological schools of the society, to prepare himself for Holy Orders; for before a Jesuit takes the final vows and becomes a priest, he has to pass through two years of novitiate, and seven years of work. Those only who are peculiarly fitted for teaching are selected for that special duty. In mathematics the students are divided into classes, according to their proficiency in that branch of their education. In the three lower schools—"Elements," "Figures," and "Rudiments"—the course of studies includes portions of Cæsar, Ovid, and Cicero in Latin, and of Xenophon and Lucian in Greek, together with translation into Latin and French, and Roman, Greek, and English history. In the school called "Grammar," Thucydides is read; in "Syntax," Virgil and Homer; in "Poetry," Horace and the Greek tragedians; in the year of the "Rhetoric" school the time is chiefly occupied with sub-

jects essential to the matriculation at the London University. In each "school" the more advanced students undertake extra work. A certain quantity of "extraordinary" matter is appointed, and the master of the "school" gives special assistance to those who engage in it. In the four higher "schools" this extra work goes by the name of "Honours." Any boy who has been through the "Honours" course in the "Syntax," "Poetry," and "Rhetoric" "schools," has read the whole of Virgil and of Horace, a large portion of Cicero, about a dozen books of Homer, several Greek plays, the Olynthiacs of Demosthenes, one book of Herodotus and one of Thucydides. But the examination is not restricted to those authors, as the printed examination papers of past years at Stonyhurst attest, in which passages occur from Latin and Greek writers whose works have not been explained in class, but which the students are expected to read and construe at sight. Composition in Latin and in English, both in prose and verse, is encouraged by special rewards. In the highest mathematical class, trigonometry, plane and spherical, and the analytical geometry of the conic sections are fully treated, as well as the higher branches of algebra. A second class has for its subject-matter elementary trigonometry and conics. There are also, besides the matriculation class, two algebra and three arithmetical classes. The matriculation course includes lectures in chemistry and natural philosophy. Weekly lectures on these subjects are also attended by the boys of the "Poetry" and "Syntax" "schools."¹

So much for the course of studies

¹ For the above sketch of the studies pursued at Stonyhurst the present writer is indebted to a volume from which he has already quoted, entitled, *Stonyhurst College, Past and Present*, of which the latest edition has been revised by Father Eyre, the present Rector of the College.

pursued at Stonyhurst and in all Jesuit colleges throughout the world. I have purposely dwelt, at perhaps more length than my space justifies, on this part of my subject, for more reasons than one. In the first place the Jesuits are looked upon by most of their co-religionists as the best practical trainers of youth. Education is, so to speak, their specialty, in the same way that preaching is that of the Dominican friars, and visiting the poor that of the Franciscans. There is an old saying that nothing succeeds like success; but to this truism it might be added that success is pretty certain to bring envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness upon the heads of those who succeed. In France, more particularly, the Jesuits are by many so-called "Liberals" abused with a virulence which is only equalled by the violent ferocity of those who defend them, and whose worse than injudicious friendship must do them more injury than even the unscrupulous mendacity of their enemies. It will be asked, What has caused this state of things? Simply the reason that in preparing candidates for the military college of St. Cyr and other public institutions the Jesuits have of late years been most successful, and have "passed" nearly as many students as all the other educational establishments in the country taken together. In England—at any rate amongst educated men of the world—the day has gone, or is passing away, when any individual's creed, or want of creed, is looked upon as a reason for abuse or distrust. In all grades of good society there is now a tacit understanding that whether a man be Catholic, Protestant, or freethinker, High Church, Low Church, or Broad Church, Deist, Materialist, or Atheist—it is an affair between him and his own conscience; and—to use a current and expressive term—nothing can be "worse form" than to take any one to task for what he does or does not believe. Unfortunately it is otherwise in

France. In that country the expression "liberty of conscience" is understood, or rather misunderstood, in a manner which few amongst us in England can realise, far less sympathise with. Latterly, education by the Jesuits has been an especial subject of discussion, in which heated statements on both sides have passed for arguments. This is why I have thought it well to give a detailed account of the real state of education in the colleges of this order, which may serve as a fair example of what is carried on at the other Catholic colleges in England. The mode of imparting knowledge, together with certain rules and regulations about the professors, may be peculiar to the Jesuits; but the actual curriculum of study is pretty nearly the same in all the English Catholic colleges.

Stonyhurst prides itself upon the success its students have met with at the London University. About thirty years have passed since the college was affiliated to the University and in that time it has passed four Masters of Arts, upwards of a hundred first B.A.'s, a proportionate number of second B.A.'s (among them a score of the former and several of the latter have passed in honours in the first class), as well as two hundred matriculations, about thirty of them in honours, and nearly all in the first class. Exhibitions and scholarships have been gained on many occasions. This may be fairly said to be more than an average; for it must not be forgotten that the course of studies at Stonyhurst is not drawn up with any reference to the course required for preparation for the London University Examinations, and that the immense majority of the students are intended for professions which compel their leaving the place at a comparatively early age. The London University calendars attest that out of upwards of seven hundred annual competitors for university prizes from all parts of the kingdom, there are only about thirty every year who are suc-

cessful, and that it is very rare indeed not to find at least one student from Stonyhurst in the number, and often more.

Amongst the students of Stonyhurst who have distinguished themselves after leaving college, in addition to those already mentioned, I may give the names of the celebrated naturalist Charles Waterton; Sir Thomas Wyse; Sir Michael O'Loughlen; Sir Charles Clifford, Dr. Vaughan, the Catholic Bishop of Salford; Admiral Jerningham, who was, as Captain Jerningham, for long at the head of the Gunnery Instructors in the Royal Navy; Alexander Hill Gray, the traveller; General the Hon. Henry Clifford, V.C., C.B., who gained the Victoria Cross in the Crimea, and has latterly done good service in Zululand; as well as several others connected with the army, the navy, the law, and other walks in life. In a word, the college has given ample proof that the esteem in which it is held by all who know anything about it is certainly not greater than it deserves. It has flourished in England for the simple reason that, as I noticed before, we have in this country, at any rate of late years, learnt to accord full and entire liberty of opinion to all who respect the laws of the land and of society.¹

St. Lawrence's College, at Ampleforth, near York, is another of the old Catholic institutions in England of which the first members came

¹ No better illustration of what religious intolerance is, has been, and ever will be, can be found than in Dickens's preface to *Barnaby Rudge*, where the author tells us, "That what we falsely call a religious cry is easily raised by men who have no religion, and who in their daily practice set at naught the commonest principles of right and wrong; that it is begotten of intolerance and persecution; that it is senseless, besotted, inveterate, and unmerciful, all history teaches us. But perhaps we do not know it in our hearts too well to profit by even so humble and familiar an example as the 'No Popery' riots of seventeen hundred and eighty."

over to this country after having suffered confiscation and imprisonment at the time of the French Revolution. When after the Reformation the monks and priests fled from England, the Benedictines of Westminster Abbey managed always to keep at least two or three together, and, as time wore on and the elder monks died, the jurisdiction of their ancient house was transmitted to younger men of the order. In those days—from the reign of Elizabeth to that of the First George—many of the members of the older orders hoped and believed that they, or those that followed them, would sooner or later return to England and have their old possessions restored to them. This is how amongst the archives of Ampleforth—which belongs, and always has belonged to the Benedictines—there are certain curious old papers and parchments proving the community to be the legal descendants of the Benedictine monks who were turned out of Westminster Abbey for not conforming to the reformed creed. It was, however, not until the year 1606 that the monks who prided themselves on being the descendants of those of Westminster, could gather together sufficient funds to purchase a house and settle down. This they did at Dieulouard, in the Department of La Meurthe, on the Moselle, in France, where they remained for the best part of two centuries; until, like their brethren at Douay, they had to leave France, after undergoing imprisonment and many bitter hardships at the hands of the Revolutionary army, the civil authorities, and the mob. They were ill-treated, plundered, and made beggars of, first, because they stuck to their faith and their sacred calling; and secondly, because they were Englishmen. For some years—from 1789 to 1793—they had been subject to all kinds of arbitrary impositions, and when they remonstrated were told that as priests and as natives of England their appeals

could not be entertained for a moment. With considerable difficulty they obtained permission for the students of the house to leave for England. On the 12th October, 1793, their college was surrounded by an armed mob of several hundred men; their church, library, and all that belonged to them in the shape of buildings were burnt. The Superior—Father George Cowley, who had visited the United States, and was a personal friend of the great Washington—and two of the fathers effected their escape. The rest were made prisoners, taken to Pont-à-Mousson, and kept in durance for nearly two years. From time to time some of them managed to get away, and in 1795 those that remained were liberated. They found their way to England by twos and threes, arriving in their own country literally as beggars. For some time they remained the guests of different Catholic gentlemen in Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland. In 1802 they managed to purchase their present property at Ampleforth, near York, and within easy reach of Harrogate and Scarborough. A stranger seeing the splendid chapel and pile of college buildings which were completed in 1860-61, might imagine that the institution had been in existence for centuries. The students number rather over one hundred, and mostly belong to families of the upper-middle classes in the North, with a sprinkling of the aristocracy. The college, as I said before, belongs to the Benedictine monks, but several lay professors are also employed in teaching the pupils. The course of studies comprises Latin and Greek classics, modern languages—German, French, Italian, and Spanish; mathematics, history, and modern science; with special classes for lads preparing for the army or civil-service examinations. Ampleforth has only been affiliated to the London University during the last four years; but in that time has done very well in the matriculation examinations. Here, as

at Downside, it must not be thought that by the word "monk" is meant the cowed ascetic of the middle ages. Like everything else in this world, the Benedictines have moved with the times. They take the greatest interest in all modern subjects of discussion. The manner the students crowd round them in play-hours shows that they are by no means hard or rigid in the way they treat youth; and, as at the other English Catholic colleges, nothing is more common than to see the professors at Ampleforth take part in the cricket, football, or other sports of their pupils.¹

St. Edmund's College, at Old Hall, near Ware, in Hertfordshire, may claim the distinction of being the oldest of all the Catholic educational establishments in England. It began to work in 1790, when the first of the refugees from Douay found their way to this country. It also represents the one only Catholic school which had any existence in this land between the commencement of Queen Elizabeth's reign and the period of the French Revolution. I allude to an establishment little known even amongst English Catholic traditions, which was opened at Twyford, near Winchester, during the reign of James II. At the school at Twyford many Catholics of note, amongst others Alexander Pope, were educated. Notwithstanding the intolerant, wicked spirit then so rife against all who professed the Catholic faith, this establishment managed quietly to hold its own for about sixty years. The number of pupils

¹ The following is an extract from a letter written in the summer of 1878 by a clergyman of the English Church to the author of this paper:—"I have visited Ushaw, Stonyhurst, and Ampleforth Colleges. They are all well worth seeing. I was much struck at all three places by the friendly manner in which masters and students mix together in play-hours, and in the total absence of what we call at Oxford 'donnishness' in all the monks, Jesuits, or priests, towards their pupils. The hospitality of these colleges, even to an utter stranger like myself, puts us to shame at the universities."

never exceeded thirty, for those who conducted the school were afraid of attracting notice by allowing more to enter; and some half-dozen times during its existence, all those belonging to it were dispersed by orders of the local authorities. In 1750 it moved into Hertfordshire, and, after changing its residence more than once, finally settled down at Old Hall Green, near Ware, in an ancient mansion house, of which a portion is still standing. This was in 1790, so that when the first English priests and students who fled from Douay and St. Omer's came to England, a portion of them found refuge in what has since developed into a large college, with not less than 200 students. St. Edmund's has now at its head two Oxford men, viz., the president, Monsignor James Laird Patterson, M.A., formerly of Trinity College, and curate of St. Thomas, Oxford; and the vice-president, the Rev. George Akers, M.A., formerly of Oriel. Amongst the traditions of St. Edmund's Old Hall, it is related that when, in 1801, it was about to be opened on a larger scale than before, Bishop Douglas, the president, sought an interview with Mr. Pitt, who was then prime minister, and asked him whether he thought there was any danger in what they proposed doing. Mr. Pitt's reply was that so long as the new building was not conspicuous, he did not think there could be any danger. Owing, however, to a thoughtless order given for the cutting away of timber, the college was so placed that it could hardly fail to attract notice. Fortunately, however, the days of "No Popery" riots had passed away; and no harm from zealots ever happened to the establishment. In 1851 a very beautiful chapel, designed by Welby Pugin, and certainly one of the finest buildings the latter ever planned, was opened. The course of studies is very much the same as at Ushaw, and amongst those of the students who leave the college and compete for

the army or civil service there is more than an average share of success.

It may not be out of place to mention one peculiarity connected with all the Catholic colleges in England. I allude to the many more working days they have in the year than most other places of education in this country. At Eton, Harrow, and nearly all our public schools, the regular vacation granted to the boys falls little short of sixteen weeks. In the English Catholic colleges, the holidays never exceed six weeks at Midsummer, and three weeks at Christmas. If a pupil exceeds these holidays—is a single day late on his return, unless he has been granted leave (which is never given save on account of sickness), or a true and valid reason be given for the delay—he finds the gates shut against him, and can no longer enter the college.

St. Mary's College, Oscott, near Birmingham, is the oldest of the Catholic colleges in England that were not originally established abroad. It was opened in 1808 by Bishop Milner, the well-known controversialist, as a seminary for the education of ecclesiastical students and the sons of the Catholic nobility and gentry. The present spacious college was built in 1838, from endowments left (chiefly by English Catholic clergymen for) ecclesiastical education. It contains the usual collegiate buildings, chapel, studies, class-rooms, dormitories, bath-rooms, laboratory, museum, reading-room, and a library of 30,000 volumes, as well as many manuscripts and early printed books. The building is in the Tudor style of architecture, and the internal fittings of the chapel and public rooms were designed by Welby Pugin. About ten acres are set apart for the recreation of the students—about 120 in number; of whom twelve are studying theology, and preparing, should their "vocation" remain as at present, for the

priesthood. The course of studies comprises humanities, philosophy, and divinity. The staff of superiors and professors consists of twelve priests and twelve laymen. The Rev. Dr. Northcote, M.A., well known as a writer on the Roman catacombs, half-brother of Sir Stafford Northcote, and formerly scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, was for many years, and until quite lately, when ill-health compelled him to resign, president of this college; as was also the late Cardinal Wiseman, before he was made a bishop. St. Mary's, Oscott, is affiliated to the London University, and the annual examinations are under the control of the Oxford and Cambridge examinations. Most of the students enter the army, the civil service, or the Church; and of the fifteen Catholic bishops in England, six, besides Cardinal Howard, were educated at Oscott.

The school of the Oratory, at Edgbaston, near Birmingham, was founded in 1859 by Cardinal Newman, who continues to preside over the establishment. The average number of students is about sixty. The masters are laymen; but the general superintendence, the regulation of studies, and the discipline, are all in the hands of the Fathers of the Oratory, acting directly under the Cardinal. The prospectus of the school states that it was established "to afford to Catholic youths the advantages of the great public schools of England, apart from the evils which are incidental to the system therein pursued." Also that "the school and play hours, the arrangement of the day, the discipline and the books, are those of an English public school, so far as is consistent with Catholic habits and requirements." Several of the younger members of the Catholic nobility and gentry of England were educated at Edgbaston, amongst others the present Duke of Norfolk and his only brother, Lord Edmund Bernard Talbot.

At Manchester, Dr. Vaughan, the Catholic Bishop of Salford, has within the last three years established a college which promises to be of great use to those of his co-religionists for whom it is intended. It is designed to provide for the sons of business men that practical kind of education which is best calculated to insure success in professional and, more particularly, in commercial life. This college is called St. Bede's, and there are several excellent and most useful novelties in the education given there. The special object which the Bishop had in establishing the institution was to provide instruction of the same practical and scientific kind as that given in the American business colleges, in the *Institutes de Commerce*, and the *Ecoles Spéciales des Arts et Manufactures* of France, and in the *Gewerbeschulen* of Germany. Manchester, being a great centre of commerce, is peculiarly well adapted for an educational institution of this kind. A gentleman actually engaged in the local trade imparts practical knowledge of the same in the college; and in order that the professors may be more intimately acquainted with the requirements of the day, the Bishop has associated with himself in the general direction of the college a council composed of representatives of the professional and commercial class. It must be admitted that Dr. Vaughan has in this shown himself fully alive to the wants of those whose education he superintends, and that, to use a somewhat hackneyed expression, he has placed the right educational establishment in the right place.

A college which, although comparatively speaking, is new, but which promises well for the future, is that of St. Peter and St. Paul, Prior Park, near Bath. It was founded in 1867, by the Honourable Dr. Clifford, Catholic Bishop of Clifton. It is intended to contain from 80 to 100 students, and gives a complete liberal education up to the B.A. degree of the

London University. Candidates are also prepared for the entrance examination into Sandhurst, as well as for the civil service and various public examinations. Part of the college is set aside for those who, having gone through the regular course of studies, propose to become priests.

At Ratcliffe, near Leicester, there has been established within the last twenty years a college which is highly spoken of. It is conducted by the Fathers of the Order of Charity, amongst whom are several priests formerly clergymen of the English Church. It contains about one hundred students, to whom it imparts the usual course of classical education, combined with modern languages and mathematics. This establishment has from the first been popular amongst the Catholics of English colonies, many of whom were educated here.

At Beaumont, near Windsor, and at Mount St. Mary's, near Chesterfield, the Jesuits have within the last twenty years opened colleges which may be called offshoots from the mother-house at Stonyhurst. The former is a very fashionable establishment, more particularly for lads under sixteen years of age. At the latter the fees are lower, the establishment being intended for the middle classes. At both colleges the system of education is much the same as at Stonyhurst, but at neither is there any class of students corresponding to the "philosophers" at Stonyhurst. Each has from a hundred to a hundred and twenty students; and, as is the case in all schools and colleges under the direction of the Jesuits, the parents are highly satisfied with the education and the training which their sons receive.

In Liverpool there are two Catholic colleges; one, St. Edward's, at Everton, under the direction of the Bishop; the other that of St. Francis Xavier, in Salisbury Street, belonging to the Jesuits. The former is designed chiefly

for the education of young men intending to enter the Church; the latter is exclusively for lay students, of whom a great number are day scholars.

In London the middle and professional classes amongst Catholics are greatly indebted to Cardinal Manning for a college at which their sons can be thoroughly well educated, and be either boarders or day-scholars, as their parents may wish. In the extreme west of this great city, on a piece of ground which ten years ago was a mere wilderness, there now stands the largest square in the whole metropolis. It takes the name of St. Charles, from the college which stands in the middle, and which is built in the midst of eleven acres of its own ground. This institution, like almost all the other Catholic colleges in England, had a comparatively humble beginning. It was founded in 1863, but not until 1872 was the present site purchased. The new college is an extremely fine building of noble dimensions, being 300 feet in extent, and with a tower rising to the height of 140 feet. The interior arrangements of the building are excellent. The increase of students at St. Charles's is, like the development of the building, something truly wonderful, and is another instance of what may be done by resolute men, aided by no money of the state, but working merely on the voluntary system. In 1863 the college, or, as it then was, the school of St. Charles, was begun in the Presbytery of St. Mary's Church, in Westmoreland Road, Bayswater, and the only pupils belonging to it were the choir-boys of that place of worship. It is now a busy hive of education, with about 100 boarders and as many day pupils. It has a full staff of lay masters, the president and superiors being priests and members of the Order of the Oblates of St. Charles. The position of the college is unrivalled in all London. It is shut out by the houses of Notting Hill from the easterly winds, but is as open to the

west as if it had been built twenty miles in the country, and on a clear day there is a splendid view of Harrow-on-the-Hill, Henley, and Acton, with Kew in the distance. The cricket-field, play-ground, and gymnasium are all well laid out, and are understood to have cost a very considerable sum of money. The education given at St. Charles's is a liberal and classical one, combining in a great measure the instruction afforded at King's College School, with the modern requirements of French, German, and music, with special attention to the direction and development of character amongst individual students. Much of the success which has attended the establishment is due to the late Father Manning, a nephew of the Cardinal, who for more than a dozen years worked unceasingly to perfect the idea of his uncle, and who died only a few months ago. It has also the advantage of numbering amongst its professors several Oxford and Cambridge men, who have joined the Catholic Church.

Some six years ago the English Catholic Bishops agreed to establish at Kensington what was called the Catholic University College. They intended it for young men who had gone through their ordinary public-school course, and who intended to occupy their time with the highest branches of study, as well as to take degrees at the London University. The rector is the well-known Monsignor Capel. The vice-rector, the Rev. W. C. Robinson, although he has been a Catholic priest for several years, has remained a Fellow of New College, Oxford. The staff of professors, including, as it did, the names of Paley for classics, Seager for Hebrew, St. George Mivart for biology, and Barff for chemistry, was not only unexceptional, but could hardly have been better. The establishment has however proved the reverse of a success, and can hardly be said to exist any longer. The Catholic laity never supported the college sufficiently, and the result was

that the institution gradually died a natural death.¹

Respecting one circumstance connected with Catholic education in this country all Englishmen, no matter what creed they profess, ought to feel proud. It is this. With the exceptions of England, Austria, and the United States, the Governments of all countries are fast making the education of Catholics almost impossible; and the consequence is that numbers of lads whose parents wish to bring them up in their own faith, are sending them to this country, where there is at any rate full liberty of conscience, and where a father may bring up his children as seems best to himself. In all the English Catholic colleges, and more particularly in those conducted by the Jesuits, there are to be found students from Spain, from the States of South America, from Germany, and other lands, where religious orders in general, and the Jesuits in particular, are proscribed. Should the famous seventh clause of M. Jules Ferry's Education Bill become law in France the number of Catholic students who seek education in England will be increased tenfold. Nor can we, under such circumstances, blame parents for sending their sons to a foreign land to be educated. Surely if there is one right, one responsibility, which a father has in respect to his children, it is the bringing them up in what he considers to be the best means of making them good citizens. The fault lies with those rulers and Governments with whom the words

¹ Since this article was in type, I observe in more than one magazine and newspaper advertisements which show that the Catholic University College still exists, although in a different house from that in which it was first located. But the President and most of the staff appear to be changed; and from what I hear the establishment is by no means in that flourishing condition which its well-wishers would like to see. On the other hand, I am informed, from credible sources, that the Catholic undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge have increased nearly tenfold during the last year and a half.

"freedom" and "liberty" mean in point of fact the right of the authorities to condemn and persecute all those with whom they do not agree. In both France and Germany there are thousands of heads of families who say that they prefer the educational training of Catholic schools in general, and of the Jesuits in particular, to any other. Surely these men have a right to their opinion? In any case they are showing—and will show in yet far greater numbers—that they have the courage of their opinions by sending their sons to England, where they may obtain the education which is denied them in their own land. The German Jesuits, who in later years have been plundered of their all and sent adrift, are already making preparations to afford to such of their countrymen as may wish it for their offspring, the same education which they imparted in the Fatherland before the days of Bismarck. They have been given an old country house in the north of England, and before very long will be able to open a public school or college. Their French *confrères*, on whom the storm has not yet burst, but who see the clouds drawing nearer and nearer, are also preparing to emigrate to one of the very few countries where liberty of teaching exists as a fact and not as a mere sentimental phrase.

In all of the English Catholic colleges the primary object is to ground the pupils in the principles of Christian morality, and to instil into them the arguments and reasons by which their own peculiar tenets are supported and held to be proved. In these institutions the object of those who teach is not merely to educate boys and young men, but also to train them as Christian Catholic gentlemen. In one of his essays, the famous Dr. Arnold of Rugby says:—"The real servility which exists in England, is a surrender of individual judgment and conscience to the tyranny of public opinion. *This tyranny exists in schools*

to a fatal degree. It is this which renders it so difficult to make a large school a place of Christian education."¹ To combat this tyranny is one of the chief duties of those who direct Catholic colleges; and those who have the best opportunity of judging affirm that, as a rule, the desired end has been obtained in nearly all these institutions. It is hardly necessary to observe that whether or not this tyranny be an evil in schools is a matter of opinion; but in any case, it is a view of the subject which those who hold have every right to do so.

I have more than once alluded to the wonderful manner in which nearly all the English Catholic colleges have increased in size and importance. The oldest amongst them have not yet been ninety years in existence. From small schools they have become large ones; from large schools they have developed into small colleges, and from that into large colleges with establishments, with libraries, museums, halls, lecturers, and lecture-rooms—with, in fact, all that is wanted to educate youth from the time he leaves the nursery until he is old enough to take his place in the ranks of those who fight the battle of life. The chief reason for this rapid increase lies in the fact of there being but one common purse, and one common interest, in each such establishment. The members belonging to the different religious communities are not paid any salaries for the work they do in teaching. They are fed, lodged, and clothed; but as in most instances each one of them put a certain sum into the common fund of the college when he took the vows and joined the order, even these expenses can hardly be placed to the debit side of the establishment. Then again there is a wholesome spirit of rivalry kept up between college and college, each of which tries hard to get into the first rank as regards the most modern requirements of education, and to maintain itself there. In this respect the Catholic Church is not unlike the

¹ *Miscellaneous Works*, p. 377.

British army. The different religious orders and the various colleges wear diverse uniforms, and have each their own code, their respective *esprit de corps*, and rules of interior economy. But the main object of their work is the same. They have all at heart the advancement of their faith and their Church. In other words, their one object in life is to advance the cause of what they believe to be the truth; and they find that a liberal education, based upon the creed they profess, is the most effectual means of obtaining their end. In this, who will say they do wrong?

M. LAING MEASON.

NOTE.—The following paragraph, copied from a well-known weekly print, which has certainly no leaning towards Catholics or their institutions, will serve to illustrate parts of the foregoing paper:—

“The Jesuits spare no expense in their colleges, and Stonyhurst is going to be rebuilt from the foundations at the cost of above

100,000*l*. The architects are Messrs. Dunn and Hanson, and the architectural features of the old baronial mansion of the Sherburnes, with its picturesque towers and mullion, will be reproduced in the new building. Stonyhurst has been the chief seat of Catholic education in England since 1794, when the Jesuit fathers were driven from their college at Liège by the French Revolution, and were settled at Stonyhurst by the late Mr. Weld, of Lulworth, who was the heir of the Sherburnes. They were for a time his tenants at a nominal rental, but eventually became the purchasers of the whole estate. It comprises above 2,000 acres, the whole of which is farmed by the Jesuits themselves, with the assistance of bailiffs, and the administration is so successful that the enormous establishment in the college has hitherto been maintained from the produce of the estate, and the bulk of the pensions paid by the students has been allowed to accumulate. Compared with other public schools the pension is low, for it is fixed at sixty guineas a year, whilst the diet is exceptionally liberal and generous. Stonyhurst claims to be an ancient foundation, dating from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for it represents the famous college of St. Omer, founded in 1593, of which the academy at Liège was an offshoot.”—From the *World*, 8th October, 1879.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1880.

HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. AUGUSTUS MARKHAM GAVESTON strolled up the village when the children left him, looking curiously at all the cottages, till he came to the little whitewashed country inn, which called itself the Markham Arms. The little gentleman was full of interest in everything. He stopped and looked in at the windows of the little shop, where everything was sold, from biscuits to petticoats—gazed in with as much interest as if it had been a shop in Bond Street. He crossed over the street to see where the post office was, and to look at the smithy, where the blacksmith and his journeyman and apprentice paused to push their caps from their foreheads and stare at him, as did also the groom from Westland Towers, very trim and fine, who had brought Mr. Westland's horse to have his shoes looked to. They all stared, and the stranger returned their gaze with smiling complacency, evidently thinking it quite natural that they should stare at him—a thing to be looked for. And the school children stared at him whom he met on their way to the rectory. Mr. Augustus did not mind. He looked at them all paternally, patting the heads of some of the little ones. The little girls curtsied to him—as you may be sure in schools superintended by Miss Stainforth they had been taught to do—and this pleased him greatly. He took off his hat to

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them, which astonished the children as much as his white umbrella did, and the strangeness of his appearance altogether. The village was in a commotion, as was natural, by reason of the school-feast, and the arrival of so many carriages and visitors. Half at least of the houses were still pouring forth little bands in their best clothes, mothers and aunts standing at the door to watch the effect. So that it was a kind of triumphal progress which he made through the village street, where everybody was glad to have a new object to occupy them after the children had disappeared. The Markham Arms was not a much frequented inn; but it was as clean and neat as it was quiet and homely, and there was a pretty little parlour with a bow-window, all clustered with the common sweet clematis, the travellers' joy, and honeysuckle, into which Mrs. Boardman ushered the stranger with secret pride, yet many apologies.

"There is a bigger room up stairs, sir; but if so be as you could do with this till to-morrow——"

"It is the very thing I want," he said; and he bade her send some one to the station for his portmanteaus. "Only the portmanteaus. I don't want the big cases." This dazzled the landlady, and indeed there were found to be three large cases besides the portmanteaus, cases so large that it was all the little station could do to afford them shelter and

safety. John Boardman fetched the other boxes himself, and was duly impressed by this evidence of wealth. The name on the luggage, as on the little gentleman's card, was Markham Gaveston; but whether by some freak of the uninstructed artist who had written the name in bold characters of print upon the cases, the Gaveston was small, and the Markham large, so that there was some doubt in the minds of the people, both at the station and the inn, which was the name to call the new-comer by; and, what was still more odd, when they asked him, he only laughed and answered, "Which you please," which confused them more and more. He informed John Boardman, however, that he was a relation of the family, but had been in foreign parts all his life, and had never seen Markham before; and, as he brought in the boys from the Chase to dine with him that very evening, there could be no doubt as to the justice of this claim. Also the landlord had a letter to put in the post for him that night which was addressed to Sir William Markham at Oxford. He must be a relation, but who was he? For the next two days the village was very much disturbed by this question. There were old people in the place who were proud to think that they knew Sir William's relations better than he himself did; but who this little gentleman was, and what might be the degree of his cousinship, they found it very hard to make out. He laughed once more when he was asked if he was "a full cousin," or a more distant relation.

"Something of that sort," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, as if this was a capital joke. He was so constantly about, and so ready to make acquaintance with everybody, that in two days the whole village knew him; and this question weighed upon the mind of the community. At last one of the old women in the almshouses who had spent half her life in the nursery at the Chase, by dint of almost superhuman cogitation,

found a clue to the mystery. She remembered that one of the daughters of the late Mr. Markham of Underwood, who was "full cousin" to Sir William, had gone abroad after she became a widow, a very long time ago. Most likely she must have married again and become the mother of this little brown gentleman, who no doubt looked older than he was, being so spare and so brown. This was an explanation that satisfied everybody. The lady's name had been Willoughby when she left England, but what of that? It took a weight off the mind of the village to have the stranger thus made out and set in his right place.

And during the three days he spent in the village, Mr. Markham-Gaveston made acquaintance with everybody. His curiosity was insatiable. All day long he strolled about and questioned everybody. When he saw old Sophy coming from the woods with her bundle of sticks, he insisted on knowing where she got them, and how she got them, and all about her. Nothing escaped him. He found out that it was Lord Westland's groom that was at the smithy when he passed, and that the horse belonged to the Honourable Mr. Westland, and that the Honourable Mr. Westland was always finding errands to bring him to the rectory. This information he picked up by the way, as one to whom all news was pleasant; but the Markhams were the real objects of his inquiries. And when the landlady proceeded to intimate that Mr. Westland might save himself the trouble, since Miss Dolly cared more for Mr. Paul's little finger than for all his grandeur, and his title, the little gentleman at once owned the stronger spell.

"So there's a love-story going on, is there?" he cried briskly. "Mr. Paul! that's my young relation, I suppose? Are they going to marry? Come, tell me all about it. This interests me."

"Oh, *marry*, sir; bless you! No it ain't gone so far as that," Mrs. Boardman cried. And she had to protest

that there was nothing but "idle tales" in what she had said—her own silly fancies, as she added, with anxious humility, and bits of gossip among the servants. "You won't say as I said it, sir," she added. "I wouldn't be the one to make mischief for all the world, nor vex Miss Dolly, so good as she is; and most likely my lady wouldn't like it—and I don't say nothing for Mr. Paul neither. He is mostly away; it isn't what you could call keeping company. Oh, if us women hadn't got no tongues, what a deal o' mischief'd be spared!"

"That's what I'm always telling you," said John.

"And the men's worse," said his wife, going on. "Us women, we lets a thing slip, and never thinks; but the bad stories, them as sets folks by the ears, they always comes from the men."

This amused Mr. Markham Gaveston greatly. He clapped his hands and encouraged them both to continue.

"At her, John!" he said, behind the good woman's back; but John shook his head and retired. He knew better.

And Mrs. Boardman wiped her hands on her apron, and went off "to see to my dinner." The dinner naturally was not hers, but her guest's, who was a small eater—much too small an eater; a single chop was all he had for lunch, a chicken served him two days for dinner. There was little credit in cooking for any one who was so easily satisfied. To be sure he had suggested one or two eccentric dishes to her when he came, which Mrs. Boardman had never heard of, and which she had declared could not be half so good for any one's "innards," as a plain joint; but since that the stranger had made no remarks, eating what was set before him without remonstrance, but too little of it to please his hostess. He was much more greedy of news than he was of his dinner; and this last piece of information cost him a great deal of thought.

Next day, the third day of his stay

at Markham Royal, Dolly Stainforth had a little expedition to make by railway. Though she was far from being an emancipated young lady, and though her father was very careful that she should have in general all the guardianship that her position required, yet to be always accompanied by a servant on the little journeys which she made periodically to see an old aunt only two stations off, was a burden Dolly could not consent to: for which reason it had become the habit at Markham Royal to appropriate a vacant carriage to the use of ladies—a carriage over which the guard was supposed to watch, defending it from all male intruders. In this compartment old George, the man-servant at the rectory, carefully placed his young mistress; and all went on as usual till the very moment before the train started, when old George was gone, and the attention of the guard distracted; when the door of Dolly's carriage was suddenly, swiftly, noiselessly opened, and a little gentleman, in loose, light-coloured clothes, jumped in.

Dolly was so much startled that it was a minute before she found her breath, and in that minute the train had glided from the station.

"I fear I have frightened you," the stranger said.

Dolly was not at all frightened, but she was true to her father's precautions.

"Oh, no; but this is a carriage for ladies," she said.

"Dear me, what a pity!" cried the little man; but it was easy to see by his countenance that he did not think it a pity. "I am a stranger here," he said, "a stranger in England. I don't know all your ways. I will change at the next station if I am disagreeable to you."

"Oh, no," cried Dolly, horrified to be supposed guilty of rudeness. "It is not that. It is only that I am supposed always to travel by myself. Papa insists on a ladies' carriage. But it does not at all matter," she

added, with a glance that was not flattering to the special intruder in question. "Nobody could mind—"

Dear, dear! Dolly thought to herself, this is ruder still; and blushed crimson.

The stranger, however, did not draw from this any conclusions which were humiliating to himself. People are not so close to mark our looks and words as we imagine them to be. He smiled serenely, and as the train was now plunging along in the fussy yet leisurely manner common to a country train which stops at all the stations, resumed, with an air of great satisfaction and complacency—

"I am very glad you don't mind; for I came into the carriage on purpose—because I saw you get in. I wanted to speak to you," said Mr. Markham Gaveston, with a genial smile.

Then Dolly began to quake a little. Was he mad—or what did he mean? "Do you know me?" she said, faltering. She had heard of the stranger at the Markham Arms, but had not seen him.

"I have the pleasure of knowing who you are," he said, taking off his hat with the utmost politeness. "My little—relations, the little Markhams, pointed you out to me."

"Oh," cried Dolly again, "then you are——?"

"Yes, exactly," he said, smiling, "that is what I am. I have come from the tropics, and I do not know much about England. If I say anything that is very unusual, I hope you will excuse me. It is disagreeable that they should be away just when I have come so far to see them."

"Yes," said Dolly, hesitating. She could not refuse to answer him; but to discuss her friends with a stranger was a thing against which her heart revolted. "They did not expect to be away; it was quite unexpected," she said.

"And I have no reason to complain, for they did not know I was coming. All the same, one may say it is disagreeable, don't you think? I have to

put up in the inn, instead of being in my—instead of being among my own people."

"Do you know the Markhams, sir?" said Dolly.

She had a way of saying "sir" to men whom she considered old men; but happily Mr. Markham Gaveston did not know what was his title to so respectful an address.

"I know the little boys and the little girls," he said. "I could wish there were no more."

"Why?"

Dolly turned upon him with a flash of indignation, with eyes wide open and lips apart.

"Ah! what a silly thing to say, wasn't it?" he said. "You may be sure I couldn't have meant it. I want you to tell me about the others—the eldest girl and the boy."

"I! tell you—about the others!"

Dolly grew pale, and then red again. Either he must be mad, which had been her first thought, or else——

"Yes," he said, quite calmly, "don't be frightened. I want to have a good account of them, and that is what has brought me to you."

Once more Dolly stared at him in consternation. She wanted to be angry and think him impertinent, but he was not impertinent.

"Don't be frightened," her strange companion went on. "I want to hear all that is good of them. They tell me that I won't hear anything that is not good from you."

"Mr.—sir!—How can I talk," cried Dolly, with crimson cheeks, "of my friends to you? I—don't know you. Why do you want to question any one about them? Who told you I would say nothing that was not good? Does anybody think," cried Dolly, her eyes flaming, "that I would say either good or bad, for any one, that was not true?"

"I cannot answer so many questions at once," said the little gentleman; "besides that is not what I want; I want to ask, not to answer. I want to know about my—relations. When I

see them; perhaps they may not be very civil to me; they may think me a bore."

"Oh!" cried Dolly, "certainly they will be civil. Alice is too kind for anything else, and Paul—Paul is a gentleman," she said, raising her head. A softness came over the girl's eyes. She had no thought of betraying herself; perhaps indeed she was not aware that there was anything to betray; but in spite of herself, a certain subdued and dreamy glow, a kind of haze of golden light, came into her brown eyes at Paul's name.

"Well, that is something," said the stranger; "you don't think then that they will take to me much? but because the one is kind, and the other a gentleman——"

"That was not what I meant. Am I to pay you compliments to your face?" said Dolly, stopping short and looking suddenly up, half-impatient, half-amused.

"Certainly, if you wish to," he cried, promptly. "Oh, yes—do not be shy. I should not at all mind a compliment or two; indeed I think I should like them. Do not stand upon ceremony. If you can say seriously that you think me so nice that Alice will like me at once, and your Paul claim me as a brother——"

"He is not my Paul," cried Dolly, with another hot blush. "I do not like such a way of speaking. And, Mr.——"

She paused for his name, but the little man was malicious, and would not give it. He nodded his head two or three times.

"Just so," he said. "That is quite right," smiling with a mischievous smile.

"Mr.—Markham," Dolly said with a burst. "If that is not your right name, it is not my fault. How could Paul receive you as a brother? You must mean as—an uncle perhaps. Do you know that Paul is only just come of age, and Alice is but six months older than I?"

"Ah," said Mr. Markham Gaveston,

stroking his moustache, "I did not think of that," and he looked at her with an expression, half-comic, half-sad, slightly discomfited there could be no doubt. From this he shook himself free, however, and asked suddenly, "How old may Sir William be?"

"Sir William? Oh, quite old," said Dolly. She gave a furtive glance at him this time, anxious to keep on the safe side, and making a calculation in her own mind how old this little brown gentleman himself could be. Fifty, sixty? these two ages were much the same to Dolly. There was not to her any appreciable difference in their extreme oldness and far-offness. Even forty was very old. Her mind wandered hazily, confused on these gray and misty heights. "He is not so old as papa," she said with hesitation, "for papa, you know, was his tutor at college; but he is a great deal older than Lady Markham. He did not marry till he was about—I don't quite know how much—about forty, I think I have heard people say," said Dolly, with a certain awe in her voice.

"And that seems quite old to you?"

"It is old to be married, is it not? And Lady Markham was so beautiful, everybody says. She is beautiful still. I don't know any one so lovely. I tell Alice often, though I love her dearly, she is not half, oh, not a quarter so pretty as her mamma."

"How does Alice like that? It will not please her much I should think. I should not say that if I wanted her to like me."

The disdain with which Dolly erected her small head, and looked at him!

"That only shows," she said, "how little you know. Any girl would be a great deal more proud of her beautiful mamma than if she were ever so pretty herself. And Alice is very pretty. She has the sweetest eyes you ever saw. Quite blue like the sky—the deep sky. Not this little bit of no colour at all," she said, pointing upwards to the hazy gray-blue of heat: "but the deep, deep sky—the blue—

blue behind the clouds. Everything about her is pretty; but she is not so handsome, so beautiful, as Lady Markham. Being beautiful, and being pretty, are two different things."

Her companion did not pay much attention to Dolly's reflections. He broke the thread of them quite abruptly by asking all at once—

"And Paul?"

"Paul!" Dolly raised her slight figure bolt upright as though she had been fifty. "You are very much interested in Paul, Mr.—Markham; but then you don't know them. I care for Alice most."

He answered by a laugh. What did he laugh at, this very strange disagreeable little gentleman? Dolly had thoughts of turning her back upon him, of saying no more to him, of requesting him to change into another carriage at the station which they were approaching. But after all she did not want to be rid of him. She could not help liking to talk about the Markhams. What could be more natural? Were they not her oldest friends? her nearest neighbours? the people to whom she owed most of her pleasures? It was not doing any harm to them; on the contrary, it might be doing them good. Dolly tried to remember, though her heart fluttered, whether she had ever heard of any rich uncle or benevolent relation who might intend to surprise them, to come home *incognito*, and find out their characters before he left them all his money. If this was so, might it not be for their very highest advantage that she should talk of them? Mr. Markham Gaveston was the ideal of a rich uncle travelling *incognito*, such as appears now and then in novels. Perhaps he might intend to represent himself as a poor, not a rich, relation, in order to try them. Dolly smiled within herself as this idea crossed her mind. Then indeed it was quite certain whom his money would come to! He would be received as if he were a prince. Lady Markham and Alice would not know

how to do enough for him. They would try to make him forget his imaginary troubles; they would comfort him for all his losses. If this was what he meant to do, Dolly smiled to think of the certain issue. Before she came to this smile she had made a long circuit in her thoughts, and had half or wholly forgotten the laugh which had for a moment roused her indignation. And when he saw her smile, her companion took it as a sign of amnesty, and himself resumed the conversation.

"Come," he said, "you have told me about the ladies; it is the turn of the others now; so if you please, let us return to the most important. I want to know about Paul."

"Is he the most important?" said Dolly, doing her best to move her pretty upper lip into a semblance of scorn; then she dropped from this height of proud disdain, and admitted in a cheerful tone, "I suppose he will be to gentlemen. I do not know Paul so well; that is natural. He has been away a great deal—not always at home like Alice; he was at school first, and now he has been nearly three years at Oxford. I have seen him only in the holidays. That makes a great difference," said Dolly, demurely. She looked at her questioner with quiet defiance. If he thought she was going to betray herself a second time! And Mr. Markham laughed too. They established a little tacit confidence on this point—not that Dolly would have owned to it for any inducement—but the stranger was quick, and understood.

"Shall you go and stay with them," she said, beginning to carry the war into the enemy's country, "when they come back?"

"If they will have me," he said.

"Oh, I am sure they will have you. If you take my advice, Mr.—Markham, this is what you must do. Pretend to be quite poor. Say you have lost everything, and that instead of coming to England rich as you had hoped, you have come with nothing. Oh, what

fun it will be," cried Dolly. "I will back you up in everything you say. I will pretend you *told* me about it. Do this, Mr. Markham, and you shall see what will happen."

"What would happen in many houses would be that I should be turned to the door. But how do you know that I am not poor? then it would be no fun at all."

Dolly's laugh was a pleasure to hear; it was so honest, and simple, and sure. She had no doubt whatever on the question. Her theory explained everything delightfully. She did not even take the trouble to reply to this suggestion. She said—

"We are coming to the Pemberton station. Do you mean to change here as you said?"

"I will go certainly, if you turn me out."

Here Dolly's laughing countenance suddenly clouded over. She cast at him a quick glance of entreaty.

"Oh, no, don't go, don't go," she cried. And then she added, in a tone of annoyance, "I think everybody is travelling to-day. Some people are always travelling. It is horrid," cried Dolly, "to see the same faces and hear the same voices wherever one goes."

The cause of this ebullition of temper was easily explained. It was George Westland, very deprecating and humble, who had opened the carriage door.

CHAPTER XX.

"Good morning, Miss Stainforth."

"Good morning," Dolly replied, with a forbidding face.

"Is there any room in your carriage? I am going only as far as Birtwood."

"There is always room in my carriage," said Dolly, "for it is a ladies' carriage. This gentleman got in in a hurry just as we were starting, but he is to leave if any ladies come and want his place. I could not let any other gentleman come in, but if Ada is with you——"

George Westland's countenance fell.

It was a heavy and not a lovely face, but there was feeling in it, and a flicker of hope and pleasure had made his eyes bright. Now the light went out of it suddenly. He uttered a blank "Oh!" of disappointment; and stood looking at her with a vacant look. Her companion in the carriage was not a likely person to excite any young lover's jealousy, but yet——

"No, Ada is not with me," he said, fixing an anxious look upon the stranger, who had retired to the other window, and was ostentatiously abstracting himself from the conversation. (She would surely never have anything to say to a bit of a little old fellow like that, poor George thought within himself.) He lingered at the window, not knowing what to say more, for conversation was not his forte. At last he remembered a subject which could not fail to be successful. "Have you heard," he said—"but of course you must have heard—that Sir William is ill? He has been to Oxford—something about Paul. What Paul has been doing, I don't know," the young man went on with increasing vigour, "but something to make his people uneasy. And Sir William is ill; some one said just now they were bringing him home to-day."

"Sir William ill! Oh, no, I have not heard anything about it. It must be a mistake," said Dolly, "for I am sure the children did not know, and they would be sure to hear."

"I am afraid it is quite true," said the young man. But with this he had to make an abrupt disappearance, as the train was about setting off again. When he had gone, Mr. Markham Gaveston drew near from the other end of the carriage.

"I did not want to interfere with your conversation," he said, with comical demureness. "He was not so bold as I; I did not ask leave. But indeed, poor young man, as I am already in possession it would not have done him very much good."

Dolly did not think it necessary to take any notice, and the distance to

Birtwood was very short and left little time for further talk. Her companion, on his side, did not take any notice of the news about Sir William, which Dolly hoped was not true. "The Westlands always know before any one else if there is anything the matter with the Markhams; they seem to like to tell one," she complained, with a contradiction of her own hope. But though he had been so profuse in his inquiries before, the stranger said nothing more now. A certain sternness had crept into his brown face; the habitual smile, half-mocking, half-complacent, died away from his mouth, his upper-lip set firmly upon the other. But Dolly, who was not very deeply interested in the Markhams' relation, did not notice these changes.

Birtwood was a railway junction, an important place in those regions. All the traffic of the district, all the comings and goings, had to concentrate there. Through all the county it was well known that you were more apt to see your friends at Birtwood than anywhere else. It did not matter where they were going, everybody passed by this point of union. People met as they crossed each other to take the trains up and down; there were all sorts of little services which one could render to another; and it was said that many marriages had been made and friendships cemented during the intervals of waiting which were inevitable, in the tedium of that new ill which modern flesh is heir to—the necessity of waiting for your train. The train in which Dolly and Mr. Markham Gaveston were was a little local train, and therefore used with indignity. It was pushed about, now to one side, now to the other, before it was permitted to approach the platform, another more important line of carriages being brought up and allowed to disgorge its passengers before the very eyes of the humble travellers who were kept behind, making little runs up and down, though they had arrived before the train which was thus preferred to

them. Dolly, though she was used to this, felt it incumbent upon her to put on a show of indignation, for she did not want a stranger to suppose that this was how the trains from Markham Royal were always used. "I will make papa write about it," she said. She was standing in front of the window when at last the train drew up, obscuring the scene for the little man behind, who took it patiently enough. When, however, Dolly uttered a little cry, and leaning out head and shoulders made eager signs to some one already standing on the platform, exclaiming, "Oh, Alice! Alice! wait a moment," his interest was instantly roused. As soon as the carriage stopped the girl precipitated herself out of it, and rushed towards two ladies who were waiting. Mr. Markham Gaveston made no attempt to follow. He placed himself at the window of the carriage and looked out, his brown face wholly changed in aspect, his eyebrows contracted, his lips set firm. Two women, mother and daughter, one in full maturity, the other in the sweetest bloom of youth, with their face turned towards a third person, who came slowly along leaning upon the arm of a young man. Dolly, rushing towards them, was received by the other girl with a hurried gesture of her hand, half salutation, half intended to draw the newcomer out of the way; while the elder lady took no notice, her face, which was full of anxiety, being turned towards the advancing group. All the people about followed more or less that anxious look, and the officials of the place were crowding round in respectful attendance. The spectator at the window, who had grown very pale through his brownness, saw an old man walking slowly and feebly along, leaning heavily upon his companion's arm. He seemed to say something as they made their way along, for the young man turned round and waved his disengaged hand to warn the bystanders away. The blood rushed into Gus Markham's ears, tingling and throbbing, as he saw this little

procession pass, so close to where he sat at his window that he could have touched the chief figure. Sir William was ashy pale, his under lip drooped, one of his hands hung with a look of useless limpness by his side, he shuffled slightly with one foot. The air of a man stricken and broken down as by some great blow was upon him. The spectator gazed with the strangest pang, eagerly, keenly at the face he had never consciously seen before. Not a doubt of who it was crossed his mind. He had expected to meet him coldly, perhaps to be received with doubt and antagonism; but it had never occurred to Gus's somewhat superficial but not unamiable spirit that anything tragical would be involved in the encounter. Gradually indeed, a sense of issues more serious than any that had ever occurred to him before had been invading the kindly self-satisfaction of his nature. Now he sat and gazed as under a spell. They had shown him Sir William's portrait at the Chase. Was it he that had made the difference between that self-possessed, dignified, imposing little statesman and this broken and suffering old man? Gus gazed as one who cannot detach his eyes. The whole scene passed before him like a picture. The beautiful, anxious woman, gazing with such circles of trouble round her eyes, watching every step her husband made; the beautiful girl, putting her young companion aside, watching her father creep along through the sunshine; the young man—but here Gus's thoughts broke off short. Was that Paul? It did not seem to him like the idea of Paul which he had got from all that had been said. The young man was not like any of the others. He had none of that "family look" which distinguishes even in unlikeness members of the same race. His face was serious, but not anxious like the others; he had an air of kind solicitude, not of family trouble. Was it Paul? Was it Sir William's heir? They passed slowly before him, all the rest of the faces round

looking after them, turned towards them, making them the centre, as this far more deeply interested spectator did.

He felt himself drawn after them, he could not tell how, and stole quite quietly out of the carriage as soon as they had passed. They were going further on to another train—a special one—which was going back to Markham Royal. Gus followed slowly among the other bystanders, walking as near the principal persons as he could, following as at a funeral. Was it his doing? Was it his fault? He heard the murmurs of the people with a strange sense of guiltiness. "He's aged ten years," he heard one say to another, "since the other day." "Ah, sons has a deal to answer for," said another. This speech went buzzing through his mind like a winged and stinging insect. It hurt him, though nobody could have thought of him in saying it. He saw the sick man put carefully into the carriage, watching every movement, and feeling as if he himself were hurt by the little stumble of his foot as he went in—the jar of unexpected motion in the train. Lady Markham passed him slowly, as he stood looking with a woful face, deadly serious and awe-stricken, after the sufferer, and gave him a grateful glance, seeing what she thought the sympathy in his eyes. But it was not sympathy; it was a far stronger, more personal feeling. He stood gazing while everything was arranged for Sir William's comfort, and started to hear his voice coming out of the midst of the anxious group. It was not much he said—nothing, indeed, but a "That will do—that will do!" half querulous, half grateful. But the sound gave the looker-on a shock; it sounded to him reproachful, almost terrible. He kept standing there, staring, seeing nothing except the man whom he had never seen before—whom, for all he knew—was it possible?—his letter had killed.

Then suddenly the sound of other voices came to his ears—a whispering

conversation. The two girls were behind him, not conscious of his presence.

"Very ill," one was saying. "Oh, Dolly, yesterday we thought he would have died. But he is so much better now. The doctor was quite perplexed; he said he never saw anything so momentary; he could not call it a fit—it lasted so short a time. He thinks in a day or two he will be quite well again."

"Alice!" said the other's whispering voice, "don't tell me if it vexes you; but I will never—never say a word. Oh, tell me! I can't think of anything else—was it Paul?"

"Paul!" with a tone of indignation. Then the voice softened. "Dolly, dear, I know why you ask. Paul has been—very—wilful: he has given us a great deal of grief. I don't know how to tell you. But it was not Paul. Oh, there have been so many things! and he had letters—that worried him."

"Was that all?"

She was standing close by the man into whose heart these words sank like a stone.

"Everybody," said Dolly, "is worried by letters; and now that he is safely here, you and your mamma will be able to take care of him, and keep everything that is bad for him out of his way."

"I hope so," said Alice doubtfully. And then she passed Gus Markham so closely that her dress touched him. He withdrew from the touch hastily, and looked at her with anxious eyes. If she had known! but she did not look at him; far less had she any thought that he was involved in the catastrophe that had happened. He stood quite still, paying no attention to Dolly, watching them as Alice joined her mother in the carriage. Then he hurried on to another compartment and got in. What a home-coming it would be!—the children that had been so merry subdued and silenced at once—the big house that had looked so peaceful, filled full of apprehension

and trouble. He got into one of the carriages that followed, with a sense that nothing could disassociate him henceforward from this troubled family.

Dolly, standing wistful on the platform to watch her friend go away, caught sight of him, too, as the train passed, and a gleam of wonder shot over her little pale face. Yes, they would all wonder no doubt. It would seem strange—very strange to everybody. But it was clear that wherever this party went he must follow them. His lot was cast in with theirs, once for all.

CHAPTER XXI.

On the morning when Lady Markham went upon that unfortunate visit to Spears in his shop, which has been already recorded, both her husband and daughter were early astir—astir in that way which so often occurs in a family disturbed by domestic anxiety, when all are roused and in movement before the ordinary time, yet all unwilling to begin the day, to meet, to breakfast, to return once more to painful discussions of a trouble which no discussions ever diminish. Lady Markham stole out, thinking that both were asleep, while, on the other hand, both father and daughter respected her restlessness, and used what expedients were in their power to soothe their own.

Sir William had his writing-case, and the despatch-box which he carried everywhere with him, taken down stairs, to the big, bare sitting-room, in which his wife and he had discussed Paul on the previous night—a high square room, like a box, as blank and featureless; and there sat down, and made a pretence of writing his letters,—nay, more than a pretence, for his mind was preternaturally clear, stirred into activity and wakefulness more strenuous even than its wont, by the care which was the undercurrent of all his thoughts, and perpetually present with him. He wrote several letters

about business, public and private, in which his well-known terse and concentrated style was more concentrated and terse than ever. And by times he laid down his pen, and breathed a sigh out of the very depths of his chest, from the bottom of his heart. This was all the sign he gave of the distractions which were in his mind. It was much from him. He was not so overwhelmed as his wife by the suggestion of Paul's possible entanglement, but he was much more angry, annoyed, and impatient of the folly which all his wisdom could not cure. What can be more irritating, confusing, bewildering to a man who knows himself a power and influence in the world: not to be able to influence the being nearest to him, to persuade his own son to hear reason! There could not be a greater irony of fate. And behind this irritation and annoyance there was the other mystery, which only he knew of—the danger which menaced Paul in those prospects which Paul held so lightly, and was ready to throw away on the lightest inducement. Would he care as little for them if they were to disappear from him at the will of another, not his own? To find himself thus, between two impossibilities—between his young son whom he could no more move than he could move a mountain, and another unknown being who for aught he knew might be as little manageable as Paul, he was held fast, and his mind driven to bay. He kept himself out of the whirl of thought and feeling which these perplexities raised by mere force of will, and sat perfectly self-controlled at the bare table writing his letters, himself as neat as usual, every fold of his trim attire in its right place, his tie tied with all the usual exactitude, his sentences more sharply cut, more tersely defined than ever. The suppressed excitement in him acted as a powerful stimulant, quickening his heart's action, and intensifying the clearness of his brain; but now and then he put down his pen, forgot the imperial problems

which were easier to solve than these private ones, and relieved his full heart with the labouring of a profound sigh; then set to work once more.

The breakfast was brought in before Lady Markham appeared. Alice had been up in her own room for, she thought, hours—trying to read, trying to find any little trivial occupation, wandering to the window to gaze out blindly, seeing nothing, fulfilling all the tricks of anxiety, as if she, happy child, had been born to it, or had lived in no other atmosphere all her days. And yet it was but a short time since the very *a, b, c* of this devouring, absorbing passion, had been unknown to her—so easily are all its habits learnt. She went down stairs when the hour for breakfast arrived, and found Sir William very busy over his papers.

"Where is your mother?" he said.

Alice did not know; but they easily concluded that being ready early she had gone—it was not far—to see her boy in his rooms, perhaps to use some argument with him which had been taught to her in the counsels of the night.

"She will have gone to bring Paul to breakfast," Alice said, feeling it was her business to smile, and keep what show of liveliness was possible. Then she made the tea, and going to the window once more stood looking out, hearing in the silence the scratch of her father's pen upon the paper, and the bubbling and boiling of the urn upon the table.

By and by they sat down to breakfast. Lady Markham possibly was staying with Paul. Perhaps he was late, as usual, and kept her waiting. It seemed a cheerful token, a sign of good, to fall back upon Paul's lateness—that familiar home-grievance which they all had laughed and scolded about a hundred times. To say that he was "late as usual," that mamma no doubt had found him in bed, and was waiting for him, lazy fellow, seemed to break the new and gloomy spell.

Just then, however, a step approached, and some one knocked; a servant, and after him, their friend of yesterday, young Fairfax, very shamefaced and blushing, who came to say that Lady Markham had sent him, that she was taking off her hat up stairs, and would be down directly; and that he was under her orders to wait here for something she wanted him to do.

Fairfax blushed to the roots of his hair, and was full of apologies.

"I am so sorry," he said, "to disturb you; but Lady Markham——"

"Bring another cup," said Sir William.

The waiter, who had ushered in Fairfax, had brought also a letter, which was almost more surprising than the other visitor.

Sir William, however, was glad of any one who took him out of himself. He looked at his letter, but it did not seem important. The postmark was Markham Royal. There was no one there to give him uneasiness of any kind. He took it up between his finger and thumb, as he said—"Bring another cup."

And then neither of the young people knew anything more about Sir William till Lady Markham came in. He retired behind his letter as behind a shield, and the others talked. Fairfax was somewhat shy. He described how he had met Lady Markham in the fresh morning.

"It is the most pleasant time for walking if people only knew."

"Did mamma go to see Paul? and oh, where is he? will not he come?" said Alice.

The tears got into her voice. Had things gone so far that he would refuse to come?

"I don't think she has seen Markham," said young Fairfax.

Lady Markham had brought him in with her that she might not be obliged all at once to explain where she had been. The same reason made her spend a longer time than was necessary in taking off her hat and putting on the matronly cap with which she

covered her beautiful hair. She thought with the simple subtlety of an innocent woman that the conversation would be in full course when she made her appearance and any confusion on her own part be concealed. When she came in her manners were of the conciliatory and effusive kind which is common to all culprits desirous of avoiding explanations of equivocal conduct.

"I met Mr. Fairfax when I went out, and I met him again coming back," she said, "and he owned he had not breakfasted. I hope you are giving him something to eat, Alice."

Alice looked up anxiously in her mother's eyes. Where was Paul? that look inquired, but the glance with which Lady Markham replied conveyed no information. She shrank from her child's look, and sitting down began to talk almost volubly.

"I went further than I meant to go; the morning was so lovely and everything so still. Is it usually so still, so vacant, in summer, Mr. Fairfax? In the country we are used to it—but to see a place usually so full of young life in this state of quiet is strange. I met—scarcely any one," said Lady Markham. "William, you will have some more tea?"

Sir William did not make any answer. The letter which he had been holding up dropped, or rather the hand which had held it dropped upon his knee; and he was leaning back in his chair, Lady Markham could see with the corner of her eye—but she did not look at him, not wishing to risk the encounter.

"I thought I should be back before you were ready," she said. "We are all early this morning. I suppose it is because an inn is so unlike home. William—Oh!" She rose to her feet in sudden alarm. "Are you ill? What is the matter?"

He was leaning back in his chair, his head drooping against it, his face very pale, his mouth open and his breath labouring and painful, but he had not lost command of himself.

When his wife rushed to him he tried to smile.

"Feeling—faint," he said, feebly.

It was a weakness to which he had been subject before. While they hurried to get wine, eau-de-Cologne, all the usual restoratives, he, still keeping up a vestige of a smile, did his best to fold up the letter he was holding, and groped about for the envelope.

"I will put it away," his wife said; but he made a slight negative movement of his head and succeeded in pushing it into a letter-case, which he always carried. The envelope had dropped on the floor. Who thought anything of it? He had things to move him quite sufficient to account for any disturbance of the heart without seeking for further causes. After a while the faintness passed off, his breathing improved, his heart began to beat naturally, and he came, or seemed to come, to himself. When he went up stairs with Lady Markham's anxious attendance, Alice and the young man remained alone. These few minutes had done as much as weeks generally do towards the growing acquaintance of these two young persons. Fairfax had ran hither and thither to get whatever they wanted. He had supported Sir William up stairs. He had shared in the alarm, the confusion, the trouble of the moment. Alice came down with him after her father had been established in his room, to think of the civilities which were due to a stranger. The half-eaten meal on the table, the confusion of chairs, the air of human trouble and agitation in the place had already made the bare room more like an inhabited house. Alice faintly begged her companion to take his place again.

"Mamma will come presently. He will want nothing but quiet and rest: he has been—worried—you know."

"Yes," said Fairfax; "it throws a light upon some things I never thought of before. My people are robust, fortunately; they are only uncles and aunts, who don't suffer in the same

way as one's parents, I suppose. But, Miss Markham, if any one had cared as much for me—I have given a great deal more cause for anxiety than your brother has done. When I see how you are all upset it makes me blush for myself."

"Oh, Mr. Fairfax, it is so kind, so good of you to say so."

"Is it?" he said, with genuine surprise; "now I wonder why? There is no goodness about it, I fear, one way or the other. Only there are lots of us that don't realise—that can't understand."

Alice's heart grew quite light. She considered that this independent testimony was as good as a vindication of Paul. A young man, a comrade, must know all about him, that was self-evident; and when he declared so distinctly Paul's superiority to himself what doubt could there be that such an uncalled, generous witness must be trustworthy? She could have laughed, or cried for pleasure.

"I should like mamma to hear you," she said. "I suppose it is because he is so much to us all that we are so foolish. You don't think he will really go away? That is what worries papa. He wants him to go into parliament, and public life."

Fairfax laughed.

"He is a lucky fellow. It is not possible to imagine that he could willingly throw away all these chances; but if I can answer for Markham's heart I can't answer for his head, Miss Markham. The one is as right as a compass, but the other is packed full of crotchets I must allow; and what he may be able to do in that way, how far he may go, I would not undertake to say."

Alice's countenance fell, then brightened faintly again with a little light of opposition.

"You may call them crotchets, Mr. Fairfax, but I am sure Paul's ideas are convictions, and what can he do but follow them out?"

"Ah, that is giving up the question," said the other. "I believe they

are convictions ; but you may be convinced of a foolish thing as well as a wise one."

"What he says is not foolish. I do not agree with it," said Alice, "but it is fine, it is noble ; he would do what our Lord says, give up everything to the poor."

Fairfax shook his head.

"It sounds very fine in that way, Miss Markham ; but that is not how Paul puts it. It is not giving to the poor, but sharing with his equals that is his thought, and I do not think you would like that. If they all had their share to-morrow, half would have two shares next day—at least so everybody says," he went on with a laugh—"all the philosophers ; and I am sure Paul would have no share at all. He would have given it away to somebody who persuaded him that he had not drawn a good lot. 'Take it,' he would say, 'I can starve better than you can,' for he is a fine aristocrat, our friend Paul."

"Do you call that being an aristocrat?"

"To be sure ; isn't it? A poor little *roturier* like myself has not the knack of it. I should say, 'Take a cut at mine,' as if it was an orange, and hack at it myself among the rest. But Markham does things with a grand air. He will always have it ; indeed, I think that when he had got his share to which he would allow he had an indisputable right, he would prefer to give it away in a lordly manner, and keep nothing but his magnanimity. That is what he is doing now."

To have such an audience as Alice, with that glow of tender gratitude and pleasure in her eyes, looking up to him, fixed upon his face, her smile following every word of this pretended impartial and philosophical description, was worth any man's while. He was tempted to go on romancing about Paul, giving him not only the praise he felt his due, but a great deal more, in order to secure a little longer that rapt attention. But perhaps it was better to stop, and leave her time

enough to say with her hands clasped, and her whole soul in her look—

"Mr. Fairfax, you make me very happy. They have whispered things to mamma which have made her wretched ; but it is 'nothing but his magnanimity : ' that was what you said ?"

Lady Markham opened the door, and came into the room before Fairfax could reply. She was preoccupied, and took no notice of the conversation that was going on.

"Your father has fallen asleep," she said ; "he is very much exhausted. Oh, how I wish we had not left home." Then she perceived Fairfax, and added with a change of tone, "You have had no breakfast. Alice, I thought you would attend to Mr. Fairfax."

"Oh !" cried Alice, "do you think he cares about breakfast when we are in such trouble? He has been telling me about Paul. Mamma, listen to him. He must know. He says it is all Paul's magnanimity—that was the word."

"Oh, my dear, my dear," cried Lady Markham, "it is my fault. I have made everything worse. Oh ! why will women interfere? We ought to have stayed at home, and had patience. What can we do one way or another? I have behaved like a fool and got my boy into more trouble. And now your father. What shall we do if he is ill too?"

"Mamma, it is impossible that you can be to blame."

"Quite impossible !" cried Fairfax. What gave him any right to speak? Yet they took it as a matter of course. "And pardon me, Lady Markham, I do not think there is any one much to blame. There is no harm in it at all. If you could but see behind the scenes as I do ! Spears is an enthusiast—say a fanatic ; he believes all he says, and Paul believes him, and thinks he thinks with him ; but he does not altogether ; and they will differ more and more as time goes on. Patience, and it will come right."

"Ah, if I could have had patience !

Do you know what anxiety means?" said Lady Markham. "It is a determination not to be unhappy. What does it matter whether I am happy or not—I have been very happy all my life. I ought to bear it, and wait till God sends a cure; but we would not, Alice—we would rush into it, knowing nothing, meddling. Oh, why should women interfere!"

This strained Alice's sense of natural justice.

"Have not women as much to do with it as men?" she said.

Lady Markham shook her head.

"I have made things worse—I have made everything worse. Mr. Fairfax, will you go and tell Paul that his father is ill? Oh no, I have no right to ask you to take so much trouble; but you are kind, I know. You have a mother who would go out of her senses too, if anything was amiss. When you tell her she will explain it all to you; how foolish, how foolish a woman can be. Go and tell him that his father is ill. His father is not a man to be ill for nothing. He will see it is no light matter when he knows that his father is ill. There is something—a little—the matter with Sir William's heart—not much, thank God; but we ought to spare him. Will you tell Paul?—but Alice, Alice, how could you be so careless, Mr. Fairfax has had no breakfast!"

Lady Markham rose hastily, and drew a chair to the table, and turned to him, pointing to it, with a tremulous smile about her mouth, though the tears were standing in her eyes.

Was it possible that it was only yesterday he had come to know them? He hurried out with his message, quite agitated by the sight of this family trouble. It was no affair of his, and he had no mother as Lady Markham suggested, to make him understand; but his heart seemed to be suddenly filled up like an empty vessel with these new people's affairs. He tried to laugh at himself, but stopped in the midst of the effort, growing portentously grave. Why should he

laugh? If Sir William was ill, and Paul on the point of abandoning his natural position and his native country on a wild-geese chase, with which in all probability he would soon be utterly disgusted, circumstances were very grave for the Markham family. Perhaps Fairfax felt it all the more strongly that he in his own person had no family to abandon. He felt the want so much that he wondered all the more at one who, with all these pleasant things belonging to him, should be willing to throw up everything, and go off into the wilds with Spears—with Spears! he repeated to himself with indignant, yet half-amused surprise. He did not know anything about Janet, for the very good reason that till this morning there had been nothing to know.

Fairfax walked very rapidly to Paul's college, but did not find him. As he however came slowly back again across the deserted quadrangle, he met young Markham coming gloomily along, his head down, and his countenance obscured. There was a sort of dull decision in Paul's aspect, as if all his affairs had been settled at a stroke, as if the hopes and uncertainties of ordinary life were over for him. He who held his head so high, whose step was so light and elastic with all the rapidity of a visionary, came along now crushing the grass with a heavy foot, all the lightness and youthfulness gone out of him. Fairfax looked at him with an impulse of wonder. This favourite of fortune, so much beloved, important to so many, with the world at his feet, what could have put so much perverseness into his mind that he, of all men in the world, should be discontented with his lot! How wonderful it was! Paul did not want to be accosted, to be disturbed in his gloomy thoughts by any frivolous interruption. He was about to pass with a sullen nod when Fairfax stopped him against his will.

"Markham, I am sent to tell you that your father is ill."

Paul stopped, and regarded him with sudden anger.

"What the devil," he said, with altogether uncalled-for indignation, "have you to do with my affairs?"

"Nothing in the world; but your father has been taken ill at the hotel," said Fairfax. His cheek flushed, too, but he subdued himself. "Lady Markham sent me to tell you. I have nothing to do with it," he said; then went on, while the other stood and glared at him. Fairfax felt the blood boiling in his veins; but to quarrel with the undutiful son was not in his *consigne*. A man with three such people hanging (it seemed) their happiness on his wayward conclusions: his father ill, his mother with those beautiful eyes all strained with anxiety; his sister—Fairfax's eyes grew dim, as with a dazzlement of light, as he seemed to see before him Alice, with her head raised, her hands clasped, her blue eyes full of emotion—all for Paul. Good heavens! who dared speak of equality? This fellow, who was ready to share everything with his neighbours—how insensible he was to all those happinesses which he could not share.

CHAPTER XXII.

PAUL did not at first obey the call thus sent to him. He lingered, angry that his friend should interfere as he said. He knew it was not interference, but the pride which was so strong in him, notwithstanding all his theories, resented haughtily the intrusion of a stranger into his family. Paul's theory was far from being complete. He was ready himself to abandon all he possessed, and to assert it as a necessity that every honest man should do the like, receive his share and nothing more; but he did not contemplate the idea of a general descent of his family into the wider ranks of common brotherhood. That his father should share his ideas, and resign his wealth and position, was a thing incredible he well knew; and curiously

enough he had never thought of it. Whatever happened in the way of levelling, it had never seriously occurred to him to think that the Markhams would be as the Spears, as the grocers or the hatters. (Grocers and hatters by the way are always excluded in visionary schemes of revolution. One must draw a line somewhere; and both the rich and poor draw it at the shopkeeper.) Such a thing could not be; it was impossible. Were there a republic proclaimed in England to-morrow, was there a general confiscation and redistribution of everything, making all men the same, the Markhams could not be as the Spears. It was not possible.

But still more hotly, as in the presence of real danger, Paul's pride stood up against the possibility of the Markhams being as the Fairfaxes.

Richard Fairfax was his friend; he was a gentleman—yes, no doubt, in himself a gentleman—but not as the Markhams were gentlemen. He was a nobody; he was the son of a nobody. He did not belong to the Fairfaxes of the north or of the south. He had a good name, but no more. What had such a fellow to do in Alice Markham's company? Spears at the Chase was an eccentricity of his own, which made Paul feel himself above prejudice, and nobly superior to the conventional maxims of society; but Fairfax there affronted his pride. The two things were quite different. The same rules did not seem to apply to the noble working man, who was above them, as to the gentleman who was only a gentleman in his own right. That his mother should have formed a kind of alliance with this young man (though his own friend) irritated him beyond measure. Women were so easily taken in. Good manners, and a look of good breeding—so easily acquired nowadays when everybody is formed in the same mould, and all kinds of people can achieve the hall-mark of public schools and universities,—was enough to take in a

woman. Had Paul been consulted, no such person should have entered the sacred precincts.

Yet Paul was a democrat, on the verge of surrendering everything, and throwing in his fortunes with a little communistic party! The inconsistency did not strike him, or if it ever stole across his mind, he repelled the consciousness with a hot protestation within himself that it was not at all the same thing. That Spears should be his equal was a thing to fight for, a thing that could never derange the inborn sense of aristocracy; but that Fairfax, who was so near his equal, should be his equal—therein lies the danger, which instinct seizes upon, which rouses pride in arms.

This proud distaste and discontent occupied his mind at first to the exclusion of every other feeling. And when that faded, it may be allowed that Paul had some cause for a disinclination to see his mother. What had she done? She had dragged down upon his head the humble roof under which he had intended to find shelter. She had thrown him into the arms of those with whom indeed he was eager to consort, but whose embrace was no way attractive—nay, was repulsive to him. She had changed all his circumstances, vulgarised his plans, degraded him from the rank of a political apostle into that of a wretched besotted lover. Young men who are not in love, and in whom the intellect predominates, are apt to be very hard upon what they consider the delusion, the incredible folly of such a passion. To sacrifice freedom, personal independence, the unencumbered lightness of manhood, for the sake of a woman, seems to them the most ridiculous of mockeries until the moment comes when they share it. This was Paul's way of thinking. It was an outrage to his nature and mental powers to make him appear to be doing that for Janet Spears which he was doing from the highest principle. And this was what his mother, with her womanish interpretation of his high aims and

wishes, had made appear. He could not forgive her; and in this he was not without reason. He made many efforts before he could think with patience of the strange morning's work which had changed everything for him. No, he could not go to her so soon. He went to his rooms and shut himself in, sitting down among his books like any Roman among any ruins. Read! why should he read? These were useless tools of an old world, which he was about throwing off. "Honours!" what were they to him? The schools and the struggle had retreated into dim distance. A degree would be of far less consequence to him than a gun, and all his studies not worth half so much as the simplest lesson of his country breeding. To sit there, however, among all those relics of a time which was over, which had no more hold upon him, was gloomy work. And every refuge seemed taken from him. He did not want to go to the rooms of any other "man" where he might meet Fairfax. He could not go back to Spears; his heart revolted at the thought of going (as habit made him call the place where his parents were) home. He was walking about in this gloomy way, now gazing out of one window, now out of another, when a little tap came to his door, a light foot, a soft voice, and agitated face.

"Oh, Paul, may I come in?" Alice said. "Have you not seen Mr. Fairfax? He was to tell you papa was ill. We want you—oh, we want you, Paul."

"What has Fairfax got to do with it?" growled Paul.

"Mr. Fairfax! Oh, nothing, but that he was so kind; he helped papa up stairs. He came for you when mamma sent him. I do not know what we should have done without him; for—you were not there, Paul!"

"Not much wonder if I was not there!"

"Why? Mamma does nothing but blame herself. She cries and says we should not have come. Oh, Paul! and papa, I told you, has had one of

his faints. Will you come?" cried Alice, moved to tears, yet flushing high with a generous impatience; "or are we to be left to shift for ourselves?"

"She deserves it," he said. "What had she to do with it? Surely I am old enough to manage my own affairs."

"Is it *mamma* you mean by she? Then stay—or go where you like. Oh, how dare you!" cried Alice, wildly angry. "*Mamma!*" This stung her so that she went to the door hurriedly, going away; but that little flash of wrath was soon over. She stopped and turned round upon him, making another appeal. "You don't deserve that we should care for you; but we do care for you," she said. "Oh, Paul! when I tell you papa has had one of his faints—for what? because to think of you going away, forsaking us, giving up home, and your own place, and the people that you ought to care for, was more than he could bear. Paul! how can you leave us—leave Markham and everything you were once fond of—leave your duty, and the place you were born to?"

"My dear little Alice," he said, with a smile, glad to conceal a little melting of his own heart which was beyond his power of resisting, by this fine superiority, "speak of things you understand."

Then Alice flashed upon him with all the visionary vehemence of a girl in her own defence.

"How should I not understand?" she cried. "Am I so stupid? It is you who make yourself little, pretending to despise us girls. What is there to despise in us? We do not fill our head with pride and fancies like you. We love those who belong to us, and serve them, and do our duty as we know how. It is not we who leave our old father to suffer, or tear our mother's heart in two. It is not we that turn peace into trouble. There you stand," cried Alice, "a man! fit to be in parliament making the laws better—fit to be doing something for

them that belong to you, after learning, learning all your life, doing nothing but learn, that you might be good for something. And now, all you think you are good for is to emigrate, like the poor Irish. Is that all you are good for? Then you ought to be humble, and not dare to turn round and sneer and tell us to speak of things we understand. Understand! I understand that if you can do nothing better than that—if, after all, you can only betray us and forsake us, and be no use, no help to any one, it is a shame!"

Who can doubt that Alice's eloquence was broken with sobs, and her fury all blind with tears? She would not, however, for pride, let him see them fall, but turned away from the door with passionate haste, and flew down the deserted staircase, swallowing her sobs as best she could, and dashing away the hasty torrent from her eyes. She heard him laugh as she got out into the air in all her agitation, and this sound stung Alice to the heart.

But if she had known it, Paul's laugh was like the ploughboy's whistle to keep his courage up. He had not expected any such onslaught, and he was not insensible to it, any more than she was to his scorn. For, after all, he did not in the least despise his sister, though it was so handy to pretend to do so. When he was left again among his ruins, though he stimulated himself, as by a sickly trumpet note of pretended victory by that laugh, Paul did not feel half so grand a personage as he could have wished, and for the next half hour or so there came and stabbed at him a little array of by no means pleasant thoughts.

In the afternoon, after some hours had elapsed, Paul walked into his father's room with a little air of defiance, and without any apologies. Sir William was seated in an easy chair, looking aged and worn.

"I am very sorry to hear that you have been ill, sir," his son said.

"Yes, I have been ill," said Sir William, "but it will pass off. I think the best thing for me is to get home."

"I should not think you could be very comfortable here," Paul said.

His mother was in the room, and his grievance against her rose up bitterly, and quenched the softer feeling which had moved him at sight of his father's pale face.

"It would perhaps have been better that we had not come. There are many things—that I must see after—in your interests. Paul, do you mean to come home with us? Whatever you may do hereafter, it would be best for you to come home now."

There was a momentary pause.

Sir William put forward no arguments, not even that of his own condition—and used no reproaches. But behind him appeared Lady Markham's face, pale and pathetic with entreaty. Her eyes were fixed upon her son with a look which he could scarcely withstand. And therefore Paul set his face like a rock, and would not yield.

"I don't see what good it would do, sir," he said. "You know my unalterable resolution. You know my principles, which are so much at variance with yours, and would prevent me from ever taking the position you wish. Why should we worry each other since we can't agree? Beside, other circumstances have arisen," he said, with a vengeful glance at his mother. "But before I sail I shall certainly come to say good-bye."

His mother's faint call after him, "Paul! Paul!" which sounded like a cry of despair, caught at his very heart, but did not bring him back. His feet felt like lead as he went down the stairs. Almost they would not carry him from everything that was in reality most dear to him; but the more nature held him back the more determined was his obstinate will to go. He would come back to say good-bye before he sailed. Was he leaving himself a place of repentance? But at present, though he was wretched, though his heart seemed to have an arrow through it, and his feet were like lead, he would not stay.

This was how it came about that Sir William appeared at Birtwood station, leaning upon the arm of a young man who was not his son. After Paul's visit he had another attack of faintness; and Fairfax, who came back in the evening to put himself at the disposal of the ladies, found them in great agitation, eager to get home again, yet half afraid to venture on the journey. He came back in the morning to help them to get their patient to the railway; and when they got there, Sir William, feeling the advantage of his arm, so held by him, that without either invitation or preparation, the young man, so strangely united to these strangers, came with them, not a word being said on the subject. He had not even a ticket, nor the smallest provision for a visit. What of that? The young fellow was of that light heart and easy temper to which no adventure comes wrong.

To be continued.

THE SHIRE AND THE GA.

THE Archæological Institute met last year in Northamptonshire; it has met this year in Somerset. In neither case has it shown itself absolutely for the first time within the borders of the district in which it came together. But in each case its earlier visit was to a border city, an ecclesiastical city; it is only at the second gathering in each district that a temporal centre has been chosen as the place of meeting. The Institute met at Peterborough before it met at Northampton; it met at Bath before it met at Taunton. It would be hard to find two English cities whose histories are more unlike than the places of those two meetings. The settlement which grew up around the great fenland monastery of Saint Peter, the holy house of Medeshampstead, grew by degrees into a borough, and, by later ecclesiastical arrangements, into a city. The changes of our own day have given that city a growth such as it never had before, and have further clothed it with political attractions, which surpass those of every city or borough in England. Peterborough must be nearly the only constituency in the United Kingdom where it is thought nothing strange for two seats in Parliament to be fiercely struggled for by six candidates. Here is indeed a marked history, old and new; yet, from our purely antiquarian point of view, we should hardly venture to compare the history of Peterborough with the history of the Roman city, the English monastery, the Norman bishopric—the old borough Acemannesceaster, which by another name men

Bath call.² Yet, in the history of this Institute, a meeting at Bath and a meeting at Peterborough have thus much in common. A meeting in either of those cities cannot provide material for an exhaustive treatment, it can hardly provide material for a typical treatment, of the regions—I will not yet speak of counties—within whose borders those cities stand. A Bath meeting could hardly fail to extend its researches to objects lying beyond the land of the Sumorsætan, while it could examine only a very small proportion of the objects which lie within that land. Still less could a Peterborough meeting, brought together at the junction of so many shires, in the centre of a region which has a character and a history of its own independent of those of any shire, fail to extend its researches to objects lying beyond the shire of Northampton. And if a Bath meeting could take in only a small proportion of the antiquarian wealth of Somerset, a Peterborough meeting could take in only a yet smaller proportion of the antiquarian wealth of Northamptonshire. In both cases it is the second meeting which first gives the opportunity for any study of the land itself, as a land. A Northampton meeting ought to lead to a typical, even as far as opportunities may allow, to an exhaustive, examination of the region of which Northampton is the centre, and to which Northampton gives its name. A Taunton meeting ought to lead, if not to an exhaustive, at least to a typical, examination of the region of which, I must remind you at starting, Taunton

¹ An Opening Address to the Historical Section of the Archæological Institute, at Taunton, August 7, 1879. I have here worked out more fully, with a special local reference, some facts of which I have spoken elsewhere. See Norman Conquest, vol. i. pp. 48, 570, ed. 3.

² See the song in the Chronicle, 973.

On ðere ealdan byrig,
Acemannes ceastre;
eac hi igbuend
oðre worde
beornas Baðan nemnað.

is not the centre, and to which it does not give its name. Bear in mind that distinction from the beginning. Taunton does not stand to Somerset in the same relation in which Northampton stands to Northamptonshire. Still, if we look on the land of the Sumorsætan, not as a circle but as an ellipse, those who, like myself, come from the spot which is in some sort the rival of Taunton must freely allow that Taunton is one centre out of two.

In passing from Northamptonshire to Somerset, the Institute passes from one of the regions of England most favoured in antiquarian wealth to another region no less favoured. The comparison and contrast between the two with regard to their buildings is attractive, almost fascinating; but I will not enter on it here at any length; it belongs to another section. I will point out one feature of contrast only, one which is in some sort connected with my present subject. Northamptonshire is, among all the shires of England, one of the richest, perhaps the very richest, in buildings of Romanesque date and style. It abounds in every variety of round-arched architecture, from those arches in the basilica of Brixworth which, whatever may be their date, are surely Roman in material, Roman in style, to those arches in the minster of Peterborough whose mouldings shew that nothing but conformity to an elder design kept their builders back from adopting the constructive forms of the then newborn Gothic. In the average Northamptonshire parish church we look at least for a Norman doorway, while in not a few we find other features of that style, reaching their climax in the rich capitals and arches of Saint Peter's in Northampton. And Northamptonshire has relics more precious still. Fragments of earlier days, arches, doorways, whole towers, built in that Primitive style which our earliest teachers brought from Rome, are here usual enough to cease to be wonderful. Here in Somerset one may go miles without seeing a trace

of even Norman work, and I doubt whether a midwall shaft is to be found between the Avon and Exmoor. I would ask you to bear in mind this single point of architectural difference between Northamptonshire and Somerset. The difference is incidental; it may be accidental; but, from my point of view, it is not without its teaching.

But my immediate point is that, while Northamptonshire and Somerset alike claim their place among the most historic regions of England, the historic interest of the two regions is of quite a different kind in each, and that the difference is of a kind which is not merely accidental, but one the cause of which goes up to the very beginnings of the English nation. The difference may be summed up in a few words. To what proportion of my hearers will my words convey a meaning, if I say that the difference is this, that Somerset is an immemorial *gá*, while Northamptonshire is a comparatively modern department, a *shire* in the literal sense? If these words do not convey a meaning as yet, I trust to make them convey a very distinct meaning before I have done. As yet I will only ask you to notice some outward points of difference between the two regions, some palpable facts, some familiar ways of speaking, by which I hope to lead you up to that perhaps still mysterious definition as the only key which will explain them. I have already asked you to remark that Taunton does not hold the same position in the land where we are now met as Northampton holds in the land where we—that is the Institute, for I was not there myself—met last year. I asked you to notice the very obvious truth that Northamptonshire is called after the town of Northampton, while Somerset is not called after the town of Taunton. But, more than this, as the land of Somerset is not called after the town of Taunton, so neither is it called after any other town. There is indeed within its borders a town bearing a cognate or kindred name, the King's town of

Somerton. But the land of Somerset is not called after the town of Somerton; the names of the land and of the town are simply cognate, derived from a common source, but neither of them derived from the other. But the difference is not merely a difference of names: it is also a difference of facts. There is no town, Taunton or any other, which stands to the land of Somerset in the same relation in which the town of Northampton stands to the shire of Northampton. Northampton is beyond all doubt the local capital; no other town in the shire is likely to dispute its precedence. It has every claim to that rank. First of all, it is very central. It is possible that some of the smaller towns may be geographically still more central; but, if so, the difference is so slight as to be altogether overbalanced by the fact that Northampton is, and always has been, the greatest town in the shire. If it happens that there is any Northamptonshire magistrate here present, I would ask him whether it ever came into his head to propose that the assizes or sessions of his county should be held anywhere but at Northampton. I can remember when, at a Northamptonshire election, the one polling-place was Northampton; and, if there was to be only one polling-place, it was certainly the best place for the purpose. But here in Somerset we have no one town which holds, or ever did hold, the same indisputable position as the local capital. The largest town is the Roman city of Bath; but that, lying as it does in a corner, is wholly unsuitable for such a purpose. Taunton does not lie so completely in a corner as Bath; but we of Wells sometimes keenly feel that Taunton is not a geographical centre, and the map will show you that it is a great deal nearer to Devonshire than it is to Gloucestershire. Wells, more central than Taunton, is much smaller; Glastonbury, most central of all, and as such chosen as the dwelling-place of the chief constable, is smaller still. Somerton has

its cognate name and its precedence in Domesday; but it would hardly assert any more recent claims to the rank of a capital. Ilchester, rival of Bath in antiquity, has really more historic claim to be looked on as the local capital than any of the towns which I have spoken of. It was the place of the county elections down to the first Reform Bill; it kept its county gaol later still. But Ilchester lives only in the past; it has the memory of its elections and the memory of its siege; it has the presence of the beautiful mace of its chief magistrate; but it would hardly venture now to put forward a claim to be deemed the head of Somerset. As for assizes and sessions, they have been held at all manner of places, at Bridgewater and at Chard, and I doubt not at other places also, as well as at the towns which I have named. The present arrangement is to hold them alternately at Wells and at Taunton; and I do not think that it has ever been proposed at Wells that Taunton should be deprived of that privilege. In short, while there is no question as to what place is the one capital of Northamptonshire, there is no one town which has any grounds, geographical, historical, or practical, for putting itself forward as the one capital of Somerset. Now such a difference as this is not accidental; it must have some ancient historical cause. What that cause is we shall see presently; but before we come to it, I will ask you to notice one or two more points of difference between the two regions.

Look then at the names of the two districts. When I have spoken of Northamptonshire, I have always called it Northamptonshire; there is no choice in the matter; there is nothing else to call it, except the more formal style of "county of Northampton," which comes to the same thing. But have any of you noticed that, up to this point in my discourse, I have avoided using the word *Somersetshire*? I have spoken either of *Somerset*, or, when I meant to be a bit

archaic, of the land of the *Sumorsætan*. I do not know whether anybody has noticed it as a peculiarity that I said *Somerset* rather than *Somersetshire*; but I am sure that, if any one noticed it as a peculiarity, no one had any difficulty in knowing what I meant. Now one must always say *Northamptonshire*, because a distinction must be drawn between the shire and its capital. Here, where there is no capital, *Somerset* and *Somersetshire* are both justified by common usage. But *Somerset* is the form to be preferred on the ground of ancient usage, and in some phrases it is preferred in modern usage. I think we always speak of the parliamentary divisions as East-, West-, and Mid-*Somerset*. And here I believe we ought to thank our late representative Mr. Neville Grenville for getting us that last good English name, and saving us from having some outlandish form like *Central Somersetshire* tied to our tails. I believe that a point of view might be found from which the form *Somersetshire* may be thought to be more correct than *Somerset*;¹ but I am now speaking of usage. I cannot say offhand how early the form *Somersetshire* may come in, and it is proverbially hard to prove a negative; but I certainly do not remember any instance of its use in my own centuries, eleventh and twelfth, nor have I lighted on any instance of its use in turning over the indexes of several volumes within that period. It is not that the ending in *shire* was then unknown; it is familiarly added to some *pagi*,² only the "*pagus Sumerseten-ensis*" is one of those to which it is not added. In several passages the contrast is very marked. Take for instance some entries in the Chroni-

cles. In 878 the inhabitants of three *pagi* of Wessex flock to the banner of Ælfred. They are "*Sumorsæte ealle and Wilsæte and Hamtúnscir se dæl þe hire beheonan sæ was.*" In 1015 Cnut harries "on Dorsetum and on Wiltunscíre and on Sumorsæton." In 1051 Odda is made Earl "*ofer Defenascíre, and ofer Sumorsæton, and ofer Dorseton, and ofer Wealas [West-Wales or Cornwall].*" The next year Harold lands at Porlock "*neh Sumersætan gemæran and Defenescíre.*" Henry of Huntingdon represents the second of these passages in his Latin by "*prædavit Dorset et Sumerset et Wiltshire.*" In Domesday the forms are "*Sumersete,*" "*Sumerseta,*" while we have "*Devenesceire,*" and "*Wiltscire.*" In the period of English history with which I have had most to do, the ending *shire* is no more added to *Somerset*—or to *Dorset*—than it is added to *Kent* or to *Cornwall*.

Why then is this? I answer for the present that certain *pagi* of England were called *shires* because they were shires, that certain other *pagi* were not called *shires* because they were not shires. *Somerset* belongs to one class, *Northamptonshire* belongs to the other. I ask you for the present to put up with this very unsatisfactory answer. I am yet only piling together my points of difference; I have not yet come to their explanation. We have as yet established these points of difference between the two districts which I am comparing. *Somerset* is not in early times called a shire; it is not called after a town; it has not, and never has had, any one town as its undoubted capital. It is essentially what in Switzerland is called *Land* as opposed to *Stadt*. It is a land of certain extent, meted out simply as a land, with out reference to towns at all. It has no one natural centre and meeting-place; its meeting-places have shifted from time to time, as has been found convenient from time to time. *Northamptonshire*, on the other hand, is strictly the district of a town. It

¹ I mean that, in strictness, a *Somerset* might be a man, one of the *Sumorsætan*, and *Somersetshire* might be justified as "the shire of the Somersets." But in actual use, *Somerset* represents the tribe name *Sumorsætan*; the Domesday form *Sumersete* gives the intermediate stage.

² *Pagus* is the usual Latin word for shire or county, when the more technical words *seira*, *comitatus* or *conynlatus* are not used.

takes its name from a town; it gathers round that town as its natural centre and meeting-place. One in short is the shire of Northampton; the other is the land of the Sumorsætan.

I would again crave your indulgence while I go off into another most important point of contrast; in short, I would ask to complete my collection of phenomena before I begin the explanation of the phenomena. Let us now compare the position which the two districts hold in the general history of the larger whole, the kingdom, of which they alike form parts. The contrast which is thus supplied is most striking and instructive. Both are historic regions, full of great historic associations; but their historic memories are of different kinds, and for the most part belong to different ages. Northamptonshire is the richer of the two in contributions to the general history of England, while Somerset may claim the special interest which belongs to a land which has a history of its own. Let me put it in another way; the land of the Sumorsætan is older than England; the shire of Northampton is younger than England. Northamptonshire is simply part of England: it has no separate historic being of its own; Somerset is one of the earlier wholes by whose union England was made up. It has, in a certain sense, a history which may be said to end when the history of England as England begins. If we look through the history of England, at least from the eleventh century onwards, we shall find that an unusually large proportion of great national events, of battles, of councils, of national settlements, took place within the borders of Northamptonshire; but there is no history of Northamptonshire itself. There is a history of the borough of Northampton; there is a history of the abbey of Peterborough; there is doubtless a history, if we could only get at it, of every smaller town and parish within the shire. But of the shire itself, as a shire, there is no history. Northampton-

shire doubtless has its local annals, its lists of sheriffs and parliamentary representatives; but it has no history in the sense which I mean. Here in Somerset the case is different. The list of great events in English history which took place within its borders is not small; but we shall hardly be wise if we set up our land as in this respect a rival to Northamptonshire. We have our contributions to the general history of the kingdom, even in later times; but we shall do well to allow that Northamptonshire surpasses Somerset both in the number and in the greatness of the national events which it has beheld. But, if we go back to times before the eleventh century, the prominence of Somerset over Northamptonshire in our national annals is much more undoubted. That is to say, Somerset has, what Northamptonshire has not, a history of its own, a history set down in our national Chronicles, which carefully record the gradual making of Somerset as no small part of the gradual making of England. We hear of the land, its towns, its fortresses, as early as the sixth century; we hear of its folk by their own name early in the ninth. Of Northampton town we get our first mention early in the tenth century; its great historic importance begins in the second half of the eleventh. The first mention of the northern *Hamptonshire*—carefully to be distinguished from the much earlier mention of the southern—as a separate district bearing that name, comes earlier in that century, in the year 1011.

The name of Northampton borough thus first comes before us in the wars of Eadward the Unconquered; it was one of the towns which had to be won back from the Dane. The name of Northamptonshire first comes before us in the later struggle with the new Danish invaders, Swegen and Cnut. From that time onward, the shire, and above all its capital, stand forth, as I have already said, as the scene of a very large proportion of the great

events of English history. Northampton might dispute with Oxford the honour of being the great national meeting-place of Northern and Southern England. If it was at Oxford that under Cnut Danes and English agreed to dwell together under Eadgar's law, it was at Northampton that Harold held the great *Gemót* which acknowledged the earl whom Northumberland had chosen, and in which Northern and Southern England agreed to dwell together under the law of Cnut. If Oxford saw the granting of the great Provisions, Northampton saw the Parliament which carried on the work of Harold's *Gemót* yet further, by acknowledging Scotland as an independent kingdom. How high a rank Northampton held among the cities and boroughs of England, how it had supplanted cities of far greater and earlier fame, we see by a witness which is none the less certain because of the strange form that it takes. On the day that King Eadward was alive and dead, the four greatest cities of England were held to be London, York, Winchester, Lincoln. In the reign of Stephen, Exeter had supplanted Lincoln. But when the body of the quartered David had to be divided among the chief towns of England according to their rank, London got the head without doubt; York and Winchester disputed over the shoulders, which should have the right; the right leg went to Bristol, the left to Northampton. That is to say, the inland borough, of comparatively recent origin, no centre of trade, no dwelling-place of ancient kings or bishops, had risen to rank fifth among the towns of England, next after the ancient and immemorial cities and after the merchant borough whose happy position and far-reaching traffic had raised it to a level with them.

But the historical associations belonging to Northampton and Northamptonshire press thick upon us. It was within the borders of the shire, though not within the walls of its

capital, in the castle and by the forest of Rockingham, that Anselm, the born saint, in the simple might of his true holiness, stood face to face with the power and the wrath of the Red King. It was in the castle of Northampton itself that his imitator, Thomas, the artificial saint, withstood in another spirit a king of another mould, when cross and sword met in more than a figure as hostile weapons, and when the appeal was made from the king of Angles to the king of angels.¹ It was again within the borders of the shire, in the vanished monastery of Pipewell, that Richard of Poitou, in the former of his two short visits to England, held his great market for the sale of lands, honours, and pardons. It was there that — within the same shire which saw the acknowledgement of Morkere of Northumberland and of David of Scotland — he sold back to the Scottish Lion the special rights which his father had won over the Scottish realm. And these are only a few out of a crowd of councils and parliaments held within the shire, most of them in its capital. If we take in the history of the great abbey of Peterborough, we may bring it many a stirring tale, from the raid of Hereward and the stern rule of Turolf to the days when old Scarlett buried two queens within the minster. And, if report speak true, it was the fact that the minster of Peterborough held the grave of Katharine which caused it to be spared to receive the grave of Mary. And the same land which saw Mary's burial, saw also her beheading. Not many miles off, by the banks of the same sluggish river, stands Fotheringhay, where the fallen choir of the church held the tombs of the princes of the house of York, where the small fragments of the castle remind us of the day when their descendant laid

¹ Herbert of Bosham (vii. 146) says to Thomas, "*Memento te extitisse regis Anglorum signiferum inexpugnabilem, nunc vero si signifer regis anglorum expugnaris, turpissimum.*" This play of words meets us everywhere.

her head on the block within its hall. Once landed in the region of personal incident, we might even mention that a Northamptonshire village was the scene of the romantic adventure which led Edward the Fourth to raise the widow of Sir John Gray to the throne which had been meant for a princess of Castile or of Savoy. And, going back again to the wider events of history, if Northampton and Northamptonshire have been the scene of councils, they have no less been the scene of battles. The great year whose later months saw the victory of freedom at Lewes had seen in its earlier months a heavy blow dealt to freedom at Northampton. The town was taken by the forces of Henry the Third; its defender, the younger Simon, was made a prisoner; the burghers were mercilessly plundered; according to one account they were ruthlessly slaughtered, on a charge, strange indeed, of a design to burn the city of London.¹ In another and less noble strife two hundred years later, when Englishmen were wasting their blood in genealogical disputes, the spot which had seen the victory of one Henry saw the captivity of another; in the meadows below Northampton the king-maker won the second of his battles, and for the second time had his king at his mercy. And, last of all, when the strife of the thirteenth century was fought again in the seventeenth, it was not indeed at Northampton itself, but within the bounds of Northamptonshire, that the victors of Naseby could give their glad answer to the question,

“O wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the North,

With your hands and your feet and your raiment all red?

And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout,

And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread?”

¹ So say the Bermondsey Annals under the year 1263 (Ann. Mon. iii. 463); “Eodem anno villa de Northampton capta est, et populus in eo inventus occisus, eo quod ordinauerunt ignem furentem ad comburendum civitatem Londonie.”

Now I think that, after going through this long string of great events in our national history, we must allow that, for many centuries past, at least from the twelfth century onwards, more great questions have been disputed or decided, more great assemblies have been held, more great battles have been fought, on the soil of Northamptonshire than on the soil of Somerset. The reason is plain; it is a geographical reason. It is the central position of Northampton and Northamptonshire which caused so many important scenes of national history to be acted within the borders of the shire, and specially within or under the walls of the town. The central land of England, the land into which not a brook flows from any other shire, but out of which rivers flow into three seas, swelling the waters of the Wash, the Thames, and our own Severn sea, was, from its mere place in the map, likely to be the scene of great events. A national assembly must be held somewhere. In days when there is free choice in such matters, when all the business of three kingdoms is not done in a single town in a corner of one of them, that national assembly is most naturally held in some place near the centre of the kingdom. So, when armies are in the field, they will meet in battle somewhere; and, when two armies of Englishmen are engaged in civil war, they are more likely to meet for their decisive struggle in Northamptonshire than in Northumberland or in Cornwall. But mark that the exact place depends on the accidents of warfare. If one army had been a little quicker or another a little slower, the battle of Edge-hill might have been fought in Northamptonshire or Oxfordshire, and the battle of Naseby might have been fought in Leicestershire. Those battles were not fought in the shires in which they were fought out of any reason specially affecting those shires; they were not struggles waged by the men of those shires for any special objects of their own. Nearly all the events which I

have gone through help to bear out my proposition that, though Northamptonshire is a land which plays so great and constant a part in English history, there is no such thing as a history of Northamptonshire itself.

And I do not any the more shrink from saying this, because there is one most important point in which we may truly say, perhaps that Northamptonshire itself, certainly that a region of which Northamptonshire is a very considerable member, has in some sort given the law to England. I mean in the matter of language. I have myself tried to bring forward the fact which others have brought forward as well as myself, that the polite and literary speech of England, while it is neither the speech of Northumberland nor the speech of Wessex, is the speech, if not exclusively of Northamptonshire, at least of a region of which Northamptonshire is part. But again what is the cause? Doubtless the central position of that region. The strongly marked Saxon speech which has fallen back from Kent to Somerset was not likely to make disciples in Yorkshire. The strongly marked Anglian speech, fresh wrought in a large region under Danish influences, was not likely to make disciples either in Kent or in Somerset. But Yorkshire, Kent, and Somerset might all silently agree to take as their common classical standard the intermediate speech of the intermediate lands, a speech which could be understood by the men at either end, while the men at either end could hardly understand one another.

Now my position was that, while Somerset cannot pretend to have been the scene of so many of the great events of English history as Northamptonshire has been, it had the advantage of Northamptonshire of having in the strictest sense a history of its own. This feature actually comes out most strongly in the earliest parts of English history; but it comes out in the latest parts also. In the civil war of the seventeenth century Somerset can boast of no one event

like the fight of Naseby; it had its share in the struggle, but its share was mainly of a local kind. What we most think of in connexion with Somerset during the whole of the seventeenth century is the number of names which it contributes to the roll of the worthies of the age. The name of Phelips still lives at Montacute; the greater name of Pym is not forgotten at Brymore; the memory of Blake dwells at Bridgewater where he was born and at Taunton which he defended; none, I should deem, visit Wrington without giving a thought to the memory of Locke. Nor are the worthies all on one side; all cavaliers were not like Rupert and Goring; and Wells, ever prudent in the choice of its members, need not be ashamed of having been represented by Sir Ralph Hopton. But here I would again notice that the chief local events of Somerset in the seventeenth century are essentially local events; they are local in a sense in which the fight of Naseby is not a local event in Northamptonshire. When Blake defended Taunton, he was not merely defending a strong military post which military needs required should be defended; he was something like the defender of a free city; he was the defender of a town which had a character and an interest of its own; he was the leader of burghers who knew for what they were fighting and whose hearts were thoroughly in the cause. Taunton in the West was as eager to keep Goring outside its walls as Colchester in the East was eager to get rid of him when he had got inside. Only Taunton has the advantage over Colchester that its siege has not become the subject of a myth. But go on a little later, to the last fighting which this part of England has seen, to the days of Monmouth's insurrection. Perhaps I should not call Sedgemoor the last fighting, as there was a skirmish at Wincanton a few years later; but Sedgemoor was, as Macaulay says, the last fighting in England which deserves the

name of battle. Now that battle was essentially a local battle; it was not merely part of a general struggle which happened to be decided in Somerset, as the fight of Naseby happened to be decided in Northamptonshire; it was a local warfare, a warfare which the men of the shire, or a large party among them, waged on their own account. It was strictly local; it was strictly popular; it was a struggle in which Taunton again plays its characteristic part; it is a struggle which is but a small matter in the general history of England, but which fills a great space in the special history of Somerset.

But it is after all in the earliest days of the history of England that we can best see the special character of the history of Somerset. Nowhere else can we so well see a land in its making. Nowhere else can we so well trace out the process by which a land became bit by bit an English possession, how this battle gave our forefathers the dominion of such an amount of British soil, how, after a lapse, sometimes only of a few years, sometimes of a whole generation, the frontier was again pushed forward as the result of another battle. This Institute, even those of its members who have least locally to do with Somerset, must be familiar with this part of the history of the land in which we are met. For it was at successive meetings of this Institute that the process was first explained, clearly and unanswerably, in the memorable discourses of Dr. Guest. Three, perhaps four, periods of conquest, three or four swoops down on the devoted land, made the whole region from the Avon to Blackdown English. The territory thus won bit by bit from the Briton became one of the constituent parts of the West-Saxon realm, the land of the Sumorsætan. The same process doubtless went on in other parts of Britain; but nowhere else are we allowed to see it before our eyes with the same clearness. In Kent and Sussex we

can trace the formation of a kingdom; but those kingdoms reached their full extent at an early period of their growth. It is in the history of the West-Saxon kingdom that we can best see how a kingdom went on growing; how it made a conquest; how it received a check; how it waited years before it made another conquest; how it lost on one side and gained on another, till it took the final shape in which it became one of the component parts of the greater whole of England. And no part of the growth of Wessex is so clearly written as that which sets before us the making of the land of Somerset by the conquests of Ceawlin, Cenwalh, Centwine, and Ine. The process is a part of general English history; for it is a part of the growth of England. But it is part of the growth of England only by being the growth of one of those smaller settlements by whose union England was to be made.

The land of the Sumorsætan was thus formed, in the space between the years 577 and 710, as one of the states which made up the kingdom of the West-Saxons. It was ruled, we can hardly doubt, by one of the under-kings of the royal house, of whom we know that there were at one time as many as five at once. As the unity of the kingdom grew, under-kings gave way to ealdormen, and more than one ealdorman of the Sumorsætan plays his part in the great struggle with the Danes. And I need not add that one, and the greatest, of the kings of the West-Saxons made one spot in Somerset the centre from which to win back the West-Saxon realm when for a moment it was lost. But remember that it was only for a moment that Wessex was lost, and it is the fact that it was only for a moment that it was lost which makes the main difference between the historical position of Somerset and of Northamptonshire, between the historical position of the West-Saxon and the Mercian shires generally. We have seen that we have a history of Wessex, a history of Somerset, from the earliest

possible moment. We have no such history of Mercia as we have of Wessex; but that is simply because it is not recorded; the same process of gradual conquest from the Briton must have gone on in both cases. And as we have a history of Somerset, so we might, if it had chanced to be recorded, have had a history of any of the states which went to make up the Mercian whole, of the Wocensetan, the Cilternsætan, the Pecsætan, and the Elmetsetan, of the Gyrwas and the Lindesfaras, of the Noxga *gá* and Ohta *gá*.¹ But Northamptonshire, as Northamptonshire, could not have such a history. I think you will see by this time that there is an essential difference between a land of which we can trace the gradual formation from the sixth century onwards and a land whose name is not heard of till the eleventh century—between a land gathered round a town, called from a town, of which that town is the natural head and centre, and a land which has no head town, no natural or historical centre, above all, which does not bear the name of a people. Here we at last come to the main difference; the one is the *shire* of Northampton, the other is the *gá* of the Sumorsætan. Let me use this old word *gá*, the High-German *gau*. We can just prove that it was in English use; for we know that there was somewhere in Mercia a Noxga *gá* and an Ohta *gá*, though Mr. Kemble himself seems to have been unable to find out exactly where those *gás* lay. This most ancient name has been fairly driven out of the language by a name younger, though still very ancient, the name *shire*. *Gá* and *shire* alike translate the Latin *pagus*, the district which we now call *shire* or *county*. But the two names look at the district from different lights; their own etymological meaning is wholly different; they seem to point to difference in the districts called by each. Now in English the name *gá* or *gau*, still familiar in

Germany, everywhere died out; but the name *shire* did not everywhere come in. To many counties of England the ending *shire* is never added. Some of us may have heard the phrase of going into "the shires," as distinguished from those parts of England which are not shires. No one ever adds the word to Kent, Cornwall, Sussex, Essex, Middlesex, Norfolk, Suffolk, North-humberland, Cumberland, or Westmoreland. No one who knows local usage ever adds it to Rutland. And, leaving that last mysterious little district alone, the reason in the other cases is plain. None of those districts are historically *shires*. A *shire* is in strictness a division, something *sheared* off from a greater whole. Now the lands which I have mentioned are not divisions; they are not sheared off from anything greater; they are not divisions of the kingdom of England; they are ancient kingdoms and principalities whose union helped to make the kingdom of England. And the like rank I claim for the lands of Somerset and Dorset. They are not shires cut off from anything greater; they are the territories of tribes, in other words *gás*, which went to make up the kingdom of Wessex, and thereby the kingdom of England.

The root of the whole matter is that the names Somerset and Dorset are strictly tribal names. The name of the tribe and the name of their land is one. A thing is always done "on Sumorsætan," "on Dorsetan," while things done in the neighbouring lands may be done "on Defenan," "on Wilsætan," but may also be done on "Defenascire," on "Wiltúnsaire." This usage of language is exactly as when a thing is done "on West-Seaxum," "on East-Englum," "on Myrenan"; the land has no name apart from its people. So it is with old Greek names like *Lokroi* and *Leontinoi*; so it is with modern German names, like *Preussen*, *Hessen*, *Sachsen*. In our own language the plural form *Wales* is another case of the same usage; it is clearly *Wealas*, the name

¹ See the list in Kemble, Saxons in England, i. 81.

of the people used as the name of the land. *Somerset* then, *Sumersete*, *Sumer-seta*, *Somersetania*, all the forms that the name takes in English or in Latin, is the land of the *Sumorsætan*; *Somerton* is their town. I will not pretend to decide what is the origin of the first half of the name; the derivation which makes *Somerset* the *æstiva regio* is so easy and tempting that one is half afraid that it cannot be right. But as to the second half of the name there is no doubt. *Sætan* is a word of the same origin as *sit*, *settle*, and other kindred words; we use the same phrase every day when we talk of *settlers* and *settlements* in Australia and elsewhere. The *sætan* in any district are those who *sit* down or *settle* in it; the form is therefore a common ending of tribe names. In Wessex we have the *Sumorsætan*, the *Dorsætan*, the *Wilsætan*. In Mercia we have seen the names of some ancient tribes whose memory has perished from the map and even from history. Such are the *Pecsætan* or settlers on the Peak, the *Wocensætan*, whom Mr. Kemble takes to be rather *Wrocensætan*, the settlers by the Wrekin. So in a kindred land we have the land of *Elsass*. Its English form would be *Ilcætan*, bringing us strangely near to our own *Ilchester* and *Ilminster*,¹ as *Strassburg*, *Strateburg*, brings us near to our own *Street*. And there are two Mercian tribe-names, which have not perished with the rest. The land of the *Magesætan* is now known as Herefordshire; but their name is not wholly lost; it lives in *Maisemore* and on *May Hill*, the high hill between Gloucestershire and Herefordshire.² Had Here-

fordshire kept its tribe-name, the modern shape of that name would be *Mayset*. But the *Scrobsætan* have done more than this; they have given their name to *Shropshire*, the only Mercian shire which keeps a tribe-name; and, like our own *Sumersætan*, *Dorsætan*, and *Wilsætan*, the shire contains a town with a cognate name, the borough of the *Scrobsætan*, *Scrobbsburh* or *Shrewsbury*. Shropshire and Rutland are the only two Mercian shires which have strictly names of their own, not taken from any town.

A crowd of curious questions might be asked as to the names and the origin of the West-Saxon lands and shires. Some of them I have tried to answer elsewhere;³ some I might find it a little hard to answer. But I cannot enter upon them here. My object now is to contrast counties which are undoubted tribal settlements and which bear undoubted tribal names, a class of which Somerset is the best example, with counties which are mere *shires* or divisions, a class of which Northamptonshire is as good an example as any other. All the Mercian shires, save Shropshire and Rutland, are called, like Northampton, directly after a town. And, just as in the case of Northamptonshire, the town after which the shire is named is commonly one which lies conveniently central, and, except when it has been outstripped by the growth of other towns in later times, it is the greatest town in the county. I could go through the few apparent exceptions at some length, but I will mention only one, because I think it is the only one which concerns us. Buckinghamshire, a land once West-Saxon, is the only Mercian shire in which there is any room for questionings as to which town is to be deemed the local capital. But there is room for such questionings in every shire of Wessex in the later and wider sense—that is, in every shire south of the Thames—save only in Devonshire and Dorset, where the

¹ The likeness in the names of the rivers may be accidental, as *Ilchester* is contracted from *Ivelchester*. Another German example is *Holstein*, where the modern form might send us on a wholly wrong tack. But the Latin form *Holsatia* shows that we are dealing with the *Holtætan*, the settlers in or by the wood. In English we should say *Holtset*, by this name perhaps *Holset*.

² About *May Hill* there is I believe no doubt. But a very competent authority threw doubt at the meeting on the derivation of *Maisemore*.

³ See *Norman Conquest*, i. 571.

position of the Roman cities of Exeter and Dorchester forbade all rivalry.

The name of every one of these shires suggests some curious point or other. But all that concerns me now is to point out the difference between counties like Somerset keeping an immemorial tribe-name, and which have no central town, and counties like Northamptonshire which have a central town, and which bear its name. Now what is the cause of this distinction? I believe it to be this, that Mercia, or the greater part of it, was conquered and divided by the Danes in 877, while the Danes tried in vain to conquer and divide Wessex in 878. In Mercia, save, it would seem, in the land of the Scrobsætan, the old divisions, Gyrvan, Pecsætan, and the rest, passed away, as the ancient names of Derby and Whitby passed away, as the elder names of a crowd of smaller places must have passed away when they took names from Danish lords. When Eadward the Unconquered and his sister the Lady of the Mercians won the land back for England and for Christendom, when they founded many towns and fortresses, they seem to have mapped out the recovered land afresh.¹ They made new shires, shires in the strictest sense, divisions, departments. Only they called them after the chief towns; they called a shire Northamptonshire; they did not call it the department of Nen and Welland. And to each of these chief towns they allotted such a territory, such a *shire*, as lay conveniently round the town as a central meeting-place. There are some anomalies; nothing human is without them. But this account is true of Mercia as a whole; it is emphatically true of Northamptonshire, especially if we look on the *soke* of Peterborough as a separate district. In Wessex, on the other hand, and in the South of England generally, the Danes never settled. They came and ravaged; for a moment they conquered; but they never occu-

pied the land or divided it among themselves. At no time then was there any need for any general recasting of the districts which made up Southern England. There was nothing to hinder an old kingdom, an old *gá*, from living on as a modern county. And some at least of the old kingdoms, of the old *gás*, have lived on as modern counties. We have Kent and Sussex; we have Somerset and Dorset. Somerset and Dorset therefore, no less than Kent and Sussex, are no shires, no divisions, no departments, but component elements of England, older than England. Northamptonshire was made by the great King or the great Lady of the tenth century. Somerset was never made; it grew; it grew bit by bit from the victories of Ceawlin to the victories of Ine. It has therefore a history of its own, a history of its own growth, a history which in the nature of things comes to an end at a time somewhat earlier than the time when the new-made Mercian departments, which in the nature of things have no history of their own, first begin to show themselves on the general field of the history of England.

Up to a certain point then, a point early in the eighth century, the history of Somerset and the history of Wessex are in some sort the same. The growth of the *gá* was the growth of the kingdom. In Ine's day the new land was fully formed, as one of the lands which make up the kingdom. From that time of course its local history becomes secondary to the general history of the kingdom, first of Wessex, then of England. But till Wessex is finally merged in England, or rather has grown into England—till the West-Saxon name has passed away, lost in the name of the kingdom into which Wessex has grown—the land of the Sumorsætan keeps its place as one of the parts of the kingdom which is richest in its supply of historical incident and historical instruction.

¹ On the possible share of Ælfred, see Norman Conquest, i. 572.

And now comes in the distinction

which I drew long ago as to the nature of the strictly architectural wealth of the two regions. We all know that the architectural wealth of Somerset consists mainly of works in the later styles. I noticed that of Romanesque of any kind we have not much, while of the earliest form of Romanesque I think I may safely say that we have none at all. I hardly know why this is, as the abundance of good building-stone in both districts would doubtless cause stone to be freely used in both earlier than in most parts of England. But as a matter of fact, the memorials of the earliest style may be almost said to abound in Northamptonshire; in Somerset, if they ever existed, they have vanished. Now, even if this fact be accidental, there is a kind of poetical justice in it. Northamptonshire, which, setting aside the great abbey which hardly belongs to it, is barely visible in the earliest records of English history, keeps abundance of material memorials of those days, to remind us that the land which became Northamptonshire was already there, though under another name. Somerset, where so large a part of the earliest English history happened, which holds so prominent a place in our earliest records, could better dispense with material memorials of the days of which its very name is a witness.

Of the historic spots within the land—I may now say the *gá*—of the Sumorsætan several will be visited during the excursions which are proposed for the present meeting. And I would ask all who have come together to this meeting to remember that, wherever they tread in this land, they are treading in the very thick of West-Saxon history. Almost every spot has made its contribution to the history of the West-Saxon realm; almost every spot has its memories of kings and saints and heroes. We meet in the castle of Taunton, in the fortress of Norman times hard by the ancient *burh* of Ine. That later fortress at least represents the town and

stronghold which Ine reared to guard his newly-won land against the British enemy, the town and stronghold which Æthelburh did not shrink from burning, when it was turned about to purposes of home-born strife. We have made our way to Dunster; there we looked down on a coast almost every inch of which has beheld some stage of the warfare of the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries. There is the Parret's mouth, where in Egberht's day the invaders were smitten by Bishop Ealhstan and Ealdorman Osric; there, on either side, are Watchet and Porlock, where again they were smitten in the days of Eadward the Unconquered—Porlock where again Harold and Leofwine landed on their return from their Irish shelter. And some have placed within the circuit of the same bay the site of the Danish landing which led to the camp of Athelney and the fight of Ethandún, to the baptism at Aller and the chrisom-loosing at Wedmore. The geographical position of the land, the wide flat fenced in by hills, enables us to trace out the successive waves of conquest almost as in a map. The long line of Mendip guards the frontier stream of Ceawlin; the wilder heights of Quantock and Exmoor proclaim themselves as the natural strongholds where the Briton held out till the days of Centwine and Ine. The intermediate frontier of the Parret is less strongly marked in the general view of the landscape; but the conquest of Cenwalh is not without its visible memorial; the tor of Glastonbury stands as at once the sanctuary and the central point of the land which the second wave of settlement added to Somerset, to Wessex, and to England. In the Mendip line the greatest of its natural features, the pass of Cheddar, forms no marked object in a distant view; we cannot, save in their own immediate neighbourhood, look on the rocks which saw the perilous chase and deliverance of Eadmund the Doer-of-great-deeds; but the memory of his repentance and

gratitude may rise before us even among the greater memories of Glastonbury. We visit the ground which once bore Æthelstan's minster of Machelney, and thence we pass to the more famous spot of Montacute. And at Montacute, Montacute itself must not be forgotten. Besides the church, the priory, the houses of the town, the mansion which preserves the memory of one of our local worthies, the hill of Leodgareshurh, the true *Mons Acutus*, may claim some thoughts. I do not ask that every one should climb it—I remember that the greatest of living scholars once found it a hard matter to reach the top of the sharp peak. But all may at least gaze on it from below. All may surely find their feelings as Englishmen stirred as they look on the hill round which gather so many memories of the days of England's struggle and overthrow and second birth. It was on that hill that the pious sacristan found, so the tale went, the wonder-working rood; it was at the foot of that hill that the willing oxen of the proud Tofig, unwilling as long as the names of the greatest English minsters were spoken, started at once as soon as they heard the name of Waltham as the goal of their journey. It was in honour of the cross of Leodgareshurh that Tofig first reared his minster, that Harold enlarged alike its foundation and its material fabric. It was the name of the Holy Cross, the holy cross found on that West-Saxon hill, which gave the war-cry to the host which gathered around England's last native king, alike on the day of victory at Stamfordbridge and on the day of overthrow on Senlac. And surely that cry was heard again when Leodgareshurh had newly become Montacute, when the sharp peak, hallowed in English eyes, had become the vulture's nest of the stranger, when the stronghold of the devouring Count of Mortain crowned the venerable height, foremost among those dens of oppres-

sion which made Englishmen shudder at the name of castle. There it was, around that height, that the last fight was fought for the freedom of the Western lands, the fight which sets the name of Montacute at least beside the names of York and Ely. When Exeter had fallen, when the whole land seemed conquered, when London and Salisbury were constrained to send their English contingents to the foreign host, the men of Somerset and Devonshire still rose in arms to wage war against the hated fortress, to fight, but to fight in vain against overwhelming odds, to be borne down by the arms of their own countrymen, and to feel in their hour of overthrow that the plunder of the Norman Count was after all less sharp than the subtler cruelty of the Norman Bishop.¹ No one name lives at Montacute, as the name of Waltheof lives at York, as the name of Hereward lives at Ely; but the men who last fought for England on the spot which gave England her war-cry are as worthy of a place in the bede-roll of England's defenders as their fellow-workers in other parts of our land whose personal exploits still live in history and legend.

I change the scene to give a few words to another spot whose memories are not of warfare. It is not my business here to dwell on all that the church and city of Wells has to show in the way of great works of the building art. I call on you rather, as you visit the earliest seat of the bishopric of the Sumorsætan to mark, what you can nowhere else mark so well, the arrangements of a great secular foundation which never, like so many others, put on the monastic garb. At Wells a greater number of the original ecclesiastical buildings, palace, prebendal houses, and vicars' close, still remain than in any other foundation of the same class. Nowhere else is so large a number of ancient buildings still applied to the purposes for which they were first designed. And mark too at Wells how an English bishopric differs

¹ See the story in William of Malmesbury's *Life of Dunstan*. Stubbs, *Dunstan*, 269.

¹ See *Norman Conquest*, iv. pp. 271—276.

from a continental one. The continental bishop was the bishop of a city; the English bishop, in the sees which are most purely of English origin, was the bishop of a land or a people. Bishop of Wells, still more Bishop of Bath and Wells, is the style of a later day. The Bishop of the Sumorssetan did not fix his *bishopsettle* in any city, as bishops afterwards did at Exeter and Norwich. He fixed it in his church of Wells, within his lordship of Wells. The little city grew up at the bishop's gate, and received its municipal rights from the bishop's grant. Here then is another class of town, a class specially English. By the king's town of Somerton, by the abbot's town of Glastonbury, by the lay lord's town of Dunster, we place, as an example of a rarer class than any of those, and as having a special history, the bishop's town of Wells.

But in the general history of Wessex and of England, I might say with truth, in the history of Britain and of Europe, the abbot's town counts for more than the bishop's town. The house which the conquering Englishmen honoured under the name of Glastonbury was no less honoured by the conquered Briton under the name of Inysvitrain, the abbey of the glassy isle of Avalon. Legend, as we all know, carries up the first birth of that great house to the earliest days of apostolic Christianity. Later inquirers have cut off some ages from its history, and see in it only a foundation of the sixth century, a church which arose as a new spiritual centre for the Damnonian Britons after the older sanctuary of Ambresbury had fallen into English hands. In either case, it is certain that Glastonbury was the one church of the first rank in England which stood as a memorial of British days, the only one which had lived unscathed through the storm of English conquest, and which received equal reverence from the conquerors and from the conquered. At Canterbury and York and London the Christianity of earlier days had been utterly swept away by

our heathen forefathers. The Roman and the Scottish missionary found a field ready to their hands, when all that survived of the elder day was here and there a crumbling and desecrated ruin to which men still pointed as the shrine of a faith which had passed away. At Canterbury and York and London there is no historic tie between the vanished Church of the Briton and the Church of the Englishman which still abides. A black night of heathendom, of greater or smaller length, parts off the one from the other by an impassable gulf. At Glastonbury it was not so. There the old British sanctuary lived on under English rule, and fell only at the hands of destroyers of baser mould in days which by comparison seem as yesterday. The very arrangements of the ruined minster still live as a speaking witness, to tell us what stood on that venerable spot in days of the hoariest antiquity. The church of wicker and timber, the primitive work of the Briton, lived on through English, Danish, and Norman conquests. It was enriched by the gifts of Ine; it beheld the devotions of Cnut when he made his offerings for the soul of the murdered Eadmund. To the east of that primæval church, the zeal of Dunstan in the tenth century raised a statelier minster of stone. The two stood side by side, witnesses of the sway of two successive nations, till both alike yielded to the grander conceptions of the architects of the twelfth century. And in a figure both live there still. The western Lady chapel, in later times overshadowed by the legend of Saint Joseph, still stands in its site and place, the representative of the church in which Arthur may have prayed, while the great abbey church to the east end of it no less represents the church which Dunstan reared, and around whose altar were gathered the tombs of the mightiest rulers of the tenth and eleventh centuries. The Briton, the Norman who had listened to his lore, believed that Arthur lay in the

tomb before the high altar which bore his name. The Englishman knew that those walls sheltered the shrine of Eadgar the Giver-of-peace, the tomb of Eadmund the Doer-of-great-deeds, and the tomb of his descendant and namesake, the mighty Ironside. There is no other spot in Britain which like this gathers round it all the noblest memories alike of the older and of the newer dwellers in the land. Less exalted in ecclesiastical rank, less often in later times the scene of great events, less happy in having been handed over to the wanton will of the most ruthless of destroyers, the church of Glastonbury, in its ruined state, still keeps a charm which does not belong even to the mother church at Canterbury or to the royal abbey at Westminster. It stands alone on strictly English ground, as a witness of the Christianity of those ancient times when our fathers still pressed on in the name of Woden and Thunder to overthrow the altars and smite the ministers of Christ.

Again Glastonbury in this light, as the common sanctuary of Briton and Englishman, sets before us, more strongly than any other spot in the land of the Sumorsetan, one special historic characteristic of that land. It is the land where, for the first time on a large scale, Englishman and Briton sat down side by side as subjects of a common king, obeying a common law, and living under its protection. No such fellowship could arise in the days of heathen conquest, in the days when our fathers stormed the walls of Anderida and left not a Bret alive within them. The last heathen conquest in southern Britain, the last warfare of utter slaughter and havoc, was waged when Ceawlin, on the field of Deorham, pushed the West-Saxon frontier to the Axe. Things were changed when the Christian Cenwalh, the founder of the minster of Winchester, the protector of the minster of Glastonbury, went forth to win the slip of British ground by Bradford and the wider land between Axe and Parret. The

war was no longer a war of extermination. The conquered Briton sank into an inferior position as regarded his English conqueror; but he was no longer, as a matter of course, slain, enslaved, or driven out of the land. A British population remained in the country, a population which sooner or later learned, which in Somerset at least must have very speedily learned, to adopt the name, the tongue, and the feelings of Englishmen. We get our first glimpse of this new state of things in our earliest West-Saxon laws, the laws of Ine. Those laws are a marked contrast to the laws both of earlier and of later date. The earlier laws of the Kentish kings know only one race and speech in the land; all their enactments are made for men of English race only. So again the later West-Saxon laws, the laws of Ælfred and his successors, are the laws of a realm in which, if all men are not of the same blood, all at least are of the same speech and the same law. In the intermediate time of Ine we see another state of things. In his day the king of the West-Saxons ruled over a realm in which the barrier between two distinct races was broadly drawn. He legislates for a land in which Englishmen and Welshmen dwelled side by side, not yet indeed on terms of perfect equality, but still as subjects of the same prince, each in his place protected by that prince's law. In the realm of Ine, as there were Englishmen, so there were Welshmen, of various ranks. Among both nations there were bond and free; among the free there were men without land and men holding large estates. But in all cases the value of the Welshman, the value of his life, the value of his oath, is appraised at a lower rate than the value of an Englishman of the same rank. This clearly marks the position of the conquered, as men personally free, under the protection of the law, not forbidden the possession of landed

property and its accompanying privileges, but still clearly marked as a race inferior to their conquerors. This is something widely different from the grievous choice of death, exile, and bondage which was all that the Briton had set before him in the days of Ceawlin. But it is also something widely different from the state of things a hundred and eighty or two hundred years later, when in the laws of Ælfred the distinction of Englishman and Welshman is found no longer. And it must have been in Somerset that this new state of things, this dwelling of Englishman and Welshman side by side, was first seen on a great scale. It was to Somerset and to a small part of Wiltshire that this portion of the laws of Ine must have mainly applied. There could have been no great need of them in the older West-Saxon lands. There could have been few or no free Britons, whether *eorls* or *ceorls*, dwelling on the banks of the Itchin or the Thames.

In the days between Ine and Ælfred the British population in the land of the Sumorsætan must have been so thoroughly anglicized that the distinction between them and the English was forgotten. The Englishman had assimilated the conquered Briton, as he afterwards assimilated the conquering Norman. It was as the chief

of an united realm that the greatest of West-Saxon kings, the greatest of English kings, went forth from his shelter at Athelney to the fight at Ethandun, the storm at Chippenham, the meeting of diplomatists at Wedmore. One of those spots we shall at least pass by as we make our way to the hill of Montacute. The spot which sheltered Ælfred when all hearts but his had failed is after all the most memorable spot in this historic land. No trace is left of the abbey which the thankful heart of the great king bade to arise on the small island in the marsh which for a few weeks was the whole extent of free English soil in Britain. Yet the spot speaks perhaps more eloquently in its desolation. The patriotic magistracy of the oldest Wessex sold the lead of Ælfred's coffin to ease the burthens of Hampshire rate-payers. His foundation at Athelney, his burial-place at Hyde, keep no outward memorial of him. But his memory still lives wherever the English tongue is spoken; above all should it live, as the highest and noblest of many high and noble memories, in the land which his sojourn in his dark hour has made more truly his own than either the burying-place from which he has been cast forth or the birth-place where he is still held in honour.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

CITY PAROCHIAL CHARITIES.

In July last a committee of the late School Board for London issued an interesting and painstaking report on city parochial charities. Few subjects of inquiry, unless it be the City of London Corporation, and its so-called guilds or livery companies, offer more barren results in some respects; but although the School Board Committee could tell little that was new, they gathered together all available facts, and set forth the position of these small charities in all possible fulness. Their report is thus a storehouse of such facts as can be got at, and affords in that light alone curious and interesting illustrations of that benevolence of the "dead hand," which corrupts and blights all its victims. They tell of strange bequests for purposes which it is no longer possible to fulfil, or the interest in which has long since died out; of legacies designed to perpetuate the memory of the dead giver to all time, which still exist, and yield money to the parishes, although name, deeds, and all else have long been lost in oblivion. In this bulky volume we find, to take a few examples, that the parish of St. Pancras, Soper Lane, is blessed with endowments left for the purpose of paying for sermons on the deliverance of England from the Spanish Armada, and the Gunpowder Plot, and in commemoration of Queen Elizabeth's accession to the throne. The sums devoted to these purposes are still charged against the bequest every year; but whether the sermons are preached or not we cannot say. This same parish is also provided by the same dead hand with the means of paying for "two lanterns and four candles in Soper Lane, and the keeping clean of the preaching place at Paul's Cross;" but this part of the trust can be no longer heeded, and no one knows what is done with the money save the parish authorities.

There is a queer musty, charnel-house kind of flavour about a bequest of this kind, when we drag it out into the light of modern, gas-flaring, crowded, yet deserted London city.

Other candle-and-lantern-providing legacies exist, some for street-lighting, and others for "burning before the high altar,"—a "popish" vanity no longer permitted in the ordinary city churches, however near some of them may come to it. A sum of 4*l.* per annum left for a street lamp to the parish of St. Botolph, Billingsgate, is now applied in payment of rates. A Dr. Thomas White left a legacy to the parish of St. Dunstan's in the West, to provide the vicar, churchwardens, and as many ancient parishioners "as it could reasonably serve," with a dinner of two courses only, once a year. The present income of this trust is said to be 122*l.* 10*s.* per annum, and according to the accounts rendered, which however are only for 1876—77, of that sum over 20*l.* was expended on the dinner; 3*l.* goes to "education," *i.e.* to Christ's Hospital, not to the education of the poor; 48*l.* 15*s.* went to pay a "lecturer;" 9*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* to the church organist; and 31*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* was applied to "church purposes." Another odd bequest is that of Richard Budd, who gave, 250 years ago, property then valued at 300*l.*, the annual income of which was to be given as bribes of 3*d.* each to such of the poor as would attend morning prayers on Friday mornings in the Church of St. Giles's, Cripplegate. John Bancks left the parish of St. Michael Bassishaw 13*s.* 4*d.* a year to keep the parish pump in repair. This money now goes to pay poor rates. In addition to these, there are numerous legacies for bread doles and for coal distributions, as well as for apprenticeships—but we need not pursue this history further.

At present it will be more to the purpose to give the totals of the charities as summarised under their various heads by the School Board Committee. The following is what they say :—

“In recording the distribution of the income, the aim has been, as far as practicable, in the summary of the charities in the respective parishes, to state the appropriation in accordance with the terms of the bequest; and when information as to the original intentions of the founder cannot be traced, usage or the record in the Government return has of necessity been accepted as correct. In all cases preference is given to the way in which the money is *distributable* rather than *distributed*. Analysed by that light, the appropriation is as follows:—For church purposes (maintenance of service, payment of church officials, and whatever is considered part of church management), 36,046*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.* yearly; endowments (not for church livings, but) for clergymen and lecturers to deliver special sermons—as memorials on the anniversary of a founder's death, obits, masses for souls, commemoration of the nation being saved from destruction by the Spanish Armada, expression of thankfulness at the failure of the Gunpowder Plot, gratitude for the accession of Queen Elizabeth, or the reading of special prayers, &c., &c., 6,296*l.* 4*s.* 11½*d.* per annum; educational purposes, 18,467*l.* 17*s.*; apprenticeship, 2,169*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.*; in payment towards poor-rates, 10,012*l.* 7*s.* 2*d.*; for distribution in bread, coals, money, clothing, &c., 31,110*l.* 12*s.* 6½*d.*; total, 104,102*l.* 18*s.* 10*d.* a year.”

This is a very respectable total sum for the old city of London, especially when we remember the fabulous charities now enjoyed by city merchants, west-end gentlemen, and others, under the name of the ancient city companies which have as realities long ago ceased to exist. There is enough money here to produce a good deal of that aggregation of the idle and destitute—that intensification of poverty and ignorance which, as Mr. Robinson showed so clearly in *Macmillan's Magazine* for January, is the usual result of so-called charitable bequests. And had old London city been like any ordinary town, the effect

of these charities would doubtless have been to make it a fine nursery for sturdy beggars. London, however, is not at all a city like other cities. Within the last thirty years, to go no further back, it has been almost completely transformed into a mere conglomeration of warehouses, banks, counting-houses and shops. In all that relates to its old life as a city it is a sort of fossil. The 112 parishes squeezed into its circumscribed area of about one square mile, are many of them not merely destitute of poor, but almost of all resident population. During the day every nook and cranny is more or less crowded, and all the city streets overflow with life; but at night a stillness as of the grave creeps over all, warehouses are shut and empty, and the many parish churches that still thrust themselves forward on every side, in the busiest thoroughfare as well as in the most obscure lane, have a ghostlike inappropriateness that makes a night walk through city streets eerie. So rapidly has the fixed population of the city been rooted out by recent street and other “improvements,” and by the exigent demands of modern business, that in 1871 its numbers had fallen to 74,897. In 1801 the population was about 157,000, so that it fell off more than one half in seventy years. The new census will probably show a further reduction, for there are now only one or two “slums” within the boundaries. These are certainly models in their way, and serve to illustrate what London city cursed by the gifts of death-bed generosity, must have been in by-gone-days. That closely-packed quarter in the neighbourhood of Fetter Lane, for example, is in a perfectly loathsome state of filth and overcrowding. As drawn by Dr. Alfred Carpenter, in his recent report to the School Board, the picture it presents makes one's flesh creep with horror. He states that—

“There was no water laid on by which the closets could be cleansed, and the smell was necessarily abominable. This same condition was not uncommon in

some other parts of this neglected district. One of the houses in which a child had recently died was inhabited by a mass of human beings. It smelt so abominably that even I was glad to beat a hasty retreat. I found the father of the dead child occupying the top room of the house—he was suffering from illness; another child was just recovering from measles, and little children were sitting on the stairs nursing other little children, there being no room for them in the place. The smell in that house, the dirty state of everything connected with the floors, the bedding, and the walls, was enough to produce pallid looks, flabby cheeks, and feeble health, and amply sufficient to constitute it 'a pestilent and insanitary area' in the full meaning of the term. With scanty water-supply stored in a filthy place, nearly dark, the people without closet accommodation, almost without light, and no possibility of fresh air, it is no wonder that illness abounds among the children of that neighbourhood."

And this unsavoury disease-laden spot is close to the classic "Liberty of the Rolls," where the Rolls Office and Rolls Court stand. It is hard by Holborn, with its flaring shops, rich hotels, and grand warehouses, and all round it lie solicitors' offices thick as blackberries. The same, or even a greater, contrast exists at the other end of the city in the neighbourhood of Bishopsgate, in Aldgate, and the Minories; but there the pool of human corruption spreads outwards far beyond the city bounds, while the Fetter Lane abomination is a thing almost by itself.

With exceptions like these, London city is without a poor. Some of its parishes—parishes frequently covering only a few roods of ground—have almost no population. One, that of St. Benet Sherehog, had at the last census a population of but thirty-two souls; many have less than 100, and only fourteen have populations exceeding 1,000, while not a single parish in the whole city has 10,000. The Bank of England is built over the whole of one parish, St. Christopher le Stock, and part of two others adjoining. The little garden or

court in the middle of its inclosure was once the parish graveyard. Many other parishes are mere blocks of offices, inhabited only by the office housekeepers and their families.

But though the population has gone, the parochial charities remain, and year by year yield the large sum of more than 100,000*l.*, possibly very much more. It is therefore highly important that the public should know what is done with the money. In many instances it is impossible to distribute it according to the intention of the original donor. Expedients of all kinds have therefore to be resorted to in order that the incomes of the charities may get dispersed. Some parishes do get hold of a few paupers, and a good deal of money is made away with over them, but whether wisely or not it is impossible to say, for details are rarely or ever supplied. Judging, however, by the samples of charity administration that have come to light, the habit of concealment is most likely highly prudent. It is worth while giving a few samples of city parochial charity dispensation gathered from the interesting "analysis" appended to the report of the School Board Committee. We may quote almost at random, and shall find plenty like the following:—

In the case of Hammond's Trust in the parish of St. Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe the churchwardens spent 39*l.* 15*s.* out of money belonging to a charity for the poor, for flags, on the occasion of laying the foundation stone of the building for the Bible Society's premises. Out of Harrison's Trust, for 'general uses of the poor,' 53*l.* was paid in one year to the church choir.

In another instance, where about 76*l.* is payable to the poor of St. John the Baptist upon Walbrook, "only 7*l.* is paid to the poor personally," gifts being made to hospitals, asylums, church funds, and such like. This parish has altogether an annual income of apparently about 1,000*l.* a year, the greater part of

which appears to be diverted to uses not contemplated in its bequests. In some cases the city companies have quietly absorbed the greater part of the proceeds of charities, as in the following example :—

“In St. Vedast Foster parish Lady Gresham bequeathed on trust six houses to Sir Rowland Hill—‘the comfort and relief of the poor being the thing she most earnestly desired to be accomplished.’ Sir Rowland conveyed the property to the Mercers’ Company, upon trust that they should pay out of the rents 9*l.* 10*s.* a year to the poor of three parishes, St. Vedast being one. At the date of the conveyance the property yielded 14*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.* a year. The value of the estate at present has not been ascertained: in 1819 it was recorded as yielding 902*l.* per annum. The ‘Company,’ however, continue to pay the sum of 3*l.* only to each of the three parishes.”

There is a fine thoroughness in the misappropriation thus indicated that strikes the beholder dumb. The crime is indeed so uniform among these organisations, that it is gloried in and feasted over all the year round; so why should people object? No more favourite or common device exists for diverting to private uses the proceeds of charitable bequests than the one of interpreting a will literally when the amount to be paid is in question, and ignoring its terms in every other respect.

Instances of misappropriations, petty and large, might be multiplied, but the samples given will do for all. It is therefore only necessary to say, further, that one rule acted on by parish authorities who are in distress for want of a pauper, and who yet cannot make up their minds altogether to make away with its charitable funds in their hands, is to pay the money over in abatement of poor-rates. It is estimated that 10,000*l.* per annum goes in this way as a pauper dole to the richest class of ratepayers in the world. Another rule is to divert as much as possible of the money bequeathed for the uses of the

poor to the purpose of adding to the clergymen’s incomes, or to pay for choristers to sing in empty churches or for repairs, decorations, feasts, and so on. Out of the total annual income, 42,300*l.* is set down as going in these directions, including money that may be legitimately so spent. Those parishes which have bequests for apprenticeship purposes are in as much difficulty as those with pauper doles to distribute. Most of the money now available—over 2,000*l.* a year according to the guess of the School Board Committee—must be misappropriated: much of it going, in some cases, in salaries and expenses. In all ways, in short, the immense funds available from these charities are wasted and misapplied; and the important question is—What ought to be done to put them to better uses?

Any answer to that question, to be at all complete, should be framed on the assumption that this money is really public property. The plea of many parish authorities, trustees, and so forth, that the funds arising from bequests of past generations are the “private” property of those appointed to administer them, or of the parishes to which they were originally given, is idle when weighed against the altered circumstances of the time. We doubt very much whether it ought to be legal for any person to assign property in perpetuity for so-called charitable objects. There ought to be strict bounds set to this pernicious, rotten, and moral rot-inducing kind of benevolence. But waiving that point, it seems the plain, common-sense view, that where circumstances have altered so notoriously as they have done in old London city, public interests demand that the people of the metropolis should obtain possession of, and benefit from, funds, which only a selfishly literal interpretation of deeds and wills can withhold from them. The idea of modern London never entered the dreams of the old donors. They thought of a city which should continue to all time what

they knew it to be—a city where rich and poor lived together. The poor are now nearly all driven without the old city bounds, but their interest in it is as deep and real as ever. The money that pays their wages is mostly made within these bounds; their work is mostly directed from it; it is the heart and brain, so to say, of all the stir and activity of the modern agglomeration of millions called London. To the poor of greater London therefore the old city bequests ought to be given, and in no way could they be more wisely or worthily given than in helping to bring the means of education within reach of the poorest. Were but 50,000*l.* from these charitable incomes applied in aid of education, all School Board fees might be remitted.¹ I cite that merely as an illustration of a kind of charity which does not, cannot degrade. The more you educate a people the more you raise them in the social scale. But without discussing the question whether School Board fees might be remitted with advantage or not, it is safe to say that were the proceeds of the city charities devoted to such purposes as the institution and endowment of secondary schools, the foundation of scholarships, the payments of part of teachers' salaries, or the erection and maintenance of industrial schools, under the supervision of the School Board, the task of that Board and of the ratepayer would soon be far more than proportionately lightened.

In their report the School Board Committee set forth the following sums as in their estimation available for education out of these charities, and without stretching in any way the claims of the community:—

Church purposes	£10,000
Clergy and lecture endowments	5,000
Payments towards poor-rates	10,012
Doles	31,111
	£56,123

¹ Vide a "separate statement," by Miss Helen Taylor and Mr. Joseph Firth, appended to the report of the School Board Committee.

But putting the claim modestly at 50,000*l.* only, they suggest that, pending the report of the City Parishes Commission now at work, a memorial should be presented to Parliament setting forth the manner in which the Board would wish such a sum as this to be dealt with.

At present the School Board has no power to organise a system of secondary education. It can merely use bequests confided to it in furtherance of secondary education, or of any special branch of education at its discretion. In this direction the scope of its powers ought to be extended, and we hope yet to see the School Board for London taking cognisance of the whole educational machinery of the metropolis. A great public body is the fittest instrument for controlling that education, and for wisely administering the huge wealth which is now to a great extent wasted in providing indifferent instruction at high cost to a limited class. There is no tangible reason why Christ's Hospital, St. Paul's, or Westminster Schools, Dulwich College, the City Schools, and a host of other endowed educational charities, should not be controlled by the Board, and we shall never have a thoroughly good, consistent, and democratic system of education for London till a consummation such as this is reached. Such a consummation is the ideal not for the metropolis alone, but everywhere.

There is enough money now withheld from the public (or the poor) and mispent in the over luxurious educational machinery of the upper and middle classes, to provide efficient means of education for every child in England, were it properly applied. The London School Board at present, perhaps wisely, seeks no such lofty mission. It wants but a modest 50,000*l.* a year from the city parish charity funds, in aid of secondary education for the poor. Its committee propose to increase the exhibitions available for School Board pupils at the City of London and other classical schools, and to establish commercial

schools and technical schools under the control of the Board. At present the Board has only between twenty and thirty exhibitions, varying in value from 20*l.* to 40*l.* per annum, available for poor scholars. That is a beggarly show for so great a city as London, and the Board wishes to found many more. At present most of the exhibitions are tenable for four years. The committee proposes that those it would wish to found out of these parish funds should be of the uniform value of 30*l.*, and tenable from two to three years at the technical or commercial schools, which it is proposed to establish. The committee say that were all the funds now claimed appropriated in this way, the advantages of technical and other forms of higher education might ultimately be brought within the reach of above one thousand five hundred children in the metropolis. That would be no small gain as compared with

the money waste which now goes on; but the educational reformer should be prepared to go much further than this in dealing with the proceeds of these charities. It does not ask enough. Much of the money that it would permit to go untouched as being fairly the property of the Church, or as applicable to apprenticeships and the like, would in reality be infinitely better spent if devoted to the education of the people. Of what use are the dozens of empty churches dotted about the city? If their numbers were in some degree reduced, not only would a great deal of charity money be set free for better uses, and become available for purposes of education, but large incumbency endowments might be set free for the use of the Church in other quarters where endowments are much needed.

The following table will illustrate the scope for reform which is presented in this direction :—

CITY PARISHES.	POPULATION LAST CENSUS.	VALUE OF LIVING.
All Hallows, Barking	1,065	£2,000
" London Wall	805	1,700
St. Alphage, "	274	1,350
St. Andrew Undershaft	580	2,000
St. Ethelburga, Bishopsgate	315	1,050
St. Catherine Coleman, Fenchurch Street	317	1,500
St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, and St. Martin's, Outwich } (united)	541	1,320
St. Olave, Hart Street	363	2,600
St. Peter-le-Poor	438	1,825
TOTAL	4,698	£15,345

In addition to this there are thirty parishes with clerical incomes under 1,000*l.* and over 200*l.*, whose total population at last census was little over 5,000 souls, all told, and whose annual income aggregated about 14,500*l.* Only some eight or nine parishes, such as St. Andrew's, Holborn, St. Bartholomew the Great, East Smithfield, St. Botolph's

Without, Aldersgate, St. Botolph's, Aldgate, St. Bride's, Fleet Street, St. Dunstan's in the West, St. Giles's Without, Cripplegate, St. Katherine Cree, St. Sepulchre, Snow Hill, and St. Stephen, Walbrook, can be said to have populations justifying the retention of their present church stipends and ecclesiastical machinery. So well is this

recognised that many parishes have already been amalgamated, and the Bishop of London recently devoted the living of St. Andrew Undershaft to constitute the stipend of his newly-created suffragan. Very little has, however, been done compared to what might be done, and a reform adequate to the circumstances would at once set free the income of a great many parishes for use elsewhere. The multitudinous suburban parishes which now go to make up London, might be benefited, and the Church itself strengthened in these quarters. A change of this kind must some day come, and when it takes place, or before it takes place, a great deal of charity money now wasted ought to be made available for purposes of education. Hence I think

that in its future pursuit of this matter, the London School Board might well keep a chance of this kind in view. It may have been prudent on the part of the late committee to have laid claim to little more than 50,000*l.* a year out of these funds; but when the uses to which these city charities are devoted are fully declared, when their true value is also known, and when city church reform comes to be agitated, the Board may be justified in looking for a much larger share in these, now wasted, funds. The citizens of modern London will at at events do well to keep their eyes on them. To them they decidedly ought to belong, and for the good of them and their children they ought to be expended.

A. J. WILSON.

ADAM SEDGWICK.

THE writer of the present article believes that he has, in common with many of his countrymen, a grievance connected with the honoured name which is placed at its head. In the case of the minor grievances incident to civilised life, the recognised remedy is a letter to the *Times*: following this analogy, but bearing in mind the larger amount of space necessary to my purpose, I have determined to ask for room to publish my grievance in the pages of *Macmillan's Magazine*.

The grievance in question is briefly this, that Professor Sedgwick has now been dead more than seven years, and that nothing has yet appeared in the way of biographical record. I do not know who may be to blame for this neglect, nor do I intend to cast blame upon any one; but certainly Adam Sedgwick was a man whose name and character deserve a literary memorial, and in certain respects such a memorial may be even more necessary in his case than in that of some other notable men. I say this because the actual literary remains of Sedgwick are remarkably small as compared with his great mental endowments and his fertility and ease of oral exposition. Few men could pour forth their knowledge with greater facility to themselves or greater pleasure to their hearers, but his physical and mental constitution was abhorrent from sedentary labour, and with the exception of memoirs on his own subject in the transactions of learned societies he wrote nothing for publication on systematic principle, and the few precious relics of his literary composition were the result of accident, or of something very nearly deserving to be so described.

I trust it will not be otherwise than agreeable to those who have commenced reading this article of complaint and grumbling, to follow me in

a few miscellaneous remarks concerning the life and sayings and doings of Professor Sedgwick, based chiefly upon personal knowledge and friendly intercourse. They may serve to keep alive the question which I hear not unfrequently asked—When are we to have a Life of Sedgwick? and at the same time by their very imperfection they may serve to hasten the production and publication of a book for which many of us have long been looking, and have hitherto looked in vain.

Professor Sedgwick was born at Dent, in Yorkshire, in June, 1784, and died in January, 1873, at his rooms in Trinity College, of which he had been a Fellow since the year 1810. He took his degree as fifth wrangler in 1808, when Lord Langdale headed the list.

Several reminiscences of his early days in connection with his dearly-loved native valley of Dent are to be found in the curious book to which I shall refer presently, as one of his few literary relics. The only incident of his early Cambridge life to which I ever heard him refer was a severe illness, some kind of fever, which nearly terminated his career during his undergraduate course. He was "keeping" at the time in rooms in or near the clock-tower on the north side of the Great Court of Trinity College, very near to the set of rooms connected with our recollections of his closing years. The power of the fever was such that his medical attendants entirely despaired of his life. They had in fact left his room, and were walking up and down upon the pavement beside the chapel, waiting to hear the last news before they left the college. The news however did not come, and after a time it was suggested and determined that they should

go back and look at the patient again. To their surprise they found him not only not dead, but apparently somewhat stronger than when they left him. One of the physicians in attendance, Sir Busick Harwood, said to his companion, "This is a very strong young man; let us try if we can do anything more for him." Accordingly some kind of blister was suggested. The poor young patient seems to have shrunk from the anticipated suffering, and asked something as to the effect the application would have upon his flesh. To this question he received the coarse, and I presume not very professional reply — "Oh! — the flesh, if we can only save the life." The last almost despairing effort was successful; at all events the patient survived, and told the tale of his illness almost precisely as I have here given it.

In the Mathematical Tripos Process Sedgwick obtained (as has been already said) the place of fifth wrangler. It was in the days of *brackets*, that is to say, the list of honours as it first came from the hand of the Moderators was regarded as a first approximation, and men who were joined together in the same bracket had the opportunity of fighting the battle out under the direction of some Master of Arts appointed for the purpose. Sedgwick was in the first bracket, and the battle was fought out under the direction of the Rev. George Barnes, then tutor of Queen's, who told me that he found no reason to alter the order in which the names came to him, that the men were so different in their reading that he could have put them in almost any order by a special choice of questions, but that the man who impressed him most as possessing inherent power was Sedgwick. This verdict agrees with that which those who knew him in after life would have been disposed to accept as correct: he could never have been what Cambridge examiners would describe as a "good examination man," while it would certainly be impossible for any one to come in contact with him either

as an examiner or otherwise without being deeply impressed by his brilliant mental power.

Nothing of a very notable kind marked his career till his appointment to the geological chair in 1818. He seems to have been elected more in consideration of his general capacity for any kind of scientific work than in consequence of any demonstrated fitness for the special department of geology: his own feeling may be judged from a saying attributed to him by Cambridge tradition, "Hitherto I have never turned a stone, henceforth I will not leave a stone unturned." In truth the number of tried and accomplished geologists in those days was exceedingly small; his chief competitor was, I believe, Mr. Gorham, a man of really scientific mind, but whose name subsequently became better known in a different way.

Probably no one could have been chosen more capable of giving an impetus to an almost nascent science than Sedgwick. He spared no pains in making himself practically acquainted with his subject; the Cumberland and Westmoreland hills, so dear to him from early association and neighbourhood to his native valley of Dent, as well as the mountains of Wales, and the flats of Cambridgeshire, were the scenes of his constant labours. But besides bringing himself abreast of existing knowledge, and attempting a move in advance, he had a wonderful power of making his science popular with the members of his university. This he did by means of his lectures, and his field excursions. With regard to the former, I should be disposed to say that, considered in the abstract, they were not equal to others which have been given by scientific men; he was not equal as a clear expounder of a scientific subject to the present Astronomer-Royal, or Professor Tyndall, or the late Professor Willis. He did not present his science—at least in those courses of lectures which I have myself had the delight of attending—in a manner which could be described as first-rate, with regard to

clearness of order and logical arrangement; in fact, if a student wanted to "get up" geology for an examination, I should judge that Sedgwick's lectures would not have been the most profitable employment of his time; but for the purpose of exciting present pleasure in the reception of knowledge, and enthusiasm of desire to become geologists, few expositions of the subject could have been more successful. It was a positive delight, independently of all question of geology, to watch the bright countenance, and listen to the eloquent and absolutely unpremeditated language of the professor, as he moved about from diagram to diagram, or described specimen after specimen, sometimes throwing in some remark of high morality or bright poetry.

He used to tell a story concerning one of his lectures, which was amusing as he told it, and will perhaps bear reproduction. He was lecturing upon a fossil elephant, and observed, much to his surprise and vexation, that his class constantly lost their gravity; whenever he referred to his elephant, the whole class smiled and tittered; it looked like intentional disrespect, the existence of which he could however scarcely believe; so he continued his lecture to the conclusion, and then said to a friend, "What could possess my class to-day? They did nothing but laugh." "Don't you know?" was the reply; "whenever you referred to the fossil elephant, you invariably called it a *whale*." The professor confessed that the reiteration of "this whale," of which, however, he was totally unconscious even when the secret was revealed to him, was too much for the gravity of the most sober class.

Ladies were freely admitted to his lecture-room, at all events, in the later period of his career; and their presence gave the professor unfeigned delight. But it was the geological field-days which made Sedgwick's tenure of his professorship most notable. There were many more horses, if I mistake not, both proprietary and conductitious (to use a phraseology

which I remember to have heard Whewell quote with great gusto), in Cambridge in those days, than now; and on geological field-days, many animals of both descriptions, but especially the latter, turned out for a run across country. Geologising and hunting were put on the same footing as regards risk to horseflesh; and I remember well the oracular manner in which the head-man at the chief livery-stables, known popularly as "George," responded to a complaint of overcharge for the hire of a horse upon one of the professor's excursions. "A guinea a day," said George, "is the reg'lar price; but when they goes hunting or jologising we doubles it." The present writer never joined the geologising party, but he has often heard of the delights of the day; the professor, who rode roughly, and it may be hoped securely, rather than elegantly, taking the lead of the field, stopping to explain to the assembled class a deposit here, and a singular phenomenon there, keeping the whole party alive with his bright spirits and happy chat, and enjoying as heartily as the youngest some amusing minor disaster, such as the lodgment of a horse and a rider in some soft fen ditch.

To what extent Sedgwick really advanced his science I am not competent to say, and I do not intend to give an opinion; but that his teaching, and the wonderful geniality of his character tended to popularise geology, and to blow into life any latent spark which might exist in the minds of Cambridge men, there can be no doubt; and it may be that the impetus which he gave to the science by his lectures, his field-days, and the improvement of the Woodwardian Museum may be greater than any direct benefits conferred by his published Memoirs; but this I leave to the judgment of more competent persons than myself.

He always used to speak with great delight of the share which he had had in the founding of the Cambridge Philosophical Society. The annual dinner of that society was one of his red letter

days ; and one of the chief inducements to attend the dinner was, to me at least, the prospect of hearing Sedgwick make an after-dinner speech. His speeches on such occasions were the most remarkable things of the kind I have ever heard ; they sometimes began with a wild exuberance that nearly touched upon the region of nonsense, and then, apparently without effort, they rose to the solemn and almost to the sublime ; the combination without incongruity of lofty morality with almost boyish fun was quite wonderful, and almost Shakesperian. It must have been on getting up at one of these dinners, that he explained the nervousness often felt on standing up to speak by maintaining that the vital spirits were very much in the nature of a fluid ; as long as you were sitting it was all right, but the moment you stood up they left your head and went down into your boots. I shall have a few more words to say concerning Sedgwick's eloquence subsequently, but just now I am speaking of his part in founding the Cambridge Philosophical Society. He used to attribute the principal share in the work to Dr. Edward Daniel Clark, of whose enthusiasm in scientific and other matters he spoke with equal enthusiasm ; he told us that the first conception of the society was that of an organisation for the study of natural history, and he somewhat regretted that the overwhelming mathematical bias of Cambridge had, to a great extent, changed the original design, and that our Memoirs were so exclusively mathematical as they then were. He was, however, proud of Cambridge mathematics, and I remember to have heard him express his satisfaction thus : " I rejoice," he said, " in the progress of mathematical science ; I measure it in this way ; I am a stationary kind of being with regard to mathematics ; the progress of the science may be measured by the small amount of that which I am able to understand ; and I give you my word of honour that I have not been able to understand a single paper that has been read before

this society during the last twenty years."

Sedgwick took a lively interest in the "British Association for the Advancement of Science," from its commencement. I remember hearing a characteristic story in connection with one of the meetings, which I may introduce here in illustration of what I have said of his remarkable gift of natural eloquence. On occasion of one of the meetings—I think, at Newcastle, but certainly in a coal district—Sedgwick undertook to head an exploring party into the neighbourhood, and to give a peripatetic lecture on the geological features of the country. As the party marched from one point to another, its number gradually increased ; the strange fascination of the leader's manner and speech, which I have myself noticed on other occasions, produced its result here ; men left their work to follow the steps of the great professor, and towards afternoon Sedgwick woke up to the fact that the little class of *savans* who had started with him in the morning had grown into a crowd of listeners, composed chiefly of colliers and the like. Thereupon the fire kindled ; Sedgwick went off into one of his irregular floods of unpremeditated original oratory, rose from the physical (as he delighted to do) to the moral, and gave his rough audience the benefit of his thoughts and kindly advice. A witness of the scene, who described it to me, spoke of it as one of the most wonderful he had ever seen ; the whole heart and attention of every one present was gained as by magic, every eye was fixed, while on most faces tears of emotion were seen quietly trickling down.

The mention of the British Association in connection with Sedgwick's eloquence reminds me of an amusing little event which occurred on the occasion of the visit of the Association to Cambridge in 1845. For some reason which I cannot explain, Dr. Whewell, then Master of Trinity College, had taken up a very strong opinion against the propriety of the visit ; Professor Sedgwick was equally

anxious that the visit should take place. Accordingly a meeting was summoned in one of the schools, at which the momentous question was discussed whether the Association should be invited or not. The Professor described the event as a "wrestling-match" between the Master of Trinity and himself. Of the Master's speech I need say nothing here; the Professor's reply was most spirited and most amusing, and perhaps chiefly remarkable for the bold manner in which he set aside logic, and trusted his case to the guardianship of burning rhetoric. He first drew a picture of the appalling result to the prospects of the Association which must surely follow from Cambridge giving it the cold shoulder. He assured us that it was nothing less than a question of life and death; that the society could scarcely survive such treatment from such a body; and, having worked out this view of the subject to his heart's content, he suddenly, and without notice, adopted and supported with equal eloquence the exactly opposite view. "Did we think that the British Association would suffer from such treatment? No; our conduct would all recoil upon ourselves. We should be disgraced in the judgment of all right-judging persons, while the Association would soar," &c. &c. &c. It was the most barefaced thing I ever witnessed; but every one laughed, every one was delighted, and the resolution in favour of inviting the Association to Cambridge was carried almost, if not quite, unanimously.

I never had the pleasure of hearing Sedgwick preach; I imagine that in order to have heard him to perfection one ought to have been present on the occasion of one of his visits to Dent or its neighbourhood, when I am told that the dalesmen flocked to church in great numbers and listened to him with much enthusiasm. But there is one sermon of his which has had an unusual history, and which is remarkable as being the foundation or kernel of the largest book which ever came from his hand.

He was invited to preach the commemoration sermon in the chapel of Trinity College in the year 1832. This he did, and treated in a very striking and earnest manner the great question of the "Studies of the University of Cambridge." He was of course requested to print the sermon, which he also did, and by and by he enriched it with annotations. The sermon has gone through five editions, and in the last occupies the central ninety-four pages of a very stout volume. The book begins with an introduction of 422 pages, and concludes with notes which occupy no less than 228; so that in its ultimate form the sermon itself is the least important part of the work, and has been compared to a few grains of wheat between two huge millstones.

A noted Scotch professor used to say that there was "some fine confused eating" in a singed sheep's head; and a similar criticism may perhaps be applied to Sedgwick's *Discourse on the Studies of the University*, with all the miscellaneous matter which is bound up with it. It is a delightful book, either to read continuously, or to take in hand for an odd half-hour; but I fear that its interest will decline as time goes on. Some of the matters discussed have already been left behind in the intellectual arguments of the present day; and perhaps also it is necessary to have known the man as he was in life, and to have loved him, in order thoroughly to appreciate a book which is a flagrant breach of almost every rule that can be laid down for authors who wish to construct a book *secundum artem*.

It has been already said that Sedgwick's literary relics were something like the results of accident. True as this is with respect to the volume to which reference has just now been made, it is perhaps still more true with regard to another interesting relic, which, so far as I know, has not yet been published, though it was circulated in print during his lifetime.

The origin of the book, or rather

books, to which I now refer, and which belong to the concluding period of his life, as the *Studies of the University* belongs to the early part of his career, is exceedingly droll and characteristic. It seems that a chapel had been built in an outlying district of his native parish, of which he was one of the trustees, and which received the name and was always known by the name of Cowgill Chapel. The new Midland line between Carlisle and Settle runs close to it. In the course of ecclesiastical improvement it was arranged that a separate district should be assigned to this chapel, and a scheme, having been prepared for the purpose according to the usual course by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, was duly submitted to her Majesty in Council and became law. When the professor saw the scheme his indignation knew no bounds; the familiar name of Cowgill was got rid of altogether, and another name which belonged to the district—namely, Kirthwaite—substituted. But this was not the worst. Apparently through the instrumentality of the curate in charge, Kirthwaite had been changed into Kirkthwaite. That strange, unauthorised *k* was gall and wormwood to the professor's mind. He got up a memorial to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, praying that *Kirkthwaite* might at least be changed back to the authorised *Kirthwaite*, or, still better, *Cowgill* restored. Alas! the scheme had received the royal approval, and the commissioners had no power. The professor felt that all that he could do was to address his fellow dalesmen, make a protest against the whole proceeding, especially against the rash and unjustifiable introduction of that *k*, and then leave himself in their hands. This he did; and we are indebted to the objectionable scheme assigning a district to Cowgill Chapel, for one of the most charming repertories of old memories concerning the ways and customs of the Yorkshire dales nearly a century ago that can well be imagined.

The book is called *A Memorial by the Trustees of Cowgill Chapel, with a Preface and Appendix on the Climate, History, and Dialects of Dent*. It produced more effect than the professor expected, as he himself explained fully in a supplementary volume. I will tell the story, however, as it came under my own notice. Happening to be in Cambridge some time after reading the book, I called upon the professor at his rooms in Trinity College, he being confined to his rooms by indisposition of some kind. We soon began to talk about his book, for a copy of which I thanked him. He brightened up at once, forgot all his maladies, and exclaimed with great delight, "Oh, my poor little book has been in the great places of the earth; the Queen has summoned it to court!" He then went on to say that her Majesty had heard of the book, and expressed a wish to see it, and that he had transmitted a copy. He added, if I rightly recollect, that he would not have a copy put into court dress, but preferred that his little book should appear before her Majesty "in all its rustic simplicity."

The result of the professor's literary ebullition was remarkable, and probably unparalleled. His grievance, which to most onlookers would seem to be trifling or even infinitesimal, was remedied by Act of Parliament. A clause was inserted in a bill in the year 1869 by which it was enacted as follows:—

"Whereas by an order in Council, bearing date the ninth day of September, 1865, a district Chapelry was annexed to the Chapel of Cowgill, in the Parochial Chapelry of Dent, in the Parish of Sedburgh, in the County of York and Diocese of Ripon, to be called by the name of the District Chapelry of Kirkthwaite, such District Chapelry shall henceforth be called by the name of the *District Chapelry of Cowgill*, and not by the name of the *District Chapelry of Kirkthwaite*."

Nothing could exceed Sedgwick's joy at the success of his efforts. He gave vent to his feelings in a second little

volume, addressed to his fellow dalesmen, and entitled *A Supplement to the Memorial of the Trustees of Cowgill Chapel, with an Appendix*. In this supplement he narrates the whole history of the transaction in a tone of profound gratitude to the Queen, and then runs off *more suo* to all kinds of interesting particulars concerning the early history of Dent.

I have ventured to introduce the name of the Queen into this little narrative, because it was impossible to disconnect her Majesty from the story of Cowgill Chapel and the objectionable *k* in the fictitious Kirkthwaite. I trust I may be permitted to introduce the same name once again, for the purpose of recording a characteristic story of Professor Sedgwick. Some time after the Queen's great bereavement, the professor received an invitation to Windsor: this of course was generally known through the ordinary channels of information. Shortly after his return to Cambridge a friend said to him, "You have been to court, professor, since I saw you last." "No," he replied, "I have *not* been to court; I have been to visit a Christian woman in her affliction." These were very characteristic words, and I am not wrong in saying that those who knew him will recognise them at once as having the ring of genuineness. The words themselves, as well as the visit which gave rise to them, are indicative of that peculiar gentleness of heart and sweetness of character, combined with robust faith and perfect Christian simplicity, which made him as welcome a companion in the chamber of sickness and death, as his genial disposition and his fund of interesting and amusing talk made him to be in the combination room or the family circle. Perhaps I may give, as a companion to the story of the visit to Windsor, the following, which occurred within my own circle of experience:—A parishioner of mine at Cambridge, who, amongst other occupations, worked at geology, and so became well known to Sedgwick, was taken ill and

died. During his illness he caused a portrait of Sedgwick to be hung upon a wall where he could constantly see it as he lay in a state of weakness; and before he died his last wish was that the professor would come to see him once more, which he accordingly did.

Speaking of portraits, I may observe, by the way, that the lithographed likeness taken from a chalk drawing by Samuel Lawrence is an admirable representation of the man as he was in the vigour of middle age. Notice the eye, it is excellently well represented, it has a force in it which it has been given to few eyes to possess. It seemed capable of expressing almost any passion. Those who did not know him well might fear from the manifest vigour of it that it was capable of showing terrific bursts of anger; but it never did, within my knowledge, though I have seen it flash with almost awful fire when I have heard him denounce something which he regarded as wrong. Its general habit was to melt into the gentlest expression of fun or kindness, or to convey the impression of the man of genius. I have seldom seen such an eye. It was altogether a grand face, having, however, the beauty of the forest oak rather than that of the garden plant.

There must be in existence hundreds of letters which would be available for a biography. Whether his scientific friends received many worthy of reproduction on scientific grounds I do not know; possibly not; but there must be abundance of bright, chatty letters, written in the fulness of his heart to intimate friends, a selection from which would be exceedingly welcome to those of the present generation who had the privilege of knowing him. I venture to introduce one specimen into this fugitive sketch. It is scarcely a specimen; there is nothing remarkable in it; it is only a gossiping reply to a letter in which I had asked him to give me a copy of his *Supplement*; but note the kindly tone which runs through it, and

observe how the octogenarian speaks of his companion of fourteen, and also how he brings in the little bit about the *Bagshot Sand* at the end :—

BOURNEMOUTH, HANTS,
April 22, 1870.

MY DEAR LORD—Your letter has found me out. Just come, in a Trojan post-horse. My letters are forwarded from Trinity College in packets. One of them came with thirteen full-grown letters in its abdominal cavity, and so I naturally called it a Trojan horse. The one which has brought your kind letter from Rose Castle was less prolific. It only turned out a litter of eight. Fortunately, I had put a copy of my *Supplement* among the books my servant packed for me before we left Cambridge. I actually anticipated some friendly demand like that with which I have been honoured by his lordship of Rose Castle; and I am giving myself as much praise as I deserve, and a little more, for this act of thoughtfulness. My servant will make a B. P. parcel of the little pamphlet and send it off, I hope, by this day's post.

I suffered greatly from bronchitis in the spring months of this year, and when I became convalescent, I was advised by my doctor to seek out a warm nook on the south coast, and halt there for a week or two, that my lungs may recover a healthy tone, and my general heath may be renovated. I now am very little. The weather has been very beautiful, but very searching, and I have caught a slight cold which has this day confined me to the house. Only I went out at 11 A.M., muffled and bandaged like a mummy, to take a hot bath. Fortunately, the bath house is close to our door, in the very next house to this hotel.

On my way hither I halted at Bath (with a lad of 14 for my companion, who has been driven from Marlborough College by the bad fever), and we did thoroughly enjoy that magnificent bathing establishment; and we had friends to cheer us. We have no friends here; and the state of my health hardly allows me to make any. My companion is performing morning noon and night upon a bicycle which I gave him, and of which he is not a little proud. He performs upon it very well.

Let me now turn my face from the bishop, and look at his lady and his daughters—at all his establishment. I send to them my kindest greetings, and

ask God to bless them all, and to fill their hearts with gladness.

All this part of Hampshire rests upon a sterile sand. Left to itself it produces nothing better than heath and furze bushes; and its look is featureless, barren and desolate. But pine trees will grow in this *Bagshot Sand* (as geologists call it); and the town, when I first saw this coast in 1821, along with our friend Whewell, was a very small starvation village. It now peeps out in multitudinous grotesque villas of all shapes and sizes, which, in combination with the dark evergreen woods, produce a very lively effect. It has, I think, an American look about it. But my paper is done, and I have wound up my tales.

I remain, my dear Lord,
Very faithfully yours,
A. SEDGWICK.

I cannot close this paper more appropriately than by quoting the last paragraph from the *Supplement*, the last words that the professor printed :—

"But if a long life has been given me, am I to murmur because the infirmities of age are beginning to press hard upon me? God forbid that such should be my bearing while under my Maker's hand! Nay, rather let me laud His Holy Name for the countless and ill-deserved blessings He has showered upon me; and humbly ask Him for Jesus' sake, His anointed Son, to pour into my heart the grace of thankfulness, and to cheer the remnant of my fast-waning life with hopes becoming my grey hairs, and my Christian profession. While asking my God and Saviour to help me in calling up such thoughts as these, I wish also to impress them upon my dear old friends in Dent, and in the neighbouring dales (and not upon the aged only, but upon all my brother dalesmen of whatever age), especially now that I am winding up my final conclusion, pronouncing my farewell, and asking God to bless my dear birth-dale, and those who dwell within it."

I have now had my say, and given utterance to my grievance; and I conclude by asking whether we are ever, and if so, how soon, to have a Memoir of Adam Sedgwick?

HARVEY CARLISLE.

BACKSHEESH.

SOME years ago I was applied to by a group of financiers, who had formed themselves into what is technically termed a syndicate, to proceed to Constantinople for the purpose of obtaining a concession, the exact nature of which it is not necessary here to specify, but which, if it could be obtained, was calculated to achieve the twofold object of indirectly procuring a very considerable revenue to the Turkish Government at a juncture when it stood much in need of funds, and at the same time of securing to my employers a handsome profit on the very large outlay which the preliminary operations would involve. The scheme was one of those ingeniously invented financial contrivances peculiar to the genius of the age in which we live, by which it was not probable that the shareholders of the company to be formed for the purpose of ultimately carrying out the objects of the concession would derive a very large interest for their money, but by which both the syndicate and the Turkish Government must necessarily gain. When I was made familiar with the details, I confess that although I had had some experience of Turkey, and had been selected for the mission in consequence, I did not anticipate much difficulty. The increase which must accrue to the revenue of the country by carrying out the scheme was so palpable, and its general advantages—not merely in the development of certain important national resources, but in the immediate expenditure of a large amount of money among an impoverished population—were so self-evident, that it was difficult to imagine any government refusing a proposal from which they had everything to gain and nothing to

lose. I therefore readily undertook the mission, stipulating for an amount equal to 4 per cent, upon what would ultimately be the total capital of the company, to be spent in backsheesh; for I was well aware that no matter what the intrinsic merits of a scheme may be, the necessity of oiling the administrative machinery with piastres is always the same, and that provided enough of these are forthcoming, any scheme, no matter how bad it is, can be carried; while stinginess in this respect, even with a good project, is misplaced economy. As for the moral aspect of the question, it is a point which is, I think, fairly open to discussion by schoolmen and divines.

Here is a heathen country—I presume that Mohammedans are considered heathens by Christians—with a heathen standard of financial morality, where the officials receive no salaries, or very minute proportions of their nominal allowances, and are expected to live on what they can obtain from the public, in the form of “tips,” to use a popular term. Now there can be no doubt that in Christian countries where tips are given to officials who are expressly prohibited from receiving them, and who are well paid, the practice is distinctly immoral. But there is a great distinction between bribing an English custom-house officer at Dover to pass your luggage, and one at Pera: the difference being that the first receives his salary from the public indirectly, and through officials, and the latter from the public directly, through the non-official channel of the hotel porter, or any other that may be found convenient. So when we come to financial arrangements upon a large scale, and involving the co-operation of the highest

functionaries of the state, we must judge them by their own standard rather than by ours; and it has this merit, that while it is much lower, they do not even pretend that they act up to it. They openly say that they are reduced to the most extreme pecuniary destitution, and must get money somehow; and the veil that they throw over their transactions—which, are after all, not more corrupt than those of a neighbouring Christian country—is no thicker than a Turkish woman's *yashmak*; it is merely conventionally supposed to conceal what is beneath it.

Now the question is whether one does harm either to oneself or one's neighbour by adopting a system which does not violate the moral sense of those who practise it, and which has become such a recognised element in Turkish administration, that it would not be possible to carry any measure, no matter how advantageous to the country, without resorting to it. Under all circumstances the pill must be gilded; but I do not know that it is more immoral to gild commercial pills for the heathen, than to put powder in jam for children. It is true the nurse does not make anything for herself by administering the powder, and the man who administers the gilded pill does, or he would not take the trouble to make and gild it; but that does not affect the morality of the question, provided in both instances the patient is to benefit. Supposing I was a pure and disinterested philanthropist, and came to Turkey for the purpose of inducing the Government to accept a scheme which should be the salvation of the country, and out of which I should make nothing myself, should I not be justified in employing the recognised agency of backsheesh, without which it would be impossible to carry it? and should I be warranted in depriving millions of the benefits they would derive from my great remedial measure of reform, simply because I could not carry it

without bribing a few officials, whose moral sense was in no way violated by taking the money I offered, and who would run the risk of being driven even to more immoral practices, if such means of adding to their incomes were denied them?

I am rather particular in placing the moral aspect of the question before my readers at the outset, as I should not like them to have a bad opinion of me; and the whole of the experiences I am about to relate are a narrative of bribery, in which I was the principal actor. I have been induced to give them, at the risk of forfeiting their just estimate of my high moral worth, because I think at the present juncture it will be interesting to them to know exactly how the administration is carried on at Constantinople, and precisely where reform is most required, so that any efforts we may make to improve the government of the country may be directed to the proper quarter, and there may be no mistake about the seat of the disease. And here I would also remark that my experiences furnish a true and faithful record of the processes which have to be gone through in all cases in which foreigners are concerned. Of course there are an infinite number of variations to be played on the same string, but the substantial accuracy of the general narrative will, I think, be recognised by numerous victims, whose patience, temper, and pockets have been exhausted, in a vain attempt to induce the Turkish Government to decide whether or not they would accept proposals, and grant concessions in favour of enterprises which were palpably calculated to confer benefits upon the country. That they have granted many that were calculated to do no good to any one except the concessioner and his accomplices, is perfectly true. That they have shown a remarkable readiness to fall into the toils and snares of financial swindlers on a large scale, arises from the fact that the latter were ready to adopt

methods, and hold out inducements which *bonâ fide* and honourable capitalists refused to lend themselves to; for even in Turkey a line must be drawn somewhere, and the line is generally drawn by the better class of promoters and speculators, at shareholders. An unscrupulous syndicate, provided they can make their money out of obtaining a concession, and floating a company, are indifferent as to the fate of those who may be induced to invest their money in it; and they burden the enterprise with engagements and preliminary expenses which it is quite unable to bear. In other words, they pay twice as much in bribes for a concession at Constantinople as it is worth, and the cost of the concession becomes a first charge upon the company.

The result is that the company is in difficulties from the start, and is at perpetual loggerheads with the Turkish Government, through not being able to carry out its undertakings. Or, on the other hand, some great European operator, utterly unscrupulous, bribes heavily to obtain a concession on terms ruinous to the Turkish Government, and involving special privileges by which he will be enriched, and the Turkish Treasury impoverished. If the fraud is on a large scale, he can afford to give backsheesh on a large scale for it; and although the officials, whose business it is to refuse concessions of this nature, know it to be virtually a swindle, there is too much poverty and too little patriotism among them for them to withstand the temptation. Scandalous transactions of this character naturally operate most prejudicially against *bonâ fide* enterprises, and honest Turks, who only judge by results, are apt to put all foreigners into the same category, and to view their demands with extreme mistrust. Hence arises a good deal of sharp recrimination. The foreigner charges the Turk with being an eastern barbarian, who refuses to allow his country to be opened, and its

great agricultural and mineral resources developed, by means of foreign capital. The Turk replies, "We should be quite ready to give you every facility to develop our country, but we find that when you come under that pretence, you invariably swindle us, and we are the victims in the long run." The foreigner rejoins, "That is entirely your own fault, and would not be possible, were it not for the corruption which pervades every branch of your administration, and which attracts all the financial rogues and sharpers of Europe." The Turk answers, "From whom did we learn corruption, but from Europeans? and who are the officials in our administrations who are the largest robbers, and the most available accomplices in the frauds of these rogues and sharpers?—the Christians, whom we are obliged to employ, or we should be accused by Christian Europe of Moslem intolerance." And so the quarrel goes on, and there is a good deal to be said on both sides; but the practical result is not satisfactory, and the position of matters is every day getting worse. Men have been known to stay in Constantinople for eight or ten years, and after having spent thousands of pounds in bribery, to fail after all, and go away broken down and ruined. They are the victims to the same sort of fascination as that which chains a man to a Chancery suit. When he has invested a certain amount of time and capital, he shrinks from the conclusion that he had better abandon the pursuit, and waste no more of his existence or his money upon it, the more especially as he is constantly being deluded with promises that are never realised; so he follows the *ignis fatuus*, until his figure becomes as familiar to the hangers-on at the Porte as that of Miss Flight used to be in the celebrated case of Jarndyce against Jarndyce.

It was a raw day in winter when I arrived at Constantinople, and established myself in Pera, making up my

mind that I should probably be compelled to spend the better part of a year in that most uninviting of semi-European, semi-Asiatic cities. After consulting with an old friend and resident versed in such matters, I obtained an influential letter of introduction to the Grand Vizier, and proceeded with it to the Porte.

Visitors to Constantinople are conversant with that somewhat disreputable building near the top of the hill after crossing the bridge to the Stamboul side, which contains some of the principal departments of state, and in which the office of the Grand Vizier is situated. You go up a flight of steps into a large hall, where several soldiers, supposed to be more or less on guard, are lounging about, and where door-keepers, deaf mutes, and small retainers and employes, are watching for their prey; you no sooner make your appearance than two or three of these petty thieves pounce upon you as lawful spoil.

It is as well instantly to resign yourself to the inevitable. I had previously made myself acquainted with the name of the *vekil*, or official, who announces visitors to the Grand Vizier, and I was shown through a small door to the left into a minute apartment, in which eight gentlemen were sitting facing each other. Two of these were manifestly foreigners, bound probably on some errand similar to my own; the other six were dressed in European style, but wore fez caps. They were apparently Greeks or Armenians.

I was taken very little notice of by the official introducer for some time, although immediately on entering I gave him my card and letter for the Grand Vizier. He went on unconcernedly writing, and the gentlemen in chairs patiently waited in attitudes of humble attention until he condescended to exchange a few whispered words with some of them, when they replied in tones of extreme servility, and finally with a sidelong and some-

what mistrustful glance at me took his departure. He was absent nearly an hour, and during this time we all sat patient and silent, till it should please the great man to receive us, feeling very much as if we were in a dentist's waiting-room.

On the return of the *vekil* I was curtly informed that if I would wait His Highness would see me. Meanwhile one by one some of the others were summoned. At the end of another hour I was told that His Highness could receive no more that day, and that I was to come on the morrow. On my way out I gave the doorkeeper a *mejidie*. To make a long story short, I repeated this process twice without seeing the Grand Vizier, and my first audience cost three journeys from Pera to Stamboul, six hours' attendance in the waiting-room, and three *mejidies* to the doorkeeper, who had now become my staunch friend, while he evidently looked upon me as his private property.

When at last the moment for the audience arrived I was led through a rather dark, dirty passage to a large room, which contained no other furniture but a large horseshoe-table and some twenty chairs. In one of these in solitary grandeur sat the Grand Vizier. As I was not a person of any great distinction he did not rise to receive me, but motioned me to a chair and remained silent. He knew enough French to understand what I said, at least I presume so, though his countenance remained imperturbable; I refrain from describing it lest it might be recognised. He asked me, when I had explained the nature of the proposed concession, whether the project had been reduced to writing, begged me to hand it to him, which I did, and on receiving it indicated that the interview was at an end, and I should hear more about it at some future time. He then took a piece of paper, and holding it in his hand proceeded to write upon it with a reed pen in a most uncomfortable fashion, acknow-

ledging my parting bow with a slight gesture of his hand and an almost imperceptible inclination of his head.

On opening the door I was set upon in the dark passage by two officers in uniform, with swords hanging by their sides. I knew enough of the costume of the Turkish army to perceive in the dim light that they were not common soldiers, but held the rank of *uzbashi* or lieutenant. Without the smallest bashfulness they pronounced the magic word "backsheesh." I was so much taken aback by men in the position of Turkish gentlemen pouncing upon me in this determined and almost threatening manner that, as the handle of the door of the Grand Vizier's room was still within reach, I almost decided on bolting back into it, and calling the notice of that eminent functionary to the disgracefulness of the proceedings; the more especially as I was a good deal puzzled, considering the exalted rank of my assailants, as to how much they would expect, and was not sure that I had enough loose cash in my pocket to satisfy their demands. However, I thought I would risk a very moderate *douceur* and found they were quite satisfied with a *mejidie* apiece. I now returned to the *vekil's* room, where I had left my hat and coat, and which was quite empty, my interview having been the last for the day; and the *vekil* not being there. However, as he was sure to return, and I wished to ask him when I was likely to hear from the Grand Vizier, I determined to wait for him; but I had hardly taken a seat when two creatures entered the room and proceeded to make the most horrible faces, gesticulations, and guttural noises in their throats at me. These I perceived to be a couple of deaf mutes, a class of unfortunates who are largely employed in the various public departments, and who seem to have a preternatural sense for finding out things by other means than their ears, and for communicating secret intelligence by other

means than their tongues. It is quite unpleasant to find yourself alone in a room with two of these phenomena, working away at you with their fingers and making horrible sounds. Well did I know, though they could not say so, that backsheesh was what they meant; but I had no more *mejidies* left, a *lira* or Turkish pound was certainly too much, so I tried them with a *beslik*, equivalent to about a franc, each. This they scornfully rejected. Then I offered two apiece. These they also refused; and I was at the end of my small change.

Now I am very economical, even with my employer's money, on such occasions, so I refused to be bled to any greater amount, whereupon they jabbered menacingly, and even shook their fists in my face. In the midst of which I walked the *vekil*, to whom I pretended entire innocence, and asked who these two unfortunates were, and what they wanted; he smiled a smile of peculiar significance and ordered them out of the room. I now felt very much puzzled as to whether I ought to offer the *vekil* a *lira* or not, but he was such a well-dressed and highly polished individual, having evidently learnt his French and his manners in Paris, that I felt rather shy, and thought I would wait for him to give the first hint. To my surprise he made no allusion to the subject, was most polite in his assurance that I should not have to wait long before receiving an answer about the papers; and I parted from him in a satisfied frame of mind.

In the hall I was again set upon by the deaf mutes, but rescued from them by my friend the doorkeeper, to whom in my gratitude I gave a *lira*, and looking back had the satisfaction of seeing him engaged in a violent gesticulatory quarrel with the deaf mutes.

I now waited patiently for a fortnight, and heard nothing, so I went, braving the deaf and dumb janitors—to whom however for peace of mind I

ultimately gave a few mejidies—and was assured that if I called in a few days I should hear of my papers. This I did several times, always having to pay my way and always being put off with specious excuses, until it occurred to me one day that this was perhaps the *vekil's* mode of extorting a bribe. The self-respect which had prevented him from directly demanding it, and the trouble he had given me, caused me to form rather a high estimate of his expectations, so I wrapped five liras in a piece of paper, like a doctor's fee, and repaired to the well known room, which I found so full, that I was somewhat embarrassed as to the best means of conveying my little *douceur* to his pocket. There was a sort of double entrance to the room, leaving a dark space about three feet wide between the two doors, so I whispered that I had something of importance to communicate if he would step out with me for a moment; from the alacrity with which he responded I saw that he understood at once what I had been so long in comprehending, and in another moment we were in the dark hole between the two doors, when, without more ceremony, I expressed my regret that I had put him to so much trouble already and was likely to put him to so much more, and requested him to accept a little present, placing the *rouleau* in his hand at the same time. He protested that he had been at no trouble, and that he could not hear of such a thing as accepting a present, and went through the form of trying to force it back upon me, but as I resolutely declined, he reluctantly and in an absent sort of manner allowed his scruples to be overcome, and promised me that if I called on the following day on the minister to whose department schemes of the nature I had proposed were referred, I should find that they had been despatched there already by the Grand Vizier, and were under consideration. It had taken me exactly one month, ten visits to the

Porte, and had cost me altogether a little over ten pounds to achieve this preliminary result.

I now felt that I should save time, and possibly money, by employing an intermediary to make the journeys and give the bribes. I did not so much mind the first, but the offering bribes was one of those delicate and disagreeable operations which it requires a special training to do properly; moreover there was something humiliating in this constant hanging about waiting-rooms which I wished, if possible, to avoid; while I found my ignorance of the language a serious inconvenience. A few words of Turkish will often save money on these occasions; so I asked the friend to whom I have already alluded if he could recommend me a man skilled in matters of this sort, who would act as interpreter, spy, and doer of dirty work generally. He promised to send me a master of the art on the following day. Early next morning there appeared a wizened little Greek, who was prematurely old-looking. I don't think he was more than thirty, but the pinched expression of his face was produced by the deep lines with which cunning and avarice had already seamed it. He was extremely obsequious and servile, talked French fluently, but in a hurried, disjointed, and somewhat indistinct manner. He had rapid, stealthy, catlike movements, and a quick, furtive eye. Altogether, although not prepossessing, his appearance was most encouraging; he was evidently just the sort of scoundrel I wanted. It was quite plain that there was no lack of intelligence, and as for principle—well, I should have to supply the whole of that myself. That I should possibly have to supplement him with another spy to watch him, was highly probable, but it would all add to my knowledge of human nature, and life in Pera is so dull that one must create an interest of some special kind. I thought it would be very exciting, should it

become necessary, to drive a sort of spy tandem. I used at last to call him the commander-in-chief, when I found out that he was recognised by the whole class of political and financial sneaks who make a livelihood out of the prevailing official corruption, as the head of the profession.

He was a member of the Greek Orthodox Church, and extremely particular about the observances of his religion. His distress because a near relative became a pervert to Mohammedanism upon one occasion was so great that he was unable to attend to business for two whole days, and when he came to inform me of the painful fact the tears started to his eyes. It seemed that his relative was rewarded for becoming a renegade by being given a position under the Government, which offered exceptional chances for plunder, and I think he wept because he had missed the opportunity himself. However this may be, he was a very pious young man, with a holy horror and contempt for Moslems, whom he considered so barbarous and uncivilised that any device which should transfer money from their pockets to his was a sort of righteous act, for which he expected not only to derive immediate advantage in this world, but a future reward in the next. When I explained to this worthy exactly how my business affair stood, he informed me that the minister who was the head of the department, and who was also a Christian, was a difficult man to deal with, as it was probable that he would soon be turned out of his berth by a rival in the cabinet who occupied a lower position in it, and who was intriguing against him in the palace. As his tenure of office was so uncertain and might be short, he was raising his demands in the matter of backsheesh so as to take as much money as possible away with him. He therefore put it to me to consider whether it would not be best either to do nothing and wait, or to make friends with the rival, advance him money to carry out

his intrigue, and help him in the palace in other ways which he suggested; thus securing him as a close ally for subsequent operations. It was a delicate point to weigh, because, on the one hand, success was not certain; the minister would be pretty sure to discover that I was helping his enemy, and if we did not succeed in overthrowing him, he would become a most formidable and bitter antagonist. On the other hand, if I paid him the large backsheesh he was certain to ask, he might be turned out the day after, and I should have to pay it over again to his successor. The other alternative of delay and inaction seemed to me intolerable. This is a specimen of one of the difficult problems a concessioner at Constantinople is occasionally called upon to solve. After mature deliberation I decided that the safest course, although it might turn out the most expensive, was to deal at once with the minister now at the head of the department, and I directed the commander-in-chief to discover the amount of money he would expect.

The process which my demand of concession had to go through in this department was examination by the minister, and a small committee appointed to assist him, which should make a report upon the scheme prior to its going to the *Conseil d'Etat*. It was of course of the greatest importance that this report—or *masbata*, as it is called—should be favourable. The commander-in-chief returned after a few days with the pleasing intelligence that two of the committee whom it was important to secure would require 200*l.* apiece, and the minister himself 2,000*l.*; that if I paid down these sums like a gentleman in the first instance, I should be summoned before the committee, examined in regard to my scheme, might make any proposals I liked, and they would be acceded to, and a report made in glowing terms in its favour. The question I now had to consider was whether the commander-in-chief had not in-

vented a much larger sum than was really asked, in the expectation that he would be the *intermédiaire*, and would have an opportunity of putting a large share of it in his own pocket. The risk was so great, the impossibility of checking him so absolute, that I decided to pay the minister the 2,000*l.* myself, leaving him to pay the understrappers. But then came the practical question of how to do it. It would not do to give him a cheque for the amount; the transaction must be one which should leave no trace. The only way I could think of was to carry it to him and give it him plump. Now 2,000*l.* in gold is no joke to carry in your coat-pockets; nevertheless I had that sum put into two bags, and, with my pockets bulging most suspiciously out, I took a carriage and drove to the ministry. I had a sort of guilty suspicion that all the loiterers who hang about departments knew what was in them, as I went up the dirty stairs to the antechamber, where two or three people were waiting for audiences; and I instantly sat down on the nearest chair, and spread myself out as much as possible, so as to look naturally a stout person. When I sent in my card I was at once admitted, and walked in before them all like a hen with its wings spread out. Now, at the last moment, I had determined to try the veracity of the commander-in-chief by only offering the minister 1,000*l.* in the first instance. The question was how to do it delicately, for he was a man of high rank and much consideration in Constantinople, and was to be met in the fashionable European and diplomatic society of Pera. After a little general conversation I asked him if he had looked at my scheme. He said he had. I then asked him how he liked it. He replied, that in its present form he was afraid there were serious objections to it. I said I hoped that these might be overcome. He replied, that he hoped they might; that he had not had time to consider how

they could be removed, but that at the same hour to-morrow he would have made up his mind, if I would have the kindness to call upon him then.

I now saw my opening; in fact I perceived that he had purposely given it to me. I therefore proceeded to pull out a bag; of course the horrid thing stuck, but after struggling with it for some time I got it out, together with some of the lining of my coat. I casually left it on the divan on which I had been sitting, when I got up to take leave. I have since had reason to regret my extreme stupidity in not remembering that I should show an inequality in my shape as I left the room. I kept my hand in the pocket in which the other bag was, and seemed to be fumbling for something, so as to try and hide the excrescence, but I fear unsuccessfully.

The next day I returned with the 1,000*l.* divided into two smaller bags, so that I was comparatively slim-looking, and was again shown into the minister, who received me with great politeness, but told me that he regretted to find, after consideration, that the objections were more serious than he thought, and he feared that it was very doubtful whether it would be possible to report upon the project favourably.

I saw it was no good trying to economise, and that he probably would not be satisfied with an extra 500*l.*, for he had seen the second bag sticking out the day before; so I pulled both bags out, left them on the divan, told him I would call the following day to hear his final decision, as I was convinced that more mature reflection would induce him to modify his opinion, and took my leave.

On the following day I had the satisfaction of hearing from him, that several ideas had suggested themselves to him during the night, by which the obstacles, which at one time seemed almost insurmountable, might be re-

moved, and that he would fix a day for the committee to meet, when I should be asked to be present.

A week elapsed, and I received no summons, so I sent the commander-in-chief to find out the cause of the delay. He returned with the ominous intelligence that a remodelling of the cabinet was in progress, that business was at a standstill in several departments, where changes were in contemplation, and that he much feared that the meeting of the committee would be delayed until it was decided whether the present minister was to remain at the head of it or not.

It seems that the rival had been very active, and was likely to prove successful, in which case my 2,000*l.* had been absolutely thrown away. Things remained in this state for another week, when this unfortunate contingency actually occurred. My friend walked out of his department with my 2,000*l.* in his pocket—perhaps in both of them, as I had first walked into it. The new man, who knew not Joseph, succeeded him, and so ended my second month.

All this arose from my being in too much of a hurry. If, when I first heard of the rival, I had patiently waited till the ministerial changes had taken place, I should have saved the money; it is true months instead of weeks might have elapsed, and in that case the time lost would have been of value; still it is never wise in Constantinople to be in a hurry. It is not the custom; and one finds oneself out of tune with things in general, and is sure to get into a scrape. The commander-in-chief read me this little lecture while I was bewailing my fate, and it is due to him to say that from the first he counselled absolute inaction, but I thought he only did this to prolong operations, and his own consequent employment.

Now we had to begin all over again. The commander-in chief informed me that the new incumbent, though he would readily have availed himself

of my assistance, pecuniary or otherwise, to turn out his late colleague, was quite inaccessible to a bribe, which was clearly to be regretted, as he was a most obstinate crotchety old Moslem of the fanatic school, opposed to all innovations or improvements, or influx of foreign capital, or foreigners themselves, of whom he entertained the greatest distrust and suspicion.

However, the commander-in-chief suggested other agencies than those of money by which he might be worked upon—these were diplomatic; and here I am getting upon ground too full of quicksands to tread safely, so I will pass over it; indeed if I were to tell all my experiences I could fill a volume, and weary the reader, my object is rather to give snatches of them as illustrative sketches. Suffice it to say, that it took me three months, and a great deal of intrigue and bribery of subordinates, before I got a report of a very lukewarm kind, but not absolutely unfavourable, during which time I was perpetually trotting across to Stamboul, attending the commission, and getting put off, and worried, and delayed in all manner of ways.

The Council of State, to which my project and the report upon it were now referred, is a huge official spider deriving a precarious subsistence from the financial flies which it catches in its net. It is composed of thirty members who are supposed to be paid salaries of from seven to ten thousand piastres a month by the Government, but this is a fiction. They are expected to live upon plunder, and it must be admitted to their credit, that they have elaborated a very effective system for the purpose. They work chiefly on two great principles, one is artfully contrived delay, and the other no less artfully contrived blackmail. For instance, no sooner was I brought into contact with this body, than I discovered for the first time that a rival scheme, of which I had heard nothing before, had just been sub-

mitted to the Grand Vizier, and was about to be referred to the department from which I had emerged; that it would, to judge by my own experiences, be three months before it was reported upon by this department, and that the Council of State had decided that it would be desirable to have both schemes before them, before entering upon the question at all. The commander-in-chief was now in his glory; in three days he found the particular Greeks and Armenians who had subscribed a sum for the purpose of proposing the blackmailing project. It is needless to say that they had not a farthing to carry it out, even supposing they could obtain the concession—in that case they would of course sell it to any promoters or speculators who could form a company upon it. Associated with them were several of the most influential members of the Council of State, but their partnership in the concern was *sub rosa*, and they did not appear as having any interest in the matter. The commander-in-chief proposed to enter at once into negotiations with this group, who, being natives of the country, and most of them professional blackmailers, it was hoped might easily be dealt with; and I accordingly consented to entertain any propositions they might make, as they had secured the co-operation of one or two influential Moslems and under-secretaries. Their scheme unfortunately gained the sympathy of the fanatic old minister who presided over the department through which I had already passed, and it was evident that they would obtain a far more favourable report than had been accorded to me. The matter therefore became serious, and as I was afraid of other competitors, even if I bought my existing rivals off, I proposed a fusion by which they should be to some degree associated in my enterprise. The extraordinary acuteness of these Armenian gentlemen in matters of finance is so well known that I will not weary the reader by describing

the subtle character of the bargaining which went on, and of the conclusion to which we finally arrived; suffice it to say that I referred it to England, with my strong recommendation that it should be adopted, but that the syndicate at home indignantly rejected it, as a barefaced attempt at robbery, and instructed me to make war to the knife upon all rivals of this description.

The commander-in-chief pulled a long face when he heard of this—I suspect he was to get a percentage on the transaction from the other side if he could bring it about—and prophesied defeat, or a victory which would be more expensive in the end than if we had come to terms. It now became necessary at once to set about buying those members of the Council who were not pledged to the other scheme, and especially that section of it to which both schemes were to be first referred. This consisted of eight members, and of these I secured four, including the President. I allowed the commander-in-chief to make all the bargains, and carry all the money, the total amounting to 850*l.*, namely, 250*l.* for the President, and 200*l.* apiece for the others. This I did not think expensive, but it was supplemented by a promise of a much larger sum, if, in consequence of their efforts, I finally secured the firman.

I now found that I had to subsidise three or four clerks and office writers, who furnished me with copies of all that passed at the meetings of the section which were supposed to be secret, but I had reason to be satisfied with the *procès verbal* which I obtained by these means, and which proved very accurate. I was also put in possession of any secret and confidential official communications relating to the other scheme, of which I stood in need, and of plans and documents, &c., which were supposed not to be known outside the department. The poverty among the minor employés was so great, that an occasional donation of 50*l.*, to be

distributed among them by the commander-in-chief, was quite enough for this purpose.

Altogether, I succeeded tolerably well at this stage of the proceedings, and before I had been eight months in Constantinople, both schemes had been examined by the section, and sent up to the full Council, my project being far more favourably reported upon than that of my opponents. But it was in the full Council that their strength lay. Here they had the President—whom they had associated in their scheme, and who was a cabinet minister—and several influential members on their side. The *Conseil d'État* being composed of several sections, it was necessary to buy one member of each section, and it cost me upwards of 2,000*l.* to get the opposition scheme rejected, and mine reported upon favourably and sent up to the Council of Ministers; and this only after a delay of four months, and owing to the fortunate accidents of another change of ministers having taken place, and my old friend, the minister to whom I had originally given 2,000*l.* having succeeded in intriguing himself back into power. I must say he behaved in the most honourable manner; no sooner did he enter upon his new functions, than he sent a message to me to say that I might rely upon him as a friend, and that he would exercise his influence in order to have the report cancelled which the Council had agreed to sign in favour of my opponents, without requiring any more money down from me, provided that I would promise him 5,000*l.* in case I got the firman. This I did unhesitatingly; the scheme of my opponents, after having been on the point of being adopted, was thrown out at the last moment, and mine went up to the cabinet with flying colours. This minister now became my intimate friend and adviser, in fact he considered himself an associate in the enterprise, and I derived much useful information from him.

He recommended me to secure no less a person than the Grand Vizier himself, as he feared when the question came to be discussed, there would be considerable opposition. This I did; but I will pass over the details of how I managed it. The matter is too delicate for me to enter upon fully—suffice it to say, that I thought, with two such powerful advocates, my scheme was safe.

When it came up for discussion, which it did after a delay of three months, I found out my mistake; the fanatic old Moslem, who had already reported favourably for my opponents, and against me, and whom I have described as incorruptible, was now intriguing to become Grand Vizier himself, and his policy was to thwart the existing incumbent by every means in his power, and, by showing his impotence to carry out everything, to discredit his administration. He had a faction in the cabinet, who from some cause or other were enemies of the chief of the Government, and it was thus split into two camps. When my scheme was proposed by the Grand Vizier, and supported by the President of the Council, it was opposed by the old Moslem and his faction, not openly, but in true Turkish style; I received an accurate report of what took place afterwards; it seems that the old fox commenced by speaking of it in the highest terms, and in fact gave his consent, subject to the consideration of a trifling point which required further investigation, and he proposed a postponement for this purpose. Before I heard this I had seen the Grand Vizier and asked him how the meeting of the cabinet had gone off, and what were the prospects. Instead of saying honestly that the scheme was opposed and postponed, he assured me it was "*dans une bonne voie.*" And here I may remark that, no matter how certain a Turk may be that your success is hopeless, he never tells you so, but, on the contrary, deludes you with promises and assur-

ances until your patience is worn out. This man was too weak on his perch to carry a measure in the face of the covert opposition of his rival, and he knew that the delicate way of adjourning the consideration of my scheme, meant shelving it altogether. Yet he was ashamed of admitting his weakness, and was profuse in his encouragement and in fine phrases. Had I not heard the real facts of the case afterwards from my friend the minister, I should have remained for weeks in a fool's paradise. As it was, the difficulty of overcoming the opposition of the incorruptible old rival was most serious. All argued that it was hopeless to try money; this is curious in Turkey, but it occasionally happens. The fertile brain of the commander-in-chief, however, proved equal to the occasion. At that time there was a certain individual at the palace who exercised an almost controlling influence over the mind of an exalted personage. I will not say whether he was a eunuch, or a pipe-bearer, or a chamberlain, or a secretary, or a doctor, as here again I must deal in generalities, and leave a good deal to the reader's imagination; but it was upon this person's influence that my old enemy chiefly depended in order to become Grand Vizier, and his enmity would be fatal to his chances. This man was also a very venal personage, and his terms were high; but it was evident that if we could secure

him, he might make his support of the old Turk conditional upon the latter withdrawing all opposition to my scheme, for really he was only objecting to it out of a species of "cussedness," and not for any good reason. This involved an expenditure of 10,000%, partly in money down, partly in prospective engagements. In fact I found the palace very expensive; but it answered a double purpose, for not only did it overcome opposition in the cabinet, but when at last the scheme was favourably reported upon there and it was sent up to the palace for the final *Iraddè*, I had already secured my friends, and there was comparatively little difficulty in obtaining it.

My troubles, which had lasted considerably more than a year, were now over. I had succeeded, for a little over 20,000% all told, in obtaining a valuable concession; and it was generally admitted by connoisseurs that I had done the thing quickly and economically. It did not turn out much of a success afterwards, and I believe the shareholders are to this day discontented; but that is not my fault. I have narrated my experiences somewhat in detail, because it would not otherwise be possible to convey an accurate idea of the venality of the administration we have undertaken to reform, and of the hopelessness of the task upon which we have entered.

GOLDEN HORN.

THE LIGHT OF ASIA.¹

"A good life is of more worth than many sermons:" and he that has told such a life well has put his words to their finest use. The passion for biography that finds its relief in the consumption of the massive two volumes of *Life and Letters*, and that tears its sensitive heart-strings with loves and griefs that were never meant to be exposed in the market for universal sympathy, has its root in the natural unaffected hero-worship which lives in each man's heart if he be worth anything, and will live there, however he may seek to crush it and deny its presence. There is no man that does not—secretly, it may be—hug a hero to his breast; and the odds are, he is a better man for it. But it is not every man who has either the courage or the ability to set his hero boldly and nakedly before all eyes and claim a wider homage for him. When one dares to do this, and knows to do it well, he gives a real gift to letters: far more than that, he adds another to the sacred chain of those highest books that lead men onward to the best. And it is only a worshipper that can make his hero live in the eyes and hearts of men so that they see him and touch him, with the mind's sight and touch, as one of themselves. A life by a lover may be over tender and lenient, and sin in excess of sun, but it will at times work a revolution in the heart. An unloving biography will never kindle an enthusiasm for noble things—will 'never make the doer of great deeds stand forth in his greatness; in a word, it will fail in the end which all life-writing must set before itself.

¹ *The Light of Asia*; or, *The Great Renunciation*. Being the Life and Teaching of Gautama, Prince of India, and Founder of Buddhism. (As told in verse by an Indian Buddhist.) By Edwin Arnold, C.S.I. (London: Trübner & Co., 1879.)

In the *Light of Asia* we find a life of the true sort. It is a life of Buddha by a hero-worshipper who is not ashamed to own his devotion. He has chosen his hero well, we must think. If only for the extent and duration of his influence, the founder of the great faith of Asia which has seen four-and-twenty centuries roll by, and still holds the hearts of a third of mankind, must claim the reverence which belongs to a masterpiece of religious insight. "Four hundred and seventy millions of our race live and die in the tenets of Gautama; and the spiritual dominions of this ancient teacher extend, at the present time, from Nepaul and Ceylon over the whole Eastern Peninsula to China, Japan, Thibet, Central Asia, Siberia, and even Swedish Lapland. India itself might fairly be included in this magnificent empire of belief, for though the profession of Buddhism has for the most part passed away from the land of its birth, the mark of Gautama's sublime teaching is stamped ineffaceably upon modern Brahminism, and the most characteristic habits and convictions of the Hindus are clearly due to the benign influence of Buddha's precepts."²

But, apart from his work in the world, Buddha is a hero for himself, in the noblest way of heroism. No one can read the story of his selfless life without the sense of the presence of a divine man—in truth "the highest, gentlest, holiest, and most beneficent, with one exception, in the history of thought." It matters little to us that the story mounts back to times when it is hard to look for authentic records, that priestly tradition has overlaid the tale with many corruptions and inventions, and that the *Light of Asia* is a restoration, so to say, of the original

² Pref. ix.

story, and, like all restorations, but in a peculiarly high degree, is subject to the distortions and misconceptions of the restorer. In all their disagreements and corruptions the Buddhistical books at least agree in this, that they record "nothing,—no single act or word,—which mars the perfect purity and tenderness of this Indian teacher, who united the truest princely qualities with the intellect of a sage and the passionate devotion of a martyr."³ The Life speaks for itself. It bears no trace of common man's creation: on the contrary, it carries the unmistakable marks of a divine origin,—of the divineness of the supremely great man. It is incredible that such a record should have come from anything but such a life as it records.

And the life is all too natural, in the highest sense of nature, to need excuses or explanations. Christlike in many strong resemblances, it is wanting in the miraculous elements which have done so much to discredit the Evangel. It is an ideal human life, not that of a god become man, whatever the legends may say; and its phases are consistent with ordinary emotional experience. We do not mean to say that there is nothing of what is called the supernatural in Buddha and Buddhism: such a statement would be absurd enough of any religion, and peculiarly of the faith which had its birth in the home of the myth-loving Aryans. But the supernatural in Buddha's life is of the subjective kind: it can all be explained, as in Mohammed's case, by the high tension of religious fervour and the quickening of the finer perceptions of the mind by long periods of solitary meditation and subjection of the flesh. There is nothing in the life of Buddha to raise a smile at his credulity. It is all perfectly comprehensible to any man who has felt the power of the imagination in peculiar states of religious sensibility.

It is true the Buddha and the Buddhism of the *Light of Asia* are not

³ Preface, x.

what we have been taught to picture to our minds—if we have formed any idea on the subject at all, that is to say. Perhaps the common notion of Buddhism is sufficiently expressed in the image of a prayer-wheel; whilst those of us who have carried our studies a little beyond the common bounds are contented with the recollection that Buddhists hold the doctrine of the Transmigration of Souls. But during the present generation the materials for gaining a more perfect knowledge of the great Indian teacher and his religion have become ample and easy of access; we have learnt that Buddhism is not necessarily hampered with the mechanical ritual we have read about in the Huc of our childhood; that in truth modern Buddhism and the teaching of Buddha himself are two widely different things. It is the fate of all religions to be travestied by their professors. The simple Christians of Galilee develop into the Evangelical on the one hand, and on the other into the advanced Ritualist, who—

"Like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high
Heaven
As make the angels weep."

The plain unvarnished theism of Islam produces such abortions as the Kar-mathian nihilists, the Isma'ilian assassins, and the Druse worshippers of the monster Khalif. And in like manner Buddhism has suffered in the hands of its followers. The superstitions and extravagances which mar its original purity are the result of "that inevitable degradation which priesthoods always inflict upon great ideas committed to their charge." Buddhism in its pure form, as its founder put it forth, is that rarest of combinations—a philosophic religion. Its pantheistic doctrine of emanation and remanation, with its perfectly consistent and almost necessary accompaniment of metempsychosis, is a theory which has very commonly commended itself to philosophical minds.

There is nothing in Buddhism that strains the reason, yet much that ministers to the religious instinct. So reasonable, so philosophic, and withal so elevating, is this faith, that men who reject all other creeds are attracted by this, "which has in it the eternity of a universal hope, the immortality of a boundless love, an indestructible element of faith in final good, and the proudest assertion ever made of human freedom;" and there are not a few of the highest type of intellect in England at this moment who are, if they confessed it, virtually Buddhists.

All who know what Buddhism is in its original purity must lament the ignorance and apathy with which it is regarded by most even of what are called the educated classes. On every ground it deserves to be well known. Its study can only do good; and it may give a theory of life to some whom all other creeds have failed to impress. Mr. Edwin Arnold, who is already favourably known as an interpreter of Indian things, has seen this great ignorance, and has chosen a winning way to remove it. It is not easy to induce people to read a learned treatise on Gautama, nor even the bright little essay of M. de St. Hilaire; and the short text-books that are now to be had on the subject furnish for the most part merely the dry bones without the flesh and nerves. But it will be strange indeed if Mr. Arnold's version of Buddha's life do not find its way into a wide circle of readers: for in poetic treatment the dull parts of a subject must necessarily be but lightly touched, and only the more striking details set forth at length; and hence it is easier to read a poem than an essay, if there be equal command of language in the two cases. This is one reason, without doubt, why Mr. Arnold preferred to tell his story in verse. But another and a more urgent cause is seen in the necessity for a somewhat exalted and enthusiastic treatment of so grand a life. Such treatment seldom falls in with prose, and the attempt to write it

thus would have resulted in a rhetorical style which is apt to be the destruction of the English tongue. Poetry is the language of high deeds and thoughts, and in poetry alone can they be worthily set forth; and seldom has poetry found a fitter theme than the story of Buddha's life. There is, of course, the danger, peculiarly attaching to long poems in blank verse, of uneven level and of dragging before the end is reached. But Mr. Arnold has a genuine enthusiasm for his subject, and over four thousand lines of decasyllabics have not stifled his fervour. The interest of the story never flags to the very last of the eight books, and the high pitch of the narrative is never suffered to drop.

It would be a useless sort of flattery to tell Mr. Arnold that he has written one of the world's great epics; for he shows too much poetical feeling not to be aware of his own shortcomings. It cannot be denied that there is too large a proportion of halting lines, that he allows too often a false accent, and that he will write the same name (Himâlaya, for instance) in several ways to fit the exigencies of his five feet. A much more serious fault is his fondness for queer words and odd constructions, which give the poem an air of affectation which can only mar its effect. The leaf that "bore less likeness Of Spring's soft greenery," and the home in which "Ligged our Lord Buddha," are examples of what we mean. There is also an ultra-oriental profusion of similes and descriptive passages, which are likely to pall on some palates, in spite of the beauty and originality of many of the metaphors and the genuine Eastern colouring which the descriptions of Indian life and scenery throw over the story. But flaws like these are not of great account in comparison with the many excellences that are to be weighed against them. The poem is well-proportioned, there is a sustained elevation of tone and simplicity of treatment which belong to the highest art, and the phraseology, in spite of affectations, is

perfectly free from those colloquialisms and every-day words that are so apt to destroy the poetical level of a long narrative piece. But, think what one will of the versification, it is not for the form that the *Light of Asia* will be read; it is the beauty of the thoughts with which it clothes the nobility of its subject that makes this story of Buddha a delight to the understanding.

The poem opens in heaven, with an echo of *Paradise Regained*. Buddha looks down upon the sorrows of men and the toil of life, and pities the suffering race that labours for mere existence and is cheered by no certain hope of a better time to come. And the Devas say: "Buddha will go again to help the world."

"'Yea,' spake He, 'now I go to help the world
This last of many times; for birth and death
End hence for me and those who learn my Law.
I will go down among the Sâkyas,
Under the southward snows of Himalay,
Where pious people live and a just King.'"

And that night Queen Maya dreamed that a glorious star overshadowed her; and "bliss beyond mortal mother's filled her breast." And there went a spirit of rejoicing over all the earth:—

"A lovely light
Forewent the morn. The strong hills shook; the waves
Sank lulled; all flowers that blow by day came forth
As 'twere high noon; down to the farthest hells
Passed the Queen's joy, as when warm sunshine thrills
Wood-glooms to gold, and into all the deeps
A tender whisper pierced. 'O ye,' it said,
'The dead that are to live, the live who die,
Uprise, and hear, and hope! Buddha is come!'"

And the wise men foretold a great destiny for the child that should be born: "who should deliver men from

ignorance, Or rule the world, if he will deign to rule." And so when he was born, "under a Palsa in the palace-grounds," which bent its leafy crown "to make a bower about Queen Maya's majesty," the regent angels bore the palanquin, and gods

"Walked free with men that day, though men knew not;
For Heaven was filled with gladness for Earth's sake,
Knowing Lord Buddha thus was come again."

So Siddârtha, as they named the boy, grew up to manhood. The King Suddhâdana sent for the wisest of the sages to teach his son all wisdom, but already he knew more than they could tell him. And with his wisdom he was yet reverent, modest, deferent; and there was none that more enjoyed the manly exercises of the age. None could better Siddârtha at the chase or the chariot race. But already that womanly tenderness would come out and surprise his mates, which found its crowning exercise in the great renunciation of his life.

"Yet in mid-play the boy would oft-times pause,
Letting the deer pass free; would oft-times yield
His half-won race because the labouring steeds
Fetched painful breath; or if his princely mates
Saddened to lose; or if some wistful dream
Swept o'er his thoughts. And ever with the years
Waxed this compassionateness of our Lord,
Even as a great tree grows from two soft leaves
To spread its shade afar; but hardly yet
Knew the young child of sorrow, pain, or tears,
Save as strange names for things not felt by kings,
Nor ever to be felt."

But he did not grow up without the suspicion of the world's misery and the knowledge of pain. The struggles of a wounded swan, the labour of the

sweated peasant "toiling for leave to live," the goaded flanks of the oxen, the raid of the kite, all told a different tale from the easy happiness of his royal leisure: he began to see "the thorns that grow upon this rose of life," how death was the sustenance of life, and each thing "slew a slayer and in turn was slain." And gazing thereon, and musing earnestly, the boy was filled with an intense pitiful love of living things, a "passion to heal pain;" and thus he passed, purified from taint of self, to Dhyâna, the first step of the way to Nirvâna, restful, sinless silence.

Now when Siddârtha was become a young man, the King Suddhâdana feared for the fulfilment of the saying of the wise men at his birth. For they had said the prince might rule the world as if he chose, or he would "deliver men from ignorance" by some great unknown sacrifice of himself. And the king dreaded lest the prince should choose the second life, and resolved to fend him from it by every barrier that he and his wise men could devise. If he is happy in his present life, he thought, he will not go out into the world on this mad errand. So he sought to make life sweet to the eyes of Siddârtha, yet could not drive away those moods of brooding melancholy which ever and anon dimmed his happiness "as the lake's silver dulls with driving clouds."

And the king took council with his ministers, how to dispel this over-thoughtful mood; and they counselled love:

"The thoughts ye cannot stay with brazen chains

A girl's hair lightly binds."

So the criers called the maidens of the city to the palace, and they passed before the prince, who gave them precious gifts, but sat so passionless, so gentle, so beyond them, that no girl dared meet his eyes. But last of the Sâkya maids came Yasôdhara, and her gaze sought Siddârtha's; and then he sat no longer passionless, for

"Their eyes mixed, and of that look sprang love."

The king rejoiced that he had found a lure for his son; and Siddârtha came forward and challenged all comers for the maiden's hand, as was the custom with the Sâkyas. When he had conquered all in the arrow contest and with the sword,—

"The syces brought

A stallion dark as night, led by three chains,

Fierce-eyed, with nostrils wide and tossing mane,

Unshod, unsaddled, for no rider yet

Had crossed him. Three times each young Sâkya

Sprang to his mighty back, but the hot steed

Furiously reared, and flung them to the plain

In dust and shame; only Ardjuna held

His seat a while, and, bidding loose the chains,

Lashed the black flank, and shook the bit, and held

The proud jaws fast with grasp of master-hand,

So that in storms of wrath and rage and fear

The savage stallion circled once the plain Half-tamed; but sudden turned with

naked teeth,

Gripped by the foot Ardjuna, tore him down,

And would have slain him, but the grooms ran in

Fettering the maddened beast. Then all men cried,

'Let not Siddârtha meddle with this Bhût,

Whose liver is a tempest, and his blood

Red flame;' but the Prince said, 'Let go his chains,

Give me the forelock only,' which he held With quiet grasp, and, speaking some low

word,

Laid his right palm across the stallion's eyes,

And drew it gently down the angry face, And all along the neck and panting flanks,

Till men astonished saw the night-black horse

Sink his fierce crest and stand subdued and meek,

As though he knew our Lord and worshipped him.

Nor stirred he while Siddârtha mounted, then

Went soberly to touch of knee and rein Before all eyes, so that the people said,

'Strive no more, for Siddârtha is the best.'

And all the suitors answered, 'He is best!'

* * * *

Then the grey father spake, 'Worshipful Prince,

She that was ours henceforth is only thine;

Be good to her, who hath her life in thee.'

Wherewith they brought home sweet Yasôdhara,

With songs and trumpets, to the Prince's arms,

And love was all in all."

Yet even love might not hold the prince, unless within a prison-house; and for Siddârtha and his bride there now was reared a stately palace, with a soft southern view; but northwards towered "the stainless ramps of huge Himâla's wall," whose

"Lifted universe of crest and crag,
Shoulder and shelf, green slope and icy horn,

Riven ravine, and splintered precipice,
Led climbing thought higher and higher, until

It seemed to stand in heaven and speak with gods;"

and underneath, the plain

"Gleamed like a praying-carpet at the feet
Of those divinest altars."

Art filled this palace with its sweetest thoughts; the towers and pillared cloisters, the dark beams "carved with stories of old time," the alabaster threshold, the doors of sandal-wood, "cut in pictured panelling;" the latticed fronts, and painted roofs, held up by clustered columns round the fountain where the lotus grew; here was all that could indeed make "life glide by beguiled like a smooth stream, Banked by perpetual flowers." But wonder of all this wondrous palace, a hidden chamber there was, "where skill had spent all lovely fantasies to lull the mind."

"Here whether it was night or day none knew,

For always streamed that softened light,
more bright

Than sunrise, but as tender as the eve's;
And always breathed sweet airs, more joy giving

Than morning's, but as cool as midnight's
breath;

And night and day lutes sighed, and night and day

Delicious foods were spread, and dewy fruits,

Sherbets new chilled with snows of Himalay,

And sweetmeats made of subtle daintiness,

With sweet tree-milk in its own ivory cup.

And night and day served there a chosen band

Of nautch-girls, cup-bearers, and cymballers,

Delicate, dark-browed ministers of love,
Who fanned the sleeping eyes of the happy prince,

And when he waked, led back his thoughts to bliss

With music whispering through the blooms, and charm

Of amorous songs and dreamy dances linked

By chime of ankle-bells and wave of arms

And silver vina-strings; while essences
Of musk and champak and the blue haze spread

From burning spices soothed his soul again

To drowse by sweet Yasôdhara; and thus

Siddârtha lived forgetting."

Surely this life must satisfy, where all was shadeless joy, and where no trace of sickness or decay was suffered to appear, where no drooping beauty could escape the stern king's order of exile, where a silver thread in the nautch-girl's tresses was treason, "and every dawn the dying rose was plucked, The dead leaves hid;" and "Love was gaoler, and delights its bars." But the bars could not keep out what already lay unquietly in Siddârtha's breast. He felt that all life was not as his life, but rather to it as hell to heaven. He would start from sleep with a cry, "O world! I know—I come!" and in the moaning of the wind in the strings of the lyre he heard the Devas sing. And this was their song:—

"We are the voices of the wandering wind,

Which moan for rest, and rest can never find;

Lo! as the wind is, so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.

"Wherefore and whence we are ye cannot know,
Nor where life springs, nor whither life doth go;
We are as ye are, ghosts from the inane;
What pleasure have we of our change-ful pain?

"What pleasure hast thou of thy change-less bliss?

Nay, if love lasted, there were joy in this;

But life's way is the wind's way, all these things

Are but brief voices breathed on shifting strings."

And they told him of a world of "streaming eyes and wringing hands," which waited for him to "leave love for love of lovers, for woe's sake—Quit state for sorrow, and deliverance make." But as yet it was little that he knew of sorrow; sickness and death were dreams, not things he realised; until one day he begged to see the world outside his lovely prison, and as he passed through joyful streets, wherefrom the careful king had swept all touch of sadness and ill-seeming poverty, by some mischance,

"Midway in the road,
Slow tottering from the hovel where he hid,
Crept forth a wretch in rags, haggard and foul,

An old, old man, whose shrivelled skin,
sun-tanned,
Clung like a beast's hide to his fleshless bones.

Bent was his back with load of many days,
His eyepits red with rust of ancient tears,
His dim orbs blear with rheum, his toothless jaws

Wagging with palsy and the fright to see
So many and such joy."

And when he asked alms, with "heavy painful breath," the prince turned and would know what thing this was; and Channa, the charioteer, told him it was but old age; and another time he sees a man with the plague on him, who "plucks and plucks to seize his grief, And rolls his bloodshot orbs, and grinds his teeth, And draws his breath as if 'twere choking smoke;" and Channa says it is only sickness; and once again he sees a dead man

borne to his pyre, and finds out death. And these three things, old age, sickness, death, will come to every man—even him, the happy prince, and sweet Yasôdhara. Then even love is bitter to him, and the princess asks weeping if now her lord has no more comfort in her?

"Ah, Sweet!" he said, "such comfort that my soul

Aches, thinking it must end, for it will end,

And we shall both grow old, Yasôdhara! Loveless, unlovely, weak, and old, and bowed.

Yea, though we locked up love and life with lips

So close that night and day our breaths grew one,

Time would thrust in between to filch away

My passion and thy grace, as black Night steals

The rose-gleams from yon peak, which fade to grey.

And are not seen to fade. This have I found,

And all my heart is darkened with its dread,

And all my heart is fixed to think how Love

Might save its sweetness from the slayer, Time,

Who makes men old."

All life was now a mystery to him. Were the gods careless or powerless, that they let such sorrow be? If careless, then not good; if powerless, were they gods? No man would leave any to weep if he could dry the tears: then why should great Brahm "make a world and keep it miserable?" Sid-dârtha must go forth and seek the answer of his doubts. The time has come to choose between his lives—whether to rule, a mighty king, with naked sword, and bloody chariot-wheels, "till earth wears the red record of my name;" or rather yield up this pomp and majesty of power, this ease of life and joy of love, and go forth to seek for truth, clad as the humblest, with whom now to dwell, fed of the charitable, sheltered by cave or jungle-bush: and his choice is made, he will give up himself for the world, because its pitiful cry is come unto him, and he

has seen its sorrow and sickness ; and he will heal it, "if healing may be found By uttermost renouncing and strong strife."

"Oh, summoning stars, I come ! Oh mournful earth !
For thee and thine I lay aside my youth,
My throne, my joys, my golden days,
my nights,
My happy palace,—and thine arms,
sweet Queen !
Harder to put aside than all the rest !"

It is night ; and Yasôdhara is sleeping ; the tears of the coming grief, forefelt, lie wet on her cheek : yet he must go.

"So with his brow he touched her feet,
and bent
The farewell of fond eyes, unutterable,
Upon her sleeping face, still wet with
tears ;
And thrice around the bed in reverence,
As though it were an altar, softly
stepped
With clasped hands laid upon his beating
heart,
'For never,' spake he, 'lie I there
again !'
And thrice he made to go, but thrice
came back,
So strong her beauty was, so large his
love :
Then, o'er his head drawing his cloth,
he turned
And raised the purdah's edge."

And Siddârtha was gone out into the world "To seek deliverance and that unknown Light."

For six weary years he wandered over the earth, courting all hardships and all pain, seeking from every experience of life, from all who were esteemed wise, some answer to his questionings. But none could answer him. The cause of sorrow and wrong, the meaning and end of life, many were seeking, but none had found. He went to the ascetics on Ratnagiri's groves, who "hold the body foe to soul," and

"Dismantle and dismember this fair
House,
Whose windows gave us light—the little
light—
Whereby we gaze abroad to know if
dawn
Will break, and whither winds the better
road."

And though he could not teach these self-tormentors a more excellent way, he went on sorrowfully, seeing how men

"Fear so to die they are afraid to fear,
Lust so to live they dare not love their
life,
But plague it with fierce penances ;"
and as he lifted a limping lamb that toiled behind the flock, he thought, surely

"'Twere all as good to ease one beast of
grief
As sit and watch the sorrows of the
world
In yonder caverns with the priests who
pray."

And he went on his blameless way, bearing all ills and giving all help to suffering men, so that they took him for a pitiful god ; his body wasted away with weary fasts, and too long days of ceaseless meditation, of "Keen unravelling of the threads of thought, And steadfast pacing of life's labyrinth," until his many swoons brought him near to death ; and he had died, but that the chance song of the passing nautch-girls showed him the folly of his overstrained life. Thus they sang :—

"Fair goes the dancing when the sitar's
tuned ;
Tune us the sitar neither low nor high,
And we will dance away the hearts of
men.

"The string o'erstretched breaks, and the
music flies ;
The string o'erslack is dumb, and music
dies ;
Tune us the sitar neither low nor high."

And still he sought, though with less recklessness of life, life's secret ; and still the answer came not. At last he came unto the Tree of Wisdom, and sat beneath its branches. And here the Prince of Darkness, Dhana, came to him with his fiends to tempt him with all the terrors of hell and the wiles of wantonness and the lures of power ; and the ten great Sins assailed him, worst of them all, Kama, the King of Passions, with "Bands of bright shapes, with heavenly eyes and lips," singing of love :

"For who hath grieved when soft arms
shut him safe,
And all life melted to a happy sigh,
And all the world was given in one
warm kiss?"

And the false shape of sweet Yasôdhara came before him, with brimming eyes and yearning arms, and strove to move him from his great resolve: but even this was vain, like all the lures that followed. So Buddha won the victory in that night, and passed up the steps that lead to perfect knowledge, seeing all life, and all his former lives, laid open to his unveiled sight; learning the uses of those former lives, "how new life reaps what the old life did sow;" seeing at last "the Power which builds, unbuilds, and builds again," evolving dark to light, death to life, unformed to formed, "good unto better, better unto best, by wordless edict;" grasping the use of sorrow, shadow inseparable of life; and the end of true self-conquering life, blessed Nirvâna, sinless rest, "the change that never changes." And Buddha had found the deliverance.

Then he went again through the land, teaching the new-found law, and making all men sharers of the hope which he had won "by uttermost renouncing:" till at length he came once more unto his father's city. Sorrowful and loveless had been the years to King Suddhâdana, and no joy had there been to Yasôdhara. The messengers they had sent to scour the world had brought no tidings of the vanished prince, whose queen was tearworn, drawn with grief, and her step slow and painful, "which had the roe's gait and the rose-leaf's fall." But when all hope seemed dead, there came merchants unto the city, who brought word of Siddârtha,—"they had seen and worshipped him—he was journeying hither, to this place." And they made ready a royal welcome for the prince, and his widowed bride went to the gate to meet him. But when there came

"One slow approaching with his head
close shorn,

A yellow cloth over his shoulder cast,
Girt as the hermits are, and in his hand
An earthen bowl, shaped melon-wise,
the which

Meekly at each hut-door he held a
space,
Taking the granted dole with grateful
thanks
And all as gently passing where none
gave,"

no man knew Siddârtha; though his high presence and "sweet eyes of holiness smote all," that they gazed awestruck, and marvelled who this should be.

"But as he came with quiet footfall on
Nigh the pavilion, lo! the silken door
Lifted, and, all unveiled, Yasôdhara
Stood in his path, crying, 'Siddârtha!
Lord!'

With wide eyes streaming and with
close-clasped hands,
Then, sobbing, fell upon his feet, and
lay."

And thus Lord Buddha came back to the kingdom he had renounced, lord of an empire which lay far around, and far before, in the thankful hearts of men. For "forty-five rains thereafter" lived he among his people, teaching the Path to rest. At the king's right hand he sat; around were ranged the Sâkya lords, and behind "the calm brethren in the yellow garb;" between his knees his child Rahula; and at his feet

"Sate sweet Yasôdhara, her heart-aches
gone,
Foreseeing that fair love which doth
not feed
On fleeting sense, that life which knows
no age,
That blessed last of deaths when Death
is dead,
His victory and hers."

And thus he taught the Path, until at length it fell that Buddha died, and came unto Nirvâna, "where the Silence dwells."

"*The dew is on the Lotus! Rise, great Sun!
And lift my leaf and mix me with the
wave.*

OM MANI PADME HUM, the Sunrise comes!
The Dew-drop slips into the shining sea!"

IRELAND, 1840—1880.

HAVING been at work for over forty years improving an estate in Ireland, on the old-fashioned, downright way common sense suggests, it has been urged upon me that it might do good at the present time to give an account of what has been done. I have had no new plans of improvement, but began simply with a very neglected estate in the extreme South, with one advantage only, that the subdivision of farms had not yet gone so far as elsewhere (most being still twenty or thirty acres in extent). I have nothing to boast of, except that the work has succeeded. The plan pursued has been gradually, with some reasonable consideration, to get rid of the bad tenants, and give their land to the good ones who remained, thus enabling them to do better still. It was nothing else but a process of Natural Selection, in which the tenant's own qualities, good or bad, were made the cause of the Survival of the Fittest.

It was clearly seen from the first that the Irish difficulty was a moral difficulty, and nothing else—in the true sense of the word *mores*—as I think no one could doubt who saw the typical Irish tenant as I saw him forty years ago, dirty and ragged, his breeches without a button at the knees, and his worsted stockings about his heels, hopelessly unimprovable for any useful end involving continued hard work or steady purpose. I had no thought either for or against clearing the estate, as it is called. I wanted it in the hands of good tenants.

The hindrances to any man's prosperity in Ireland, of whatever class, are simply his own faults. A few may

have met with hardships and drawbacks, as some will do in every country under the sun, I suppose, so long as this world is not Heaven. But every honest industrious man in any walk of life in Ireland has chances of prospering better than he would have elsewhere, so far as my knowledge extends. And the best proof is that honest, industrious men invariably prosper. I am constantly asked by men of different classes what they shall do with their sons. I have the same answer for all. If honest and true, their chances in Ireland are far before any others.

There has been no difficulty in the way of any man in Ireland that ordinary industry and energy could not get over. The true hindrances have been his own faults. Drink, indolence, debt, and scheming, with ignorance and want of self-reliance as consequences. 1. *Drink* is much the most common and ruinous fault, not alone drunkenness, but taking a drop whenever he has a chance. The enormous multitude of public-houses lately mentioned in the House of Lords, and of which I could give grievous proofs, shows clearly the drinking habits of the people. 2. *Idleness*. Let any one look at the armies of docks and thistles enough to seed a parish in every field he passes—even in the beloved potato gardens—and the matting of couch besides, which farmer and wife and children look at with idle hands because such weeds are supposed to keep the crop warm. Milk unskimmed till a green fungus shows on it, and all chance of good butter is gone, though so small an improvement in the quality of the butter

as would make it worth 2*d.* per lb. extra, would put a million a year into Irish pockets. Haycocks left in the field and the rain until near winter, and their value is reduced by half. I name these things because their profit or loss is all in the same year, and to do them rightly would pay many fold, even if the farm were given up at the year's end. 3. *Debt*, I need not speak of. It is universal. Nor 4, *Scheming*, which has been the very life-blood of agitation (since the time of O'Cennell downward), and of almost everything else that is done in Ireland, being, as it is, the national outcome of the universal want of truth. 5. *Ignorance*. Not the want of the three R's, but of common-sense principles and facts, the knowledge of which seems like an inheritance of light when one has lived long in Ireland. The ignorance is equally great whether it relates to farming or any other kind of work or duty, either magistrates', or Poor Law business, or any other, for the right performance of which a knowledge of sound social principles is wanted.

There are a few points I had perhaps better begin by disposing of.

The Land Act made little difference to me. My work was done long before it was dreamed of. I had very few bad tenants left. Most of the land was in the hands of the good tenants, with farms of sufficient size to employ a pair of horses thoroughly, the minimum size with which it is possible for any one to farm economically. The chief effect of the Land Act on me has been, that when a tenant from any cause has gone to the bad—I am obliged to wait for some years longer until he hangs himself completely, before I can get rid of him. It is mainly a matter of time, and that he is thus able to reduce his farm more than it otherwise would have been reduced. Once a tenant has reduced his farm, he is sure to fail sooner or later, whatever help he may get, or lucky seasons may happen to him. It is never a single

fault that, in my experience, sinks a tenant. Even drink takes a long time by itself. But the man who drinks is generally indolent too, and often quarrelsome with his family and neighbours. And as he finds himself doing badly, he gets in debt to banks and usurers, and so his end is hastened.

All through the bad famine times, and the many years I have been in Ireland, I never knew a single case of an honest, industrious tenant, either my own or my neighbours', having failed. At the rate land is usually let, if the farm has not been run out, and no big leak like drink exists, it is sure to pull its occupier through till better times come. Again and again I have seen tenants under great drawbacks, as widows with young children, do better than their neighbours who had far more chances, only because they worked on quietly and steadily even on a bad system. Once a tenant's faults have brought him low, I never knew an instance of his recovery. His impoverished land was the stone round his neck that drowned him.

It would be much better for all concerned, landlord and tenant and labourer, as well as for the country, that when a tenant has run out his farm he should give it up quickly, instead of struggling on for years in deepening debt, under the operation of the Land Act. He would have more left if he gave up quickly, because he would be less in debt, and his land, because less reduced, would yield more produce afterwards. In this way the Land Act is a real hindrance to improvement, a grievous one to those who had not got their estates in order before it passed. Instead of its being possible to improve a neglected estate in ten or twelve years (as it was when my work was done), a much longer time and greater loss of money are unavoidable. Fewer landlords, therefore, are willing or able to undertake its improvement. In this respect the Act is wholly

hurtful, with no gain to set against the loss, except that of enabling bad tenants to hang on some years longer, whilst more thoroughly ruining themselves.

But the most curious evil the Act has caused has been by the greater facilities for debt it has given the tenants. As by the Act a tenant *cannot* now be turned out of his farm without large compensation, except for non-payment of rent, he is by so much a safer debtor to banks and usurers and shopkeepers. One of the most discouraging features of Irish character is indifference to debt. It is almost as bad in one class as in another. So long as money can be borrowed anyhow to go on with, everybody seems to think all is right. Whatever the cause, it is certain that the extent to which people of all sorts, from the labourer upwards, go in debt, is ruinous. Debt of course at last produces its certain fruit. And whilst being ruined, the debtor and his family are kept in chronic misery. Some of us, for many years past, have protested that this almost universal state of debt is one great evil to the country. The banks are greatly to blame for lending to men they know to be insolvent, provided they can get security. The pinch of the present year has revealed what neither friends nor opponents of the Land Act foresaw.—numbers of tenants have borrowed on the strength of the better security the Act gave them, and as in a tight year banks and all lenders have to draw in for their own safety, these men are in trouble in consequence. The money has been spent unproductively. I need not say what is the result.

By the Land Act Parliament tried to give protection to tenants against the landlords, and it has produced ill effects in another direction worse than those it was meant to cure. To prevent a very few capricious evictions it has greatly increased the facilities for debt, and will surely ruin great numbers for one it saves from capricious eviction.

Debt slips on, little felt in better years except by the renewal of bills, a tight year like the present comes, and the man is ruined. Some of our wise M.P.'s have talked of a Bill to hinder ejectments for non-payment of rent for twelve months. But what good is it possible for a ruined man to do in a farm? I ejected one tenant last month; and between the time I got the decree and its execution a fortnight afterwards, no less than five or six decrees for debts were executed upon the stock he had, and it is known there are more still to come. The occupation of a farm by a ruined tenant is a loss to all, especially to himself and the public. Stopping ejectments could cure nothing. It would leave the evil and its cause untouched. When will men learn that a pauper is a pauper and nothing else, whether he is a tenant or not? and so long as he is a pauper, he can only act as such. It would make a change above words in Ireland if men could only learn to know a fact when they see it before their eyes.

The Home Rule party have come to think it the most hopeful plan that tenants, with the help of loans from the Government, should buy the fee-simple of their own farms whenever the estate is for sale, and so become peasant proprietors.

If moderation and judgment are used in the number and quality of such peasant purchasers, no objection can be made to this plan. A good tenant will make a good peasant proprietor, and a bad tenant the reverse. The plan must be carried out gradually, and the purchaser find *bonâ-fide* a substantial part of the purchase money. Some such plan, by the help of land banks, would probably do good in England and Scotland too, as it is believed to do in Prussia. The change of tenure will not make a bad tenant, who is in debt, into a good solvent peasant proprietor. The worst misery in Ireland has been on a few small estates, one of them belonging to the Crown, on which the

tenants were in fact proprietors, and allowed to do just as they liked. There are plenty of long leases, long enough to make the tenants substantially owners. Adjoining my property there are a number of tenants with leases of 2,000 years. None of them show any improvement tending to prove that small proprietors would do better than the present tenants, but rather the other way. My tenants are far better off than these men.

No doubt the number of owners of land in Ireland is too small. It will be no remedy to do hurt in another direction. It is by great industry, skill, and thrift alone that peasant proprietors thrive in other countries. The class of small landowners in Belgium and elsewhere work harder and live harder than any other class in Europe; and not only the men, but all the rest of their families too, including women. They have often, too, a skill in farming inherited from many previous generations. The same lesson comes from America. It is not too much to say that the Irish peasant is wanting in every quality needful for success as a small landowner. It is seldom that he has either skill or industry. He is clever enough, but he has no backbone. When he succeeds as a tenant, it is mostly because the rent is so light. He lives too in a climate the worst possible for small farming, where corn never grows well, not even oats, whilst grass and turnips thrive by nature with little trouble.

A word on fixity of tenure, or making the Ulster tenant-right compulsory all over Ireland, so that all tenants shall be at liberty to sell their farms to the highest bidder, with little reference to the landlord.

Tenant-right was made legally binding in Ulster because the Ulster landowners had, almost without exception, freely consented to it and acted upon it. The points in the custom favourable to the landowners (mainly the security for present rent at a time when rents were very ill paid) were

the consideration for this consent. A large proportion of the Ulster tenants have bought their farms from the former occupiers with the consent of the landlords, who got their arrears of rent out of the purchase money. There was therefore a clear equity in the matter. And by the Land Act, wherever else in Ireland the customs "substantially" exist they are as legally binding as in Ulster. And even when a limited sum has been paid by the incoming to the outgoing tenant with the landlord's knowledge, that sum is a charge on the farm against the owner if the tenant leaves it.

It is plain that to make the Ulster customs compulsory where they have not existed, and where a tenant has paid nothing on getting possession of his farm, would be simply to rob the owner of part of his reversion, and give a bonus gratis to whoever chanced to be tenant. It is quite different from the case of the tenant having himself paid a predecessor for the right of occupation. That a tenant is to get ten to twenty years' purchase for that which cost him nothing, and which the landowner never thought of giving him when he let the farm, will not bear discussion.

No doubt it would give great satisfaction to tenants who never paid a shilling for it, that on leaving their farms (even for non-payment of rent) they should get a large sum from the owner or succeeding tenant. But besides the question of wrong, the custom of an incoming tenant paying a large sum to his predecessor must be hurtful to all, except the man who pockets the money. It clears out of capital every tenant who takes a farm, except the very richest, and shortens the available capital even of these. The competition is far keener than under the most rack-renting landlord. The payment occurs at the very time when a tenant most wants all his capital in order to stock and manure his new farm. In Ulster not only all the capital the new tenant has is thus paid away, but all he can

borrow besides, for the sake of getting more land. The practice is the very opposite to that of the landlords and agents of well-managed estates in England and Scotland, who never accept a new tenant till he has shown that he has sufficient capital to farm the land thoroughly well. By the Ulster tenant-right it is secured that a new tenant shall have insufficient capital, or none at all.

Such a custom is really more injurious to the tenant than to the landowner. All landowners in other parts, with any knowledge of their business, guard especially against it. I can say that I clearly saw the evil forty years ago, and have taken the utmost care since that no tenant of mine should ever pay a shilling to a predecessor, though I have very few tenants to whom I either have not let his farm or let him such an addition to it as to make it in substance a new letting. I always took precautions to keep it, to the last moment, so uncertain to whom I should give the land, that all were afraid to pay anything to the outgoing tenant, knowing that a suspicion of their having paid anything would secure their not getting the land.

No tenant in Ireland that I ever knew had capital enough to farm his land well, and I think it suicidal for him, and a sure loss to me, that any part of his capital should be paid to his predecessor instead of being available to farm his land well.

Whenever good farming becomes general, the customs will be found to be ruinous in Ulster too. So long as the linen trade, and especially hand-loom weaving, prevailed in country parts, the injury of tenant-right was not felt. The weaving supplied capital to buy small lots of land, and farm them afterwards. That the Ulster tenant-right is no security against starvation or distress is clear from the state of parts of Donegal. The Ulster tenant-right prevails to the utmost height in Donegal, and the distress in Donegal

now is quite as bad as in the worst parts of Connaught, if not worse.

I now come to my own doings for the improvement of an estate of nearly 4,000 acres. I have said the estate had been thoroughly neglected. My grandfather never saw it in his life. My father never saw it but once, when he drove along the mail-coach road that skirts it in a carriage, stopped for half-an-hour to talk to the tenants who met him, and then drove back again. The agent was bad, and about 1838 turned out dishonest and took a large sum of rent for his own use. It was needful that some one should look after the estate. I had been brought up at Harrow and Balliol, and was a lawyer about London on the Home Circuit. Having been born and lived much in Suffolk, on the very edge of Norfolk, where some knowledge of farming, like Dogberry's reading and writing, comes by nature, I undertook to look after the estate. In fact I knew all about the theory of good farming, but very little of the practical working details.

I soon made up my mind to do without any agent and manage the estate wholly myself, going over two or three times a year to receive the rent and do what was needful. There was not a house upon it where I could put up for a night.

At that time Mr. W. Blacker, of Armagh, was considered the most successful agent in Ireland. He had done wonders on some ill-managed estates, and as I was well known to some of his principals, he kindly received me for a fortnight, showed me all his doings, and took me to stay on some other estates in the neighbouring counties, where the same system was at work.

Of course there were bad and good among our tenants; many were in arrears, some largely. The first step was to get rid of the arrears. A few, who were well off, were asked to pay them off gradually. The same form was gone through with all. But, in fact, much the greater number were

forgiven wholly, and were only asked to pay future rents regularly.

There were a good many old leases, of farms of 100 acres, made before the year 1800. These had been subdivided into four farms, the old lease still existing; and of course the four tenants were legally answerable for each other. Though it involved some legal risk, each was allowed to pay his own rent, and the mutual liability abolished, so as to give a better chance to the good ones for exertion.

All tenants were allowed to understand that, lease or no lease, they should hold their farms at the same rent for their lives, and the rent should only be raised to those who came after them. The only exception was in cases of gross misconduct of any kind; but it was duly impressed on all that whatever rent any one had contracted to pay, must be paid regularly on fixed days. The principle acted on was that every man should fulfil whatever contract he had made, or give up the land to me as owner.

The most convenient times for paying rent were early in July for spring rents, and early in December for harvest rents. A month before the day fixed, a printed note was sent to each tenant to say I should be in Ireland that day, and requested payment then. No turnips and very little clover were grown by any tenants; potatoes followed by wheat, and then oats, oats, whilst the land would grow any; paring and burning often for potatoes. No grass seeds were sown when the land was left to "rest," as it was called; *i.e.*, to grow weeds till another skin had formed, that could be pared and burnt again.

This was the blessed system by which it is now said that the tenant of former days brought the land into cultivation, and is supposed to have conferred a benefit on the owners, for which the present successor of the tenant ought to be compensated; but by which, in truth, he worked the soul out of the land by exhaustive cropping and little manuring.

A Scotch grievance was brought over to teach the tenants to grow turnips and clover. It was necessary to go myself to every tenant and urge him to grow half an acre or an acre of turnips. Seed was distributed. The clover seed (of which he knew the value, and which was got good and cheaply from London) was sold on credit till after harvest. The Scotchman's business was to watch the plots for turnips, help in the sowing and thinning, and advise in all ways. Prizes of Scotch ploughs were offered for the best turnips. Before, there had not been a good plough on the estate; wooden things only, that would only scratch the surface, and with which no man could turn a furrow. That grass seeds should be sown in all corn crops was insisted on. The land never having grown clover before, it grew like a dwarf wall. Such crops I never saw before or since; they were a pleasure to look at.

These steps told very quickly; the additional food grown for cattle, made all stock rapidly thrive and increase. It was easy to rear a few extra calves; better-fed stock gave more and better manure, and thus crops of all sorts improved too. The improved payments of rent were a surprise. Except those who were too far gone for recovery, all rents were paid on the days fixed; and till the famine came, all trouble seemed to be over. I have often begun at eleven, and by three had a full half-year's rent in bank, without one defaulter or one angry word.

The first tenant who did not pay—a lazy schemer as ever lived, and a Protestant—was turned out, and his thirty-one acres (divided into twenty-nine fields) started as a model farm under the Scotchman.

At that time many of the tenants' with farms were very much scattered, fields in four or five separate parts, often far off, the waste and inconvenience of which were a great loss to them. The first improvement aimed at was to get each man's land about

his house and yard, joining the rest that he had. The regular payment of rent on fixed days, so that there were no overhanging arrears, was very beneficial to the tenants themselves. Every one felt that when his rent was paid the surplus was his own; and many began to prepare for the next payment from the time the previous payment was made. This lightened the difficulty much. It soon appeared that some were too far gone to recover, and they gradually failed. They were offered forgiveness of whatever they owed, allowed to take away freely all they had, and given a small sum—usually 10%—if they left without causing expense for law. Hardly any refused the offer. There were scarcely any ejectments. At that time there was no doubt we were greatly over-populated. Emigration was the great resource, and most went to America.

As I did my own business, and kept my own counsel, no one could guess, when a broken tenant gave up, to whom I should let his land. I used it in consolidating the farms of others. I offered A (the next neighbour, perhaps) ten acres of it, provided he gave up five outlying acres he had in a distant part. Then I offered the five acres which A gave up, to B who was near to them, provided he gave up two acres, another separate bit of his, to C; and so on. Every good tenant soon found out, that a broken tenant being put out, might mean a substantial gain to himself, one very dear to his heart; he got the field close to his own house that he had coveted all his life, his very Naboth's vineyard, which had been the cause of endless strife from the mutual trespass of his own and his neighbour's cattle. I gave up all thought for the time of getting more rent for land thus added to farms. The old rents were charged.

Thus public opinion on the estate, when any tenant was put out, became wholly on my side. They knew better than I did that he was quite broken, and that not paying his rent was only

the last symptom. And as all hoped to gain by his misfortune, he met with no sympathy. Anything so different from the difficulties and heart-rending scenes supposed to happen when a tenant in Ireland is dispossessed, I suppose was never seen. The men put out knew that they got better terms than they could get by going to law, and so were satisfied; and everybody else was glad. Improvements made by the tenant there were none.

In this way in a few years every tenant's land was got near his house and yard, where he could farm it with most advantage, and at least cost of labour; and as he paid no more per acre than under the former system, the gain to him was great. Besides, some farms were much enlarged which had been small before, and so were enabled to employ a pair of horses fully.

The next step was to arrange roads for each farm, so that every part of it might be accessible to carts for drawing manure on the fields, and drawing home the crops. Before, though the country is not mountainous, but only somewhat hilly, many farms had large parts that no cart could approach. Whenever manure was carried out, it was in panniers on the backs of horses; and, of course, very little was thus carried.

To utilise the existing roads and lanes, widening them, and adding bits of new road where necessary, was not a very heavy job, and a couple of years' work did all that was wanted in this way, and made every farm practicable for an industrious tenant.

These things were hardly completed when the famine of 1845-6 fell on us. In 1843 I had settled in Ireland. It is not too much to say that the famine knocked the whole previously existing social state into chaos. Our tenants stood the crash much better than their neighbours. There was no starvation or even want among them. With good stock, and food for stock, they easily got through 1846. Farmers then had many labourers living on

their farms, for all of whom I provided work in draining. I do not remember a single application for work from a tenant whilst he held on as such.

But the spring and summer of 1847, especially when it appeared that the potatoes were again diseased, altogether upset most of the less-well-off tenants. America was the only bourn. No one who has lived in Ireland can doubt that farmers with their habits could not get on there without potatoes. Potatoes were twisted into every thought and idea they had, and they were utterly ignorant of all else, except the modicum of knowledge of turnips and better farming which my Scotchman had put into them. The gain of even this trifle was evident in those who remained, and helped them much, as it did also neighbours who were near enough to copy them in part. Especially it lessened the hopeless feeling amongst them that it was impossible to live and farm without potatoes. Still it was the common saying amongst the farmers, "The landlords and the labourers will soon have all the land to themselves." That was the universal feeling. Many hundred acres, the land of those who gave up, were thrown on my hands. I tried to let at the old rents to those who remained, but such was the state of prostration among all, that no one was willing to close. The rents were low before, and I was unwilling to make a greater sacrifice, so I had to undertake it myself. At first I meant to hold it only till I could let it fairly. In Norfolk, where most of my knowledge of farming was gained, landlords' farming was thought never to pay. And I knew no instance in Ireland of such farming and land improvement having paid. Sheep, however, did not require buildings, and lambs were luckily very cheap. Useful lambs, fit for any farmer, were bought for 5*s.* each in July. Four hundred lambs for 100*l.* was not a serious pull on capital; they were equal to such as would now cost 25*s.* each. Weaned calves in autumn cost 25*s.* to 30*s.* each.

Draining and improvements went on, for though many tenants were gone, many labourers remained and needed work. There was much wet land on the farms given up. Any tenant who failed was offered work on the improvements. Often they were allowed to stay in their former houses as labourers, till I could build better ones. Some of the most trustworthy labourers I have had, were these broken tenants. I have them still, after thirty-five years, and sons of such. Their pride has been to go to Mass better dressed than the small farmers around. No one can doubt that they have lived more comfortable lives. As to ill-will between us, there never was a bit, but thorough friendship.

For many years it was very up-hill work. The land was so utterly worn out that it seemed as if no manuring would recover it. At length folding sheep on turnips, for which at first I thought the climate too wet, began to tell. But from not fully understanding it, we killed the sheep horribly. I have seen five or six sheep hung up by their heels on the hurdles in one morning. So the balance for rent and interest at the year's end was for a long time small. Then it improved, and made a jump. We gradually learnt how to meet the difficulties; till the hope arose that we could make the land pay more in our own hands than if let to tenants. In time the profits took to making a jump every third or fourth year, and passed the old rent, and so went on till there was a clear net balance of profit for rent and interest of over 40*s.* per acre, the old rent having averaged a good deal under 20*s.* per acre. And as the quantity of land in hand had now increased to near 1,000 acres, I need not point out that such a profit as 1000*l.* a year above the former rent was comfortable. The balance-sheets since 1845 can all be produced. At least it is certain from them that I have not cheated myself. The accounts are made up each year to May 1,

because crop and fat stock are then all sold, and the least is left to valuation. May 1, 1878, the profit was only 34s. per acre; May 1, 1879, only 27s. 6d. We are sure from prices that May 1, 1880, will be much higher again, and have no fears for the future. Gradually the land has been farmed much more highly, bought manures and feeding stuffs being largely used. The outlay for these on May 1, 1879, exceeded 20s. per acre of the farm, all charged in full to the year; and the quantity used increases every year steadily. Without good feeding with cake and corn we could do nothing, though our best fields of swedes are often 35 tons per acre, grown by 12 cwt. per acre of bought manure, besides what is made on the farm. The gross produce yielded by the land now is fully four times what it was in the hands of small occupiers.

From the way we have taken it up the land which I hold has been the poorest by nature and the most exhausted by the worst tenants. In fact, speaking generally, I hold all the worst land, and the tenants all the better land on the property. Anything more miserable than its state cannot be conceived. I have often laughed at tenant-right advocates who urge that they have a claim to compensation for having reclaimed the land from a state of nature. The truth is they took every good thing out of the land that nature at first put in it, and left it as near a *caput mortuum* as possible. By paring and burning and over-cropping they had brought it so down that it would not even grow couch. A few docks and thistles and a tuft of hard grass here and there, with the bare red soil between, was not uncommon. I have seen turnip drills, made ten years before, from which the few small bulbs had been pulled, and the tenant had not thought it worth while to plough them for corn. Three or four good manurings with intervals of grass have not brought such land up to a fair average state. I had to pay for the neglect and faults of

those who went before me, bad tenants having been the doers of the mischief. I do not say this to complain, but to show why the land was so many years before it paid, and what had to be faced. All was terribly run down; some worse than the rest.

No tenant was ever turned out because I wished for his land on account of its goodness, or to round off other land in hand. I just took up what the tenants could not live on, and made the best of it.

Whilst this has gone on the rest of the tenants have gradually come to thrive thoroughly. Of some, on the deaths of their fathers, or when large additions have been made to their farms, the rents have been raised. This has been done on my own practical judgment, as farming like land myself, but making allowance for the tenants being ignorant and bad farmers still. As a body they are far better off than an equal number on any neighbouring estate. Except from their own personal faults, chiefly from drink, that a tenant should fail is unknown. But we have had some cases of the fathers having been worthy, industrious men, who did well, and their sons having turned out worthless. The bad times and prices of the last three years made five tenants this winter unable to pay their rents. Every one of the five is an habitual drinker, who has been going down for the last ten years, but struggled on by the help of friends and chances, till the present bad times brought the crisis. Two are already gone. Two more, one of whom holds near fifty acres, have not a four-footed beast, beyond a cat, on their land, and are sure soon to follow, and the fifth likewise, unless unusual luck should cause a respite. There is the very best of goodwill between the tenants and me and my family.

To act strictly in any way is so unusual in Ireland that it is impossible for the course I have always taken to be popular, and indeed the rules I

act on are often not liked. But the tenants thrive and are richer than others, and it is hard to get over that. I am sure there is not one of them who does not know that I wish to see him thrive, and will do whatever is reasonable to help him. They consult me on all sorts of subjects (outside their position as tenants), and act on my opinion. I have had one who deals in guano send me 500*l.* of his own to London to buy guano for him.

A firm, resolute hand, which gives scheming no chance, and will not listen to a whine, but which acts fairly and on sufficient occasion kindly, because it is right to do so, and not from that favouritism towards the individual, which is one of the curses of the country—is a positive help to tenants, because it encourages self-reliance. Above all else it is needful that whatever one has once said should be strictly kept to; that no one should have the least doubt that, whatever advantage he has been allowed to look for he is quite certain to get, is a most powerful lever for influence, and gives tenfold force to any threats it may be needful to use.

I have stated fully what I have done with my own farm because I think it tends to prove my point that the evils of Ireland are *moral*. There is nothing to hinder any one else from doing what I have done. It has not been done by large wealth. The estate at first was only half its present size. Happily the famine forced me when still young to live well within the income, and in the then doubt whether farming or improvements in Ireland could be made to pay, it was necessary, if one was not to go into it as a speculation, to meet all outlay, even that for farming stock, out of surplus income. It was of course hard work; as one who did the same in another county said to me, "We had to live on bread and cheese for many years," but it has repaid itself since in money and in self-

satisfaction twenty times over. The estate begins to be a pleasure to look at. If men will not live within their incomes they can do nothing good, and are only a sort of showy paupers.

As to the tenants, though they farm better than their neighbours, and have quite given up the worst bad practices—such as two corn crops running; and though many have sufficient capital to farm well the quantity of land they hold, they are still very far from being good farmers, or making the most profit from their land. It is quite certain, however, that they are far before any small proprietors in Ireland. The profit they are able to make in good years, and are known to make, is very large. If Parliament gave them a large part of the interest in the estate that now belongs to me there is no doubt they would prefer it. But there could be no advantage to any one from such a change of property. The land was all bought by me and those from whom I have inherited. The tenants agreed freely to hire it, and have all had the benefit of their bargains. The majority have made, and are making, good profit, and those who have failed have done so from their personal faults. If the same system is persevered in there is no doubt, that as the tenants' knowledge, skill, and capital increase, they will be able fairly to pay higher rents for the land and make a larger profit for themselves besides.

All the draining on the estate has been done by me; and none, except one bog, on which turf is still cut, remains to be done. Sometimes I have drained for the tenants and charged them an increased rent of 5 per cent on the outlay. When, however, more than a few acres of a farm needed draining, the tenant usually begged me to take it off his hands, and allow him a reduction of the acreable rent for the number of wet acres taken. This was a gain, of course, to him, but I agreed to it, his real reason for asking

it being that he had not horses strong enough to plough rough land, nor skill or courage to turn it to profit. After a time it paid me far better than worn-out upland that did not need draining.

At the present time buildings and all kinds of other improvements are going on. In fact for over thirty years there has been a steady outlay for improvements, of 700% to 800% per annum. Of course the early improvements now yield, directly or indirectly, the money required for the annual outlay on more improvements. And so the work goes on. When I began, I can remember having thought, that if I had the estate for ten years, with liberty to spend as much of the income as I liked upon it, it would be in good order. I have now been at work for the best part of my life, and I see it will be necessary that my son should work at it, as I have done, for his life too, before the estate will be in the condition it ought to be in.

It is only by spending capital upon it that land can be put into good condition and supplied with the buildings necessary for its full productiveness, whether it be in Ireland or anywhere else. The land of Ireland needs all the available capital of all its landlords and tenants together, for two or three generations, to put it in a proper state. And yet wiseacres tell us that if only the landlords (who own much more capital, and have much larger credit than the tenants) are thrown overboard, the tenants will be able to do it all by themselves, both their own proper part and the landowners' part too. Any one who likes to believe this, I advise to make himself acquainted personally with what the average Irish tenants really are, and with the improvements which they make, where circumstances of tenure are favourable.

It will be found that much the larger part of such improvements as have been made has been done by

landlords. I have often asserted that I have drained more land than all the tenants together for twenty miles round on every side. If I said I have drained twice as much, I believe I should be still far within the truth. I have said that my tenants are much before most of those on neighbouring properties in wealth and good farming. When the Land Act passed I went round to every tenant; and, for my own security, to have a record of all that tenants had done on the estate, I took down in a special book an account of the improvements which he or his father claimed to have made on his farm, and his own report of the money that had been expended. It was taken down in the tenant's own words, so that I could prove what he told me. Even when he told a plain lie, his words were still taken down with "a lie" written against them. On the whole I think I got near the truth, and I had several checks on facts. The result was that all the improvements together claimed, and at the value the tenants themselves put on them, only amounted to $1\frac{1}{2}$ year's rent of the estate. I need not say no tenant ever left his farm without a loss to me of $1\frac{1}{2}$ year's rent. None who had made any real improvements have in fact been put out. It can be judged therefore how far the claim for improvement by tenants really goes, when the above is the total on an estate where the tenants are well off and thriving.

A friend who has seen what I have done asked me lately, "Would the plan you have followed answer in Connaught on estates subdivided into from seven to twenty acres?" I answered, I do not know Connaught, but I think there is no other practical plan that it is possible to follow, and in time it would answer.

Let any one soberly consider what it is possible to do with a bad tenant of seven to twenty acres of land (whether he is bad from drink, or idleness, or poverty, or any other fault

or misfortune) except to take his land away, and give it to his neighbour, who is doing better, and to whom it will be a means of doing better still?

What is it possible for a half-ruined tenant (which these men in debt really are) to do on a patch of inferior bog, and rock, and mountain, without potatoes? Even in good years he can only just keep his head above water. And in bad years he either gets more in debt, or has to get relief somewhere to keep him alive. Even in our better district nearly all the small tenants were half-ruined by the famine of 1847, and got thoroughly in debt. I have watched them ever since. They have never recovered their position in the days of potatoes. When a few good years came, they did fairly, and were better off; but every bad year upset some wholly, and crippled others, however low their rents were. That rents are low does not set a poor tenant on his legs, as can be proved in thousands of cases. His habits are his true enemies—what I have called his morals. And then comes the question, which patriots and agitators always ignore, What is to become of the pauper-tenant's children? But if he loses his land, and turns labourer, or takes up some other occupation, or emigrates, his children grow up in his new occupation as useful as any others. I know myself many children of broken tenants thoroughly useful men and women, whom I have gladly employed. They often claim an acquaintance with me on this ground. "My father was so-and-so, who you turned out." If they had continued to clem over their bit of ground, they could only have been as useless as their fathers and mothers were.

In my judgment, this difficulty, What will become of the children? is by far the most weighty objection to small occupiers of any tenure.

For the last thirty years there has been no difficulty whatever in young men and women getting employment in Ireland at fair wages. Thousands

and tens of thousands have risen and thriven in this way, and are now far above any small occupiers in every respect.

It is not half realised how backward and barbarous the state of Ireland was half a century ago. My memory goes back beyond fifty years, and I can tell the impression which visits to Ireland then made on a public school-boy. One felt the difference from the tone in England all over. It was a totally different state of society, and principle, and thought. The very stories one heard about what was going on were like those of another state of existence. Any suggestion for improving an estate was laughed to scorn by every one, as the dream of an enthusiast, and no one then believed it possible to improve either the Irish land or tenant.

The communication with England then was very different from what it is now. I can remember crossing in a sailing packet from Cork to Bristol, and having what was thought [an excellent passage of only three days. The passage often lasted for weeks. I have heard of six weeks. I believe that nothing has done so much good for Ireland, in all ways, as the improved facilities of communication with England. The effect has been incalculable in a hundred unobserved ways.

The best symptom in the present distress is the number both of landlords and tenants who are borrowing money for draining. It makes one hope that knowledge is at length penetrating to the dark places of the land, and that permanent good results may appear hereafter. The previous apathy of landlords in neglecting to drain and improve their land, was incomprehensible and sadly wrong.

To these difficulties, let it be added that the country has been treated as if a political hot-bed. We live under that most liberal constitutional principle that one man is as good as another, if not much better; though

those who claim such rights have not one quality to fit them for properly using them, and are wholly the tools of others. How can any one wonder that such results as we see are daily produced? Home Rule M.P.'s have done great good in proving to men elsewhere the true nature of Irish doings. They are the *crème de la crème* of the large part of the people they represent. The changed tone of opinion in England is their work; and they should be thanked for it.

I have lived for a great many years in the country, and every year that passes I find more kindness and good will, and like those better with whom I am brought in contact. No one can be more alive to the good qualities of the people than I am. To me, too, life in Ireland has been very gainful, as it is to all honest men who take pains and have any sense. Moreover, I see that in many things the country has much advanced since I first knew it, and I thoroughly recognise what is so often overlooked, that improvement in the habits of a people is the work of generations rather than of years. But I am sure that the sentimental view of Irish questions which was acted on of late, and accepted as right and true, is of the very opposite character, and actually hinders improvement. Truth and facts are before all things in Ireland. Sentiment they ascribe wholly to fear of them and their merits. And the return they make for it is only to demand more of their own way, as all can now see.

The faults and neglects of landlords justly caused a prejudice against them, and the blame for the state of the country was laid at their door. The mistake was in the further inference that the tenants were all that could be wished. In truth there is not one point in which they were better than the landlords, and they had their own faults besides. If they had been angels of light they could hardly have been more bolstered up

than they were. As these measures applied to good and bad alike, it is easy to judge what has been the effect on the bad. It has been all that could do harm and check improvement. The thing wanted was to discourage the bad and to encourage the good, just as the natural course of the world would do. Men's own faults, the same as I have described in Irish tenants, make them unprosperous; the opposite good qualities make others prosper. And so the good take the place of the bad. In no other way short of a miracle can improvement come about. My estate is better off than others, simply because there are more good tenants on it, and fewer bad ones. If the bad as well as the good had been kept, it would be simply where other unimproved estates are.

To keep this bad and inferior class of tenants, is the end aimed at, for their own purposes, by one party in Ireland. Every day may be seen statements in the papers, as if it was the duty of landlords to preserve the occupiers of these 7 to 10 acre plots of bad land, supply them both with seeds and potatoes to plant their land, and afterwards forego the rent, and much else. It is nothing to save their lives from hunger: the aim is to preserve them as tenants. The truth is, landlords are greatly to blame for ever having permitted such miserable holdings to exist; and the only possible course of amendment is to treat the land as neglected estates would be treated in England or Scotland—to remove gradually the worst tenants and let their land to the best.

I do not know Connaught, but I know Munster well, and the talk that the Irish people dislike emigration is not true. My part is poor, the extreme south of County Cork, and it is believed there is not a poor family in that part of the country that has not near relatives in America; my own tenants, labourers and servants all have, as we often

hear from their letters. There is no reluctance to emigrate, hardly so much as natural feeling would be expected to cause anywhere. They have gone to all parts of the world. One thoroughly thriving tenant has two daughters in Queensland, both married, one to a shopkeeper so well off that when the son of the squire of the parish at home went to Queensland with wife and children and good capital, and failed in one of their bad times, even falling into want, she and her husband helped them all to return home again. The other daughter is married to a "Chinee," and seems to like it, which is odd. She writes that "Chinees" are considered to make good husbands out there. There is no doubt she is well off in money. A housemaid, a good servant who had saved money after four years with us, went lately to New Zealand because she thought her chances of marriage at home were grown rather stale (to use the Irish expression). She writes in great prosperity. It is quite certain in our part we consider ourselves to be Citizens of the world, and are ready to take advantage of any opening in any part of the globe that promises success and gain. It may be different in Connaught. But is it realised what a patch of bog and rock in Connaught really is, to which such patriotic attachment is supposed, and which therefore will be clung to, in preference to the magnificent land of Manitoba and North-West America, where splendid crops of corn grow in succession without manure?

One thing at least is certain, that the spread of education and intelligence that has made the Munster peasant glad to emigrate anywhere, and even marry a Chinese, will produce the same effect in Connaught, so soon as it reaches the same point there. The contrast of the patch of Connaught bog *versus* the corn-fields of Manitoba, is beyond what human nature could bear. A benevolent

person could not do a greater kindness than to print large handbills with descriptions of North American corn-lands, and directions how to reach them, to be posted in all parts of Connaught and distributed to every national school child on its way home from school.

In my district there has been no distress this winter beyond others. Not so much as last winter. There is nothing that the poor-law was not more than able to cope with. February 1, there were three more paupers in the union than in 1879; March 1, there were 10 more. But nothing is more certain than that where the carcass is there the eagles will be gathered together. Any amount of relief will be gladly accepted. The feeling is simply universal, "Why should we not get our share of what is going?" I contend, therefore, that the natural way of meeting the Irish difficulty is the true and only sure way—that bad tenants should lose their land by the effect of their own faults, and good ones should get it instead of them, and that the artificial course of trying to bolster up bad tenants should be abandoned. A bad tenant may be useful as a labourer, or in some other occupation. If he is not, his children will probably become so. As an emigrant he surely betters his own condition, and gives his children a far better life than at home. All the capital of landlord and tenant united, and much more, is wanted to put the land in the condition it ought to be in. If permanent improvements will pay 5 per cent on the cost, the landlord is well paid. Whereas manuring his farm will almost always pay the tenant 20 per cent, and often much more. The natural and right thing is for the landlord to do the permanent improvements, charging an extra rent for the outlay, and tenants the manuring.

It will not have escaped notice that some of the Home Rule M.P.'s objected to loans to landlords for draining,

because it would enable them to charge higher rents for such drained land. A better proof could not be given of the narrow ignorance of such men. As if draining does not benefit all round—landlord, tenant, and labourer—and can't be hindered from doing so !

Outlay of capital on the land is the *sine quâ non* of the improvement of Ireland. Whatever else is done or not done, that must be done, if the country is to be improved. It adds to the wealth of all, and is the surest evidence that a country is emerging from backwardness and poverty.

There is one strong recommendation of the course I have urged : every step taken in it is so much secured for good. Whereas it is always the danger of heroic remedies that they may make the last state worse than the first, like that of the man in the Gospels. It will, of course, be said I write as a landlord. No doubt I do ;

and if I had not known the real value of sentimental talk, I should have had no business to live in Ireland, and could not have succeeded there. But I write as one who knew from the first that his own prosperity was involved in the prosperity of his tenants, and who, after forty years' experience, has found his course to succeed. Above all, I write in the certainty that the owning and improving of land is a business, as much as cotton-spinning, and nothing else ; that it can only prosper when managed on business principles, whether it be in England, Ireland, or Scotland, and that the tall-talk of politicians in Ireland is only an empty wind-bag, produced wholly by scheming, and sure to collapse when met by a resolute will.

W. BENCE JONES.

LISSELAN, CO. CORK,
March 1, 1880.

THE POETRY OF A ROOT CROP.

Underneath their eider-robe
 Russet swede and golden globe,
 Feathered carrot, burrowing deep,
 Steadfast wait in charmed sleep;
 Treasure-houses wherein lie,
 Locked by angels' alchemy,
 Milk and hair, and blood, and bone,
 Children of the barren stone;
 Children of the flaming Air,
 With his blue eye keen and bare,
 Spirit-peopled, smiling down
 On frozen field and boiling town—
 Boiling town that will not heed
 God His voice for rage and greed;
 Frozen fields that surpliced lie,
 Gazing patient at the sky;
 Like some marble carven nun,
 With folded hands when work is done,
 Who mute upon her tomb doth pray,
 Till the resurrection day.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

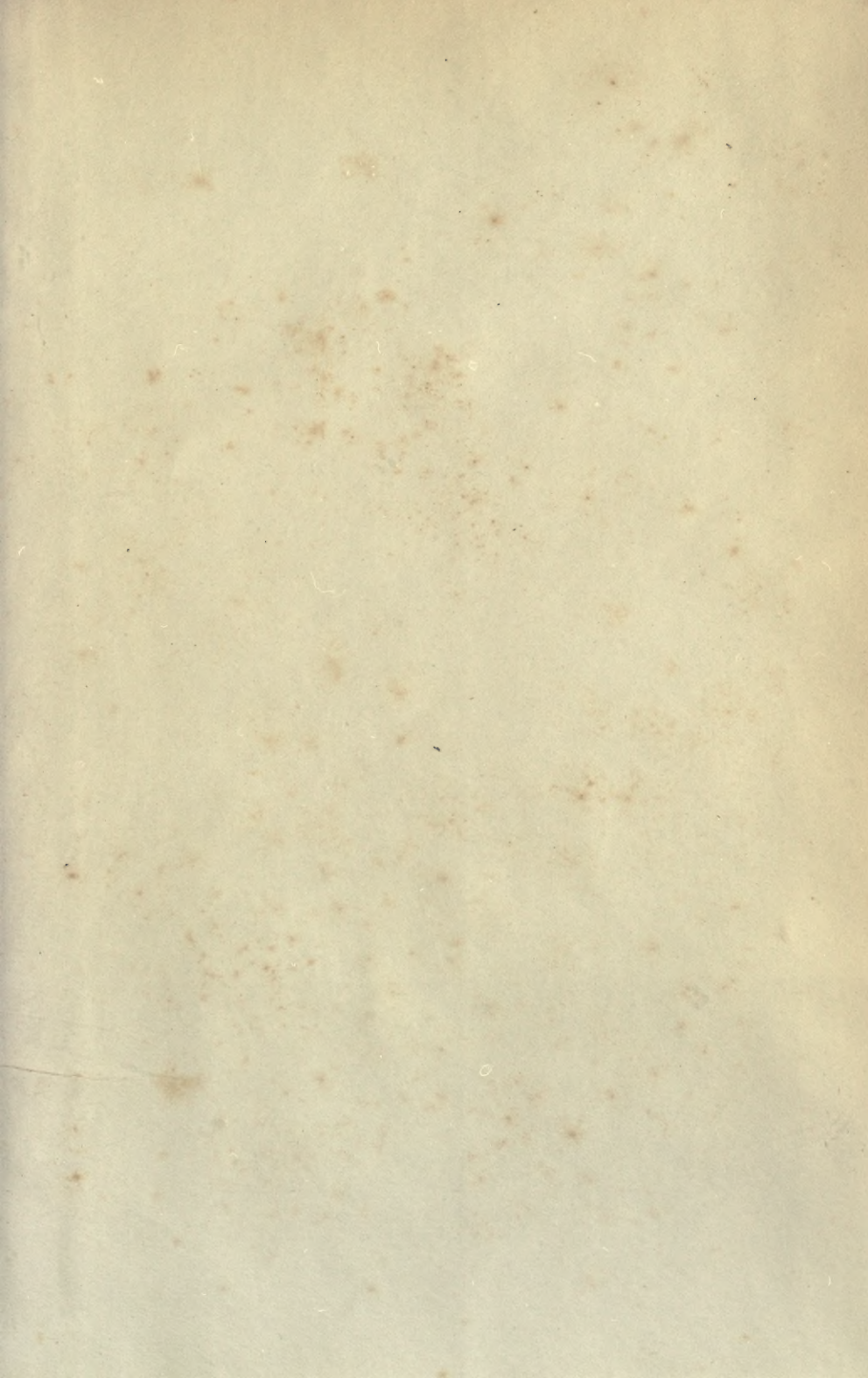
Nov. 25, 1845.

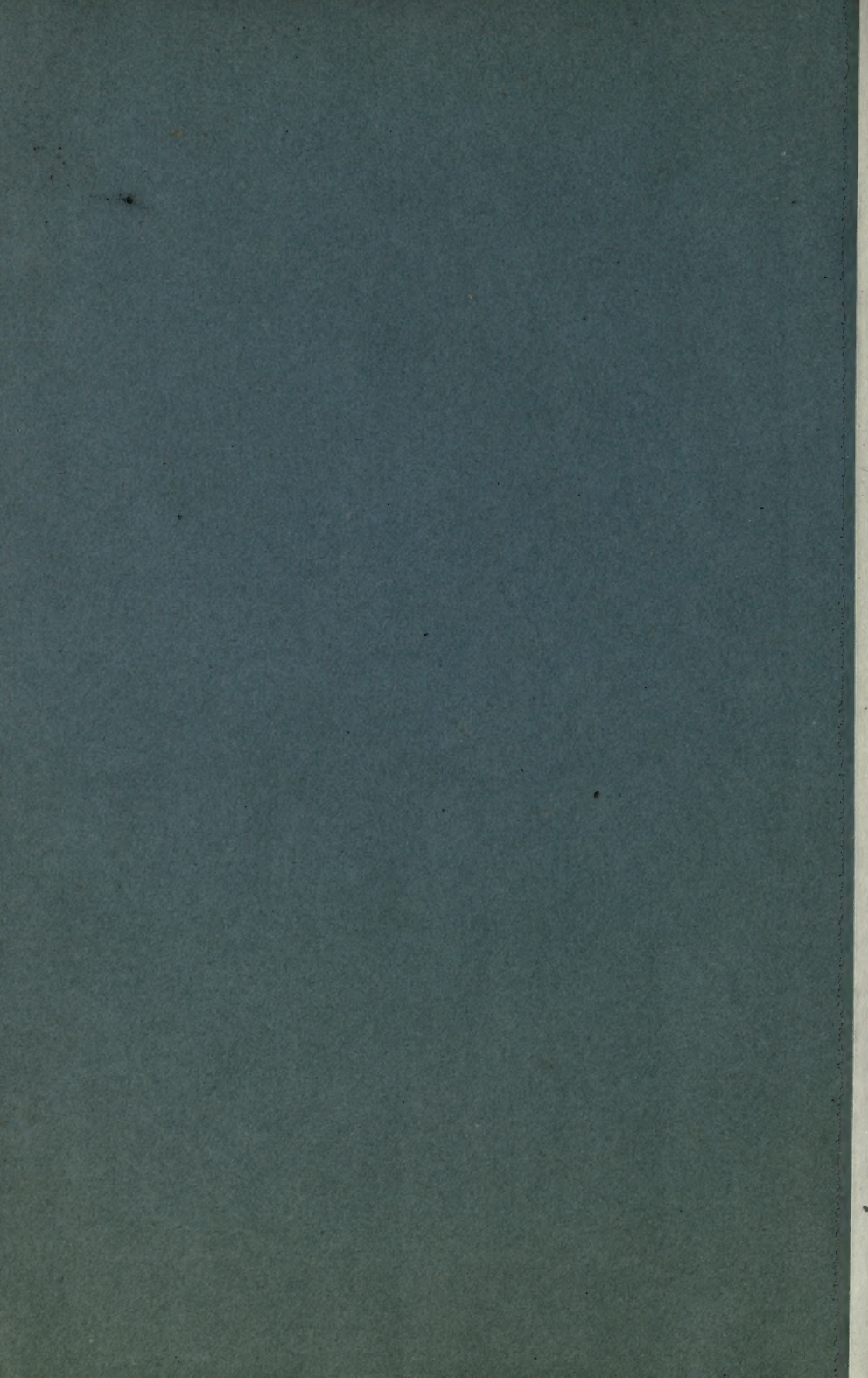
NOTE ON THE MARCH NUMBER.

IN the first column of page 403, lines 18 and 19 from top, the sentence should read, "But if Willerforce judged others severely, he judged himself no less so."









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Macmillan's magazine

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